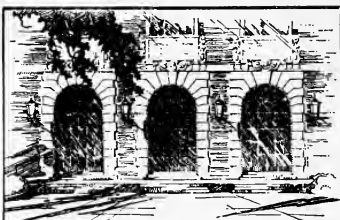


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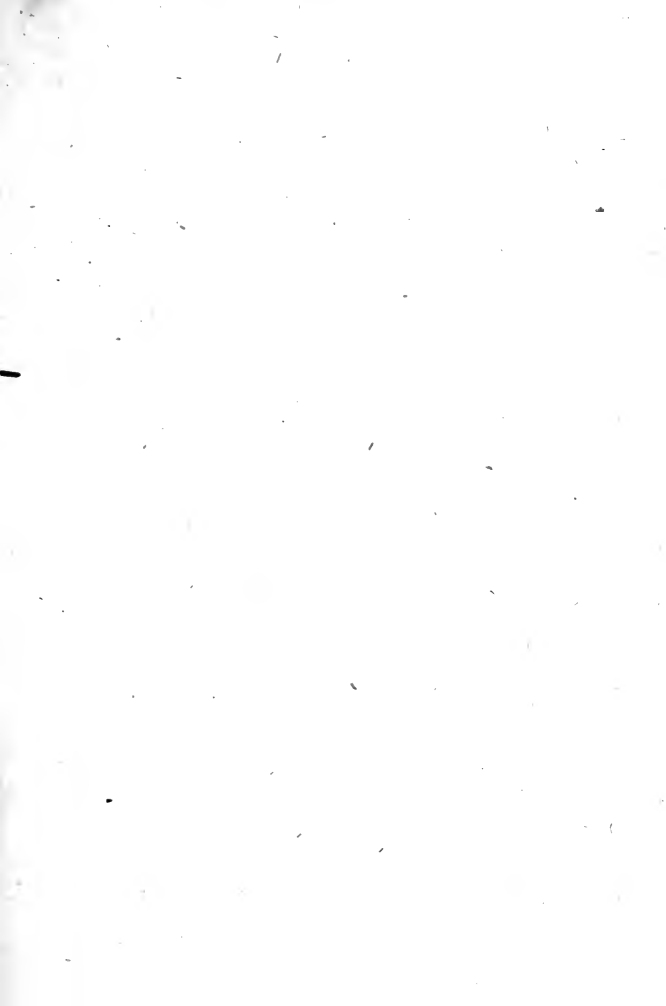
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D U D L E Y.

BY

MISS O'KEEFFE,

AUTHOR OF

PATRIARCHAL TIMES, OR THE LAND OF CANAAN;
ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA; &c.

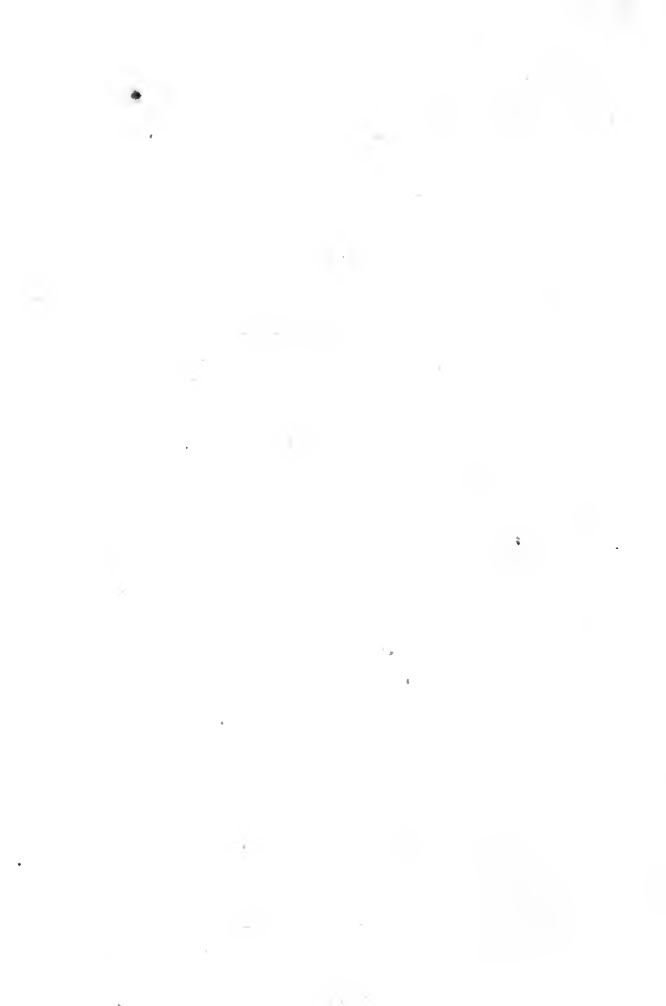
IN THREE VOLUMES.

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DUDLEY.

LETTER I.

Claudy Howard to the Countess of Alford.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

I LOVE you very much, and I think of you very often, and I do long to see you. — I cannot write yet, but I can print letters, and I think it is easier to read printed letters than slanting letters, because they are the same as in a book. I am copying them out of a book, and I love you very much.—Carlo is grown fat and jolly ; and aunt Grantley says I am very good — sometimes. Papa says I am never naughty now but when I roar, and I cannot help roaring some-

times, you know, when Nurse and Martella and Rosalva and Robert, and Carlo, will not do as I desire them.— But now I never cry when I go to bed, I only cry in the day-time.

I was once afraid of the American Consul's wig, but I am not now, so you may wear a wig Aunt as soon as you please; and I have no one to play with except Rosalva, and she is a great woman (twelve years old), and Carlo is very fat, and papa is very dull, and very ill, and very white (pale), and his nose has been bleeding, it bled all over a sheet of paper, when he was writing ten long letters to dear Mr. Clonmore.— And I thank you for all the pretty cups and saucers you sent to me, which are of no use to me. I am now learning my “*Compendio de Gramatica Castellana*.” I suppose you understand Spanish; and

I am, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece
and god-daughter,

CLAUDY HOWARD.

P. S. From Mrs. Grantley.

I am truly sorry, my dear sister, to confirm little Claudy's account of my brother's state of health; he is declining very fast: at his request, however, I send to Mr. Clonmore the written packet in the same state in which he concluded it, before he was taken seriously ill. — Mr. Balfour at present attends him, but we have sent to Madeira for Dr. G — : I hope in a few days, therefore, to write you a more favourable report, as the skill of this gentleman is unquestionable.

Ever your's,

JANE GRANTLEY.

LETTER II.

The Countess of Alford to little Claudy.

Clifton.

YOU dear little jewel of a child! You darling infant! Why your correspondence is worth a thousand of such snip-snap notes as I receive from Jane, your respectable aunt, and my notable sister, my dear, I mean: this is a dash at her, as I know she will take a peep at my answer.

Write to me my love every day of your precious life, and write good long letters, a line for every mile we are asunder (and that's beyond my calculation positively), for I have vowed vengeance against any shorter letters than four pages of post paper. — With respect to notes, I shall certainly try whether they are salamanders, (let sister Jenny explain that word.)

Do you know, Claudy, should I ever come to Teneriffe, it would be purposely to hear you speak Spanish; but, my dear

angel and cherub of a girl, what made you think of my wearing a wig? I wear a wig! that can boast of nut-brown hair as long and flowing as the tail of King Charles's prancing steed at Charing Cross, my love. — And my dear Claudy, have you not yet left off that silly trick of crying, you will certainly ruin your beautiful eyes; besides, to cry and roar is so unlike a young lady of fashion.

I am happy to hear that you and Carlo are still good friends; I have sent him a gold collar, with your name and his engraved on it — rather a safer present to sport at Teneriffe than in Kensington Gardens. — Let your innocence ask wicked aunt Jane to explain that also.

Well, addio cara donzella — cara mea — is that right? Is it Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian. Depend upon it, that I shall become a famous Spanish scholar, I shall indeed, and by the time the aforesaid horse of King Charles wags his flowing tail.

Your affectionate aunt,
and god-mamma,

CAROLINE ALFORD.

LETTER III.

The Rev. Henry Clonmore to Sir Eliot Howard.

Bloomfield Rectory.

WE safely received your highly interesting and most circumstantial narrative, my friend, which in many parts greatly affected Louisa and myself. We can now more fully enter into the spirit of Lady Howard's character, and having Opie's excellent picture of her, must frankly acknowledge, that your happiness exceeded that of most men, consequently your loss is proportionable.

We concluded reading the account you sent us last night, by our private evening fire-side; the result being a conversation, of which you were the subject, and which lasted little short of three hours.

"But for Lady Howard," I remarked,
"I might now with my curacy and

my fellowship be wasting my youth in expectation and disappointment, until you or I, Louisa, had fallen a victim to that worst of evils, 'hope deferred.'—

"True," she replied, "but had you not been presented by Lady Howard, on Dr. H ——'s recommendation, with this living, you would have accepted that offered you by Sir Eliot: you were therefore certain of preferment."

"Even so; and we have now named the only two persons in the world who would have stretched out a hand to promote our interests: — but for them, we might have dragged on through existence, unable, on the score of prudence, to marry, you in celibacy, and I with my trifling curacy, my still smaller fellowship, and perhaps the drudgery of a school to make out a bare subsistence.— When we look around us, Louisa, we may well say, God bless her memory, and that of our absent friend, to whom under Heaven we are indebted for every earthly blessing." —

A silence of a few minutes followed, during which we seemed both attentively

watching the fire, tracing red blazing faces, cocked hats, and burning flowers and trees, each seemingly aware of what was passing in the mind of the other, and this was confirmed, when in looking up, our eyes met.

“ Yes,” said Louisa, “ I think I could consent, if you Henry were willing. Sir Eliot has asked it as a favour to be done to himself, but this cannot blind us to the great and important benefit it would be of to one of our sons : suppose we were to comply with his request, or rather, accept his kind and generous offer ?”

“ Say no more, my dear Louisa, I’ll write to Sir Eliot on the subject this very night : should our minds change before the time of sending off the letter, all we have to do is to destroy it, and matters rest as they were.”

Well, my friend, you are reading this, and under the supposition that *your* mind has not changed respecting the wish you expressed of adopting a boy of ours, we offer you your choice of five ; but only on one condition, that you

come and fetch him : the voyage and change of scene will be of service to your health and spirits, and render your present house, at your return, far more agreeable and welcome than it is even now. Whilst under the government and protection of Mrs. Grantley, with occasional attention on the part of Mr. Balfour, all things at Euphorbia must go on well.

As Louisa and I have agreed to your proposal, however flattering to ourselves, you ought to be a little complying to our wishes and advice, in which we are joined by Dr. H —, who with his usual elegance declares to us, “ if either of your young puppies are worth having, they are worth fetching.”

The male hopes of my family shall be placed before you, Howard, and in cases of adoption, so much depends on fancy, (whilst they are all equally dear to their mother and myself,) you shall take your choice. — Let your stay in England be for as short or as long a period as inclination prompts, but do not hesitate on coming, otherwise we retract our

promise, or rather, we would wish you clearly to understand, that it is only given on the above express condition.

Lady Alford, to whom your desire was imparted, expressed great pleasure, and urged us to comply unconditionally, but against that we have resolved. — We expect her here to-morrow, on a visit of a few weeks, during which I shall take the liberty of bringing her ladyship to some decision respecting her noble suitors, who have complained to me of her matchless loveliness and insufferable caprice ; the one inclining them to persevere in their matrimonial pursuit, the other inducing them fairly to wish her in a place where beauty cannot dwell.

I was at Oakland Park last week ; it is let on lease for fourteen years, as you specified, and to a Mr. W —, an East Indian, who being a newly married man, has retained most of your old servants. — Herbert, I suppose, has written to thank you for the annuity you have settled upon him ; he was married, about three months since, to Martha Bates, Lady Howard's maid, who desires me to say

all that is proper on the occasion, for the comfortable habitation you have given to her near the gate of the park.— The old couple bid fair to spend the remainder of their days in sociable companionship.

Adieu, my friend: we meet again I hope soon in England; in the mean time, Louisa and I mean to fatten up our little flock, that they may appear before you to the utmost advantage.

HENRY CLONMORE.

LETTER IV.

Sir Eliot Howard to the Rev. Henry Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

How shallow the artifice to attempt to drag me back to a world I have quitted ! That world and I, Clonmore, are divorced, and for ever — talk no more of it. Could you form an idea of the nature of the wound of which I am now recovering, you would never have inflicted it : it was becoming a gangrene, but the same hand which stabbed, has prescribed the remedy. You had fastened, and with your own hand also, a veil, a thick and black impenetrable veil, enveloping my senses : — in vain I struggled, in vain endeavoured to remove it, all around me was seen and heard through the medium of black. —

The idea of your unkindness, your

selfishness, your ingratitude, pursued me day and night. — Yes, I repeated, were that man possessed of thousands, and I wanted those thousands, he would give them, he would perhaps expose his liberty to save mine, hazard his life to preserve mine ; but this — this the only favour I can or will ask, this he denies me, and adds insult and self-exaltation to his denial : — had he twenty sons he could not spare me one ! — a barbarian ! — and this is the friend I loved, the friend whom I thought regarded me — to treat me thus —

Oh, Clonmore, with a heart bursting with gratitude, I now own you have poured balm into the wound, you have removed this veil of despair, this dreadful, this oppressive weight from my senses ; you have, in short, restored me at once to sun-shine, to life, to happiness.

My choice is already made. — it has long been fixed : my adopted son is Dudley, the god-son of my Claudina, after whose only brother, who died in his infancy, you may remember your child was named. — Your Dudley is now

my Dudley ; from this hour he is to be considered mine, (as for the conditions annexed to your precious gift, I consider them as idle air,) Dudley is now my own—the future object of my love, my pupil, my companion, my second child, my only son.

Since the receipt of your last letter, so total a revolution has taken place in my frame, that all my physicians are dismissed.— My blood is restored to its usual circulation, my spirits are free, and every sense has acquired a renovation, like that of youth.

To none other than yourselves would I confess the follies of which I have been guilty, since this change produced in me by your letter. — A hundred times a day I catch myself repeating the name of Dudley : I have already fixed on his room next my own ; I fancy him standing at my knee ; I have his place at table before my eyes. — Like poor Constance and her pretty Arthur, but with opposite sensations, I hourly fancy my little Dudley at my side — *my* Dudley, my child, my own. — Bring him to me,

Clonmore, and tell your Louisa, — no, I will send back my message to her by yourself.

May the blessing of the Almighty
rest for ever on you and your's,

ELIOT HOWARD.

LETTER V.

The Countess of Alford to Sir Eliot Howard.

Bloomfield Rectory.

So, my good brother! why this is a capital new stroke of yours! in a few years you will people Teneriffe in grand stile. — Instead of our being able to drag you back to us, by my two elegant eyebrows you are the magnet dragging us over to you! Either your island is the loadstone rock, like that in the story of Sinbad the sailor, alluring honest folks to their destruction, or you a magician, like Prospero, bringing them over to repentance. — Every one, who ventures into the verge of your magic wand (alias your pen), is certain of becoming your slave.

And Dudley Clonmore, poor little ugly, white-faced puny Dudley, is to be transformed into the hero of Teneriffe!

is he? — Well, should he live to embark at Falmouth, and disembark at Santa Cruz, and become an inhabitant of Euphorbia—look to it, brother. Oh, I wish you could hear what Dr. H—— says on the subject.

Last night we all met in consultation on the business, (not as to Dudley's going, for that is decided, poor little soul,) but upon who was to take charge of him. Mrs. Clonmore regretted very much, that when you were throwing, not the apple of love and beauty, but the *plum* of adoption, to her five boys, that you had not fixed on a fine, stout, healthy child (for such are all the rest); and then appealing to our old physician, enquired how it was possible, considering the boy's state of health, to risk the voyage.

During her anxious appeal to his skill and opinion, he continued, snuff-box in hand, to be considering what reply he should make. Now, with me, this man's snuff-box is like a drum in the hands of an experienced drummer; it equally expresses the feelings. Tap — tap —

tap — went the Doctor's fingers on the lid of his instrument, and then slowly and methodically came out the decision. "Instead of regretting the choice, that the Baronet has made, my good madam, you ought to crow" — (now such an expression to a lady! but 'tis just like him) — "to crow and rejoice that the lot has fallen where it has."

"But, my dear sir, so sickly, so delicate a child," remarked Louisa; "the time and anxious care it has taken to rear him even to his present state——"

Dub-a-dub to quick time on the snuff-box, accompanied with this brazen-throat remark, or rather demand — "Do you think I talk like your fool of a husband," (he sitting at his side at the time,) "at random, madam? I said, and I maintain," (now for a strong emphasis on every word,) "that it was fortunate for Dudley, that that crazy-headed fellow beyond seas had chosen him; and cannot you from this draw the conclusion, that I think the voyage will be of service to him — that the climate of those islands will restore him, if any thing

can — and that his constitution, in short, may be wholly established by it — eh, madam ?”

And on the box was played the *Reveillée*, in capital style — then it was stopped — the snuff shaken together — and the deeply-dyed finger and thumb thrust in and brought out again, holding a mighty pinch of rappee.

“No, no, I have no fear of his dying; it is not of that I was thinking,” added the Doctor, brushing the abominable brown dust from his handsome cambric frill, and looking at me with the most improper wink of his good-humoured old eye; “No, no, madam,” (to Louisa,) “your little cub” (such language!) “your cub will not die — he’ll live — aye, and to be the plague of his fool of a Baronet guardian.”

On seeing both Clonmore and Louisa change countenance, and look hurt and alarmed at his mysterious words, he continued, patting her hand, which, after such a provocation, I should have been tempted to make feel his ear: “If this little rascal of your’s, this Dudley, does

not, in spite of her father, and in less than ten years, fall over head and ears in love with Miss Claudy, I shall consider him a greater blockhead than he now promises to become."

O how I did laugh — and Clonmore, and Louisa — we all laughed ; and you were the butt, my wise brother. Could you and your long face, which I suppose by this time is decorated with a couple of handsome whiskers, have seen us all, tickled as we were, by this most absurd of all amorous whims! — Dudley fall in love with Claudy! much more probable than that Claudy should fall in love with him. There, Eliot, you have it — does this stagger your resolution? Remember, if you persist in adopting this or any other hopeful youth, and bringing him up under the same roof with your daughter, you will have no right to complain. You are warned in time — you must take the consequence ; and really, Claudy's charming arrogant airs, and pretty face, and deep goldmine of a pocket, may set the young swain to look about him in time, and

from being a partner, aim at becoming master. But why not, my dear brother, when you did fix upon this plan of adoption, why not have chosen a girl instead of a boy? — a much more decent plan; for, putting love out of the question, if this lad and lass are brought up together like brother and sister, what can prevent Claudy from becoming a hoyden, a romp, a Priscilla, in short; and the Clonmores have two little girls, one of whom they could have spared, for their fine family goes on in a blessed thriving way. But, I suppose, you had rather your daughter should fall into temptation than yourself — that Claudy should hereafter change her name to Clonmore, than that a female Clonmore should ever take that of Howard. In ten years' time, a pretty girl in her teens might certainly have become a dangerous moveable in your house; whereas a fine grown youth, educated as your son, may, without much impropriety, add to that word son, the two little words of, *in-law*. If he should pass his seventeenth year

without such an intention, I engage in the Cleopatra style (though a vile wanton she was, whose example I abhor) to drink my pearl ear-rings.

What a capital figure you will cut, when turned schoolmaster! Has not your worship another picture to send over to Dudley to prepare *him* for what *he* is to expect. I think I see you at full-length in a *Lingo* wig, a punishing cane and leather strap in one hand, and in the other a rewarding silver groat (passing current among parents for as many shillings), a frown of wrath upon your tremendous brow, and at the same time a looped-up grin of approbation on your lips — on one side an iron pair of stocks, and on the other a pyramid of books, the works of Mavor, Cicero, Virgil, and Lindley Murray.

Clonmore has been interrupting me, as usual. As I am writing to Teneriffe, he says there is no occasion for him to write, and desires me to mention that all is settled, and that he brings Dudley to you himself (about June I suppose).

Louisa will feel much at parting with her dear little nurseling; and in my own mind, I think it the most barbarous and unnatural scheme that could have been suggested—to tear a poor half-dying child from its mother, and chuck it over on a savage island, inhabited only by —

Here's a pretty business! here's a fine break-off to your cabinet projects, your wise politics, and diplomatic treaties—I am so happy!—I was called off from my letter yesterday, and could not find time to resume it this morning; and now, *sans detour*, I have to inform you that the principal party concerned has run restive, completely unmanageable. Dudley will not go—actually will not leave England.

He does not cry and bellow when spoken to, like Claudy, or, like her, get red with passion, and stamp, and kick, and fight; but he lays his gentle head upon his mother's heart, and closes his languid eyelids: through the long dark lashes the tears steal silently down his pale

cheek, finding their way to her very bosom, as if appealing to that against her cruel project. When I speak to him, he softly says, "I cannot leave mamma;" and if I attempt to argue, he waves his emaciated, tiny, little hand, so white and so soft, and sighs forth so mournfully, his wet eyes still closed; "Pray do not speak to me — I am so tired;" and in an instant after, Heaven help the poor baby (though nearly turned of seven years old), he is fast asleep where he ought to be, in the arms of his mother.

I am sorry to disappoint you, Eliot; but you will never see Dudley, unless you come to England, and that soon, or he will be deposited in the neighbouring church-yard. The child is, in fact, dying. What the deuce, Baronet, made you choose him instead of one of his brothers? Why have fixed so, out of all common sense, upon this poor, little, perishing creature? But that is just you, acting like no other man in existence. You cannot have the barbarity to expect, as the child is unwilling to

go that the parents will smuggle him thither, without his knowledge, as Dr. H—— did you, and of which act of high treason, kidnapping His Majesty's liege subjects, I accused him, for which I got my best India ivory-fan broken in pieces. I rather think, on recollection, it was broken before, and that I reproached him with the assault and battery, that he might send me, which he did the next day, a fan treble its value — the dear old fellow !

And now that your scheme is all over, I am heartily sorry it did not take place ; their education would have made so fine a subject for romance : — “ The Loves of Claudy and Dudley,” with their escape in an open boat from Teneriffe, in consequence of the tyrannical conduct of the great bashaw of a father. Why, what an admirable counterpart to the romance of Madeira, which I have been lately reading. Madeira, I find, was first discovered in the reign of our Edward III. by a pair of runaway lovers, Robert Machin and his beautiful but guilty Anna.

By the way, I shall indubitably, in time, acquire a taste for literature, and become a proficient in geography, by this trick my worthy relations have of going abroad. Jane's residence in Copenhagen set me to study Denmark ; and I am now deep in the Fortunate Islands. I shall certainly become a pedant — a *barbe* — Defend me ! — was I going to write a *barbe-bleu* ? Can you conceive the improper freedom my pen takes with me ? — but I believe, were it to come to the point, I would as soon be a member of the *barbe-bleu* club as the *bas-bleu*.

As the amorous adventures of Claudy and Dudley are put a stop to, before they begin — (I met Irish Charley Maxwell the other day, at a party, and on the spot filled half a page in my pocket-book with his blundering good sense) : — well, as the loves of these young ones can never take place, I have half a mind to try how those of Caroline and Zulvago sound. Hang the man for suffering himself to be christened by a name beginning

with a Z — of all letters in the alphabet my dread and horror !

I have some intention, though, of trying to get a peep at him. I hope, Eliot, you don't leave your letters about the house. I think of paying you a visit about August three years : shall I be welcome ? Will you give a ball on my arrival, and illuminate the fairy palace you have built in a mad fit, and which, hanging in mid-air, according to Clonmore's account, can never be reached by my fat coach-horses ; and as for travelling without my equipage, I should as soon think of meeting Venus riding up Piccadilly without her pair of pigeons.— And you are perched half way on a towering mountain, are you ? Now, clouds *over* my head I consider as in their proper station ; but when they float under my feet, I must beg leave to call my phæton drawn by peacocks, whilst sister Jenny may sail in her whiskey by my side, with a demure owl on her lap, and Zulvago for her charioteer.

Upon my honour, the Reverend Harry Clonmore is excessively ill-bred. If he has not been reading over my shoulder the whole of this page! and, what I most regret, is, that there is not a single word of abuse of him in it. He begs leave, with his impertinent civility, to add a postscript to my letter, and I consent, on condition I read what he writes, and add a *post* postscript.

Continued by Mr. Clonmore.

Do not, my dear Howard, be under the smallest uneasiness respecting Lady Alford's desponding news concerning Dudley. Long before the time fixed for my bringing him to you, (for I give way to your wishes,) his very natural objection to quit home will, I trust, be overcome.

Owing to his having spent so much time in his mother's or my arms, whether we were alone or had occasional friends, he has, in a manner, been always accustomed to the society of grown per-

sons, the tender and precarious state of his health preventing him ever joining in the amusements of his brothers and sisters ; and, in fact, he has hitherto been kept nearly separate from them : his meals are taken alone, and he sleeps in our room. When with strangers, lying perfectly inert on our knees, yet with his eyes open, we have observed him look from speaker to speaker, and feel interested in conversations, in which, however, he takes not the slightest part.

In proportion as the mind has improved, (and he is really a very sensible boy,) the body has decayed. Thus, with the intellect of a child nearly double his age, his appearance is that of two or three years younger. Even the pro's and con's respecting his removal have all passed in his presence, and Dr. H——'s arguments, though you might consider them as wholly above the comprehension of seven years old, have had due weight on his mind.

When the Doctor remarked, just now, on the shortness of the voyage, Dudley

faintly enquired, how many *hours* it would last. We explained that it would take so many *days*; when he sighed deeply, but remained silent. *Your* disappointment was next spoken of; and Louisa observed, "Though you cannot remember Sir Eliot Howard, he has often had you in his arms; and would you wish to give pain to a friend of our's?" The answer was, "No; but I don't know who you are talking about, and I'm very sleepy." He turned his poor sickly face on Louisa's bosom, and is now asleep.

The great and principal objection was the parting with his mother; and, indeed, Louisa's parting with him, in his present state, is not to be thought of. This objection, by a new plan, started by Dr. H——, has been completely done away. Under the care and protection of our good physician, who says he intends paying you a visit in spring, Louisa resolves to undertake the voyage in the next India fleet, and bring Dudley to you herself. This arrangement will be more convenient to all parties: a mother

makes a better nurse for a sick child than can a father, with all his care. I am left to my parochial duties, which I cannot conveniently delegate even to Turner, who came off, however, very creditably in my last absence; and should Lady Alford be really inclined to join the party, and accompany Louisa to Teneriffe, you will then have the additional pleasure of ——

Concluded by the Countess.

Halt! my good friend! Indeed, Lady Alford will do no such thing. I go to Teneriffe! The deuce a bit if ever such an idea came into my head, or into any head containing six ounces of rationality, to preponderate five ounces and some grains of an opposite quality: besides, I must stay at home to take care of my good old ailing mother-in-law. — So, another pretty affair: I am invited to spend part of next summer at the rectory, and here is the mistress of it prancing over the water, as mad as the best of you. Why, this divine and his

wife are the man and woman in the weather-house — the one at home, the other abroad! — and must I give up my proposed excursion? — indeed must I! — To abide half-a-dozen hours in one house, with a single man, whether married or not, (very good sense in that also,) is supreme horror to me.

Well, good bye, Eliot; prepare for your future son-in-law, but remember my words: — in less than a week, your heiress will either beat, cuff, and pommel the poor harmless fellow to a mummy, or, with her savage squalls, scare away his little soul, which we shall see, one of these days, flying in at one of the rectory windows, in the shape of a canary bird.

Give my love and twenty kisses to my darling Claudy; and tell her to write to me again, for that one of her charming letters is worth a hundred such as I receive from you and sister Jenny.

Poor Dudley! — and his fate is, I find, decidedly fixed! Dear boy, I do pity him, and so I told him — “ To be

snatched," said I, "my child, from your comfortable, warm cradle, at your mother's side, and be thrown on the top of a volcano, in the middle of the sea, a thousand miles off, which can only boast of four civilized beings—my most pathetic sublime brother (the Sir Eliot, as these people call him); my icicle sister; a bowing head on the shoulders of a Scotchman; Don Bachelor, of whistling memory, and Christina, queen of Sweden in miniature.

Well, *caro frater, addio!* Though you *have* contrived to draw half-a-dozen persons within your magic circle, depend upon it, never shall that circle be overstepped by the pretty foot and ancle of
Your affectionate sister,

CAROLINE ALFORD.

No, though the Spaniard himself were to offer me his hand—to hand me over it, I mean.

New news! I'm off with a party to the Highlands! In less than four-and-twenty hours our horses' heads will be turned

northward, and, with the “*Lady and the Lake*” in my pocket, hey for Loch Katerine !

“ I ne’er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on the lake’s romantic strand
I found a fay in Fairyland.”

WALTER SCOTT.

LETTER XXVI.

Mrs. Clonmore to her Husband.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

WITH what lively emotions of gratitude to the Almighty giver and preserver of life, do I now write to my dear Henry, conscious that your feelings will not be less grateful than mine to the Supreme Being, when you learn that our dear boy is not only alive, but improved in looks and strength ; but you wish for particulars, and you cannot receive them with more interest and satisfaction than I now impart them.

Dudley suffered much from sea-sickness ; and as I was myself, from the same cause, incapable of attending to him, I entirely resigned him to the care of Dr. H——, that most humane, most excellent of men ; who, surly and uncouth in the moment of sunshine, when his assistance is not required, proves

ever, in the hour of danger and distress, the very angel of softness and consolation.

Neither your tenderness or mine could equal his, when nursing and waiting on our poor sick boy. Though helpless myself, and our servants were equally so, I could at times see all that passed; and, on the third day, was able to go out into the gallery, and on deck. What was my surprise to find Dudley, whom I expected to see reposing languidly, as usual, in the doctor's arms, standing between his knees, watching attentively three or four porpoises, who were gambling near the vessel; his attention was next attracted by a flock of birds; he then joined a boy who was fishing, and a man feeding guinea-pigs; in short, every thing around seemed to amuse and interest him, and in less than a week he could walk the deck without assistance.

My joy was much increased, when I first observed the change that had taken place in his sickly appetite. The food with which the Doctor had hitherto supplied him (and constantly from his own

hand) was biscuit, steeped in Madeira wine, weak chocolate, and oranges. In a few days this diet was exchanged for hot and cold chicken, and other still more substantial meats; and long before we came in sight of the Canaries, he had given up his usual sleep in the day-time, by which his rest for many hours in the night became sound and refreshing.

No, Henry; it is impossible to describe the sort of rapture I felt, when first I perceived a faint tinge of pink in his hitherto deadly-looking cheeks and lips; I fondly kissed them both, calling on Dr. H—— to admire his improved complexion. He, with a comical gruff look, and hoarse voice, abused him for a little tipsey rogue, whose Madeira was beginning to peep through his skin; and then turning to me, whilst his eyes glistened as he spoke, he added, “Ah! you’ll not get rid of the rascal now in a hurry — he’ll do.”

As to our fellow-passengers, and the many little incidents that occurred during the voyage, I wholly omit, certain that

your imagination, as well as my own, is engrossed by one object.

It was noon when we first came in sight of Teneriffe. "The Peak! the Peak!" exclaimed a young sailor-lad; and at that moment Henry, I *must* confess it, my heart died within me, and as Dudley was sitting on my lap, I pressed him with some degree of fervour to my bosom, saying, "My boy, I cannot part with you." My tears fell upon his face. What should you suppose was his reply? He looked up, and with a sort of steady calmness of voice said, reproachfully, "It is your own doing, mamma."

"Come," said Dr. H——, taking him in his arms, (and, unhappily, he is as light in weight as an infant,) "come, my lad, and see the sugar-loaf hill out in the sea." I followed, and on distinguishing the Peak, as if just emerging above the southern horizon, whilst not a cloud obscured any part of the blue heavens, I felt as if overwhelmed with grief at the idea of leaving my helpless child on a distant speck upon the ocean. "No,"

I thought, “ Sir Eliot cannot have the cruelty to insist upon it — he cannot exact so great a sacrifice on our parts, for I am now convinced it is such ; let him select one of our other sons, a healthy boy, but from Dudley I am determined not to be separated. When I return to England, my child goes back with me.”

Such was still my resolution, when (having been becalmed some hours, in sight of the island) we landed the next evening, at dusk, in the port of Orotava. Yielding Dudley to Dr. H——’s care, I walked with Barton on one hand, (leaning on her arm,) and the mate of the vessel on the other ; who, hearing we were bound for the house of Merchant Balfour, offered to conduct us thither. We had not, however, gone above a dozen yards, when we were accosted by a tall thin dark figure, who, stopping suddenly before us, called out “ Dr. H—— !”

“ Hoy ! hoy !” replied our physician, in a loud sea-voice ; “ avast there, mess-mate ! and pilot us into the harbour of

Euphorbia." Sir Eliot, for it was himself, instantly came forward, and looked earnestly through the gloom, as if to examine us each separately, when not perceiving the figure of a child, as he expected, he stopped abruptly. "And am I deceived!" The tone of his voice was so mournful, so expressive of the bitterest disappointment, the action that accompanied the words so well indicated the state of his mind, that when I held out my hand to him it was with mingled sensations of pity, tenderness, gratitude, and self-reproach.

He did take my hand, and draw it under his arm, but it was with coldness and reluctance; and, instead of addressing me, he said, as if to himself, in a broken hollow voice, "This I did not expect — this is, indeed, a refinement on torture."

Such behaviour could not long escape the notice of Dr. H——, who at last called out, "Why, what the plague's the matter with the fellow! haven't you recovered your senses yet? I think you have had a pretty long spell of Teneriffe air for that purpose."

A few minutes' silence followed, during which Sir Eliot walked so slowly and dejectedly, that he was a clog upon my steps, anxious as I was to keep up with the Doctor, who had walked on before. A false step, however, nearly tripped up the latter, by which Dudley, suddenly awakened, called out "Mamma!" Instantly Sir Eliot, quitting me, darted after our old friend, and throwing open the large sea-cloak in which he was enveloped, saw our boy. "Is it Dudley?" he impatiently exclaimed, for the darkness prevented his distinguishing more than that it was a child.

"Is it Dudley! — why, to be sure it is," replied the Doctor; "or what the vengeance should bring his mother here? Do you think she came to see you? You deceived! and you tortured!" mimicking Sir Eliot's manner. "I only wish I had been bothered with half-a-dozen brats — you should have had all mine at a word, you seem so bedeviled about them. There, there — cover the fellow up again — this cold, biting air is not the thing for him. I woke him with my

stumble over your break-shin stones ; but he's gone off again, fast asleep, and must not wake till the morning."

Sir Eliot's delight was visible, and to me most affecting. I could now scarcely keep up with his brisk and active step, as he dragged me on, seemingly unconscious that I held his arm ; and I was at last forced to stop, and beg him to wait for Dr. H——, who was very far behind.

We all got into the carriage, or rather covered waggon, drawn by oxen, which was waiting to convey us to Euphorbia ; and during our ride his joy was so full, so perfect, so concentrated, that he scarcely spoke to any of us : and, my dear Henry, then indeed did my resolution begin to waver, and I was forced to acknowledge to myself, that should Dudley improve in health, instead of decline, my only resource now was willingly and cheerfully to sacrifice him to friendship ; if a sacrifice it can really be called, our resigning one of our sons to the protection and paternal care of such a man as Sir Eliot Howard.

When we had ascended the heights,

and reached Euphorbia, it was quite dark, but the scattered lights in all directions showed we were expected. By a new road, made since you were here, which winds round the hill in a gradual ascent, carriages can now come close to the mansion, whereas formerly only mules, horses, &c. could approach it. We alighted at the back of the house, there being no carriage-entrance at the front, and in the hall were met by Mrs. Grantley.

As I am not myself a flame of enthusiasm, like Lady Alford, I cannot feel so strongly the contrast which she draws between her sister and herself. To me Mrs. Grantley appears certainly not warm, but pleasing; and, conscious that the reception she gave me was as fervent as any in her power to give, I was perfectly satisfied.

“Come,” said Dr. H——, “my arms begin to tire of this load of iniquity; where’s the cub’s litter? Show me the way, that I may trundle him into it.”

Mrs. Grantley asked him and me to follow her. Sir Eliot offered me his arm, and we proceeded along a gallery, illuminated, I may say, by small silver lamps in coloured shades, to a large handsome room, elegantly fitted up, in which was a white bed, and a smaller near it, both in arched and spacious recesses : from the centre of the ceiling hung a glass chandelier, and thus the use of candles and moving lights are entirely avoided ; a prudent regulation in a house like this, the inside of which is, I find, wholly composed of cedar and mahogany.

Mrs. Grantley, with much gracefulness of manner, though devoid of animation, said to me, “ I hope you will approve of the arrangements I have made in your room. I have been a mother myself, and of a sick child also, and feel assured you would wish that your little boy should sleep near you ; that door opens into a small apartment designed for your maid ; and those hangings on the other side conceal a

sliding pannel and a recess, where you will find a commodious dressing-room and bath."

I was on the point of making my acknowledgments to my kind hostess for all her hospitable care, when Dr. H—— called out, "I wish you two women would leave off your prate, and tell me at once where to throw this bundle of original sin."

"His sleep seems very sound," remarked Sir Eliot; and, taking him gently from the Doctor's arms, he fondly kissed and examined his pallid face, and, pressing him to his bosom, said, "My treasure!"

"Ah! he'll not wake before the lark sings," said the Doctor; "that's my business:—here, you Mrs. Mamma—(to me) let him be stripped, and his naked body rubbed briskly before the fire, with your soft paws, then chuck him into his little bed yonder, and think no more of him till to-morrow morning; I have taken care he shall not wake till then."

By this we understood, what was really the case, that he had given Dudley a sleeping-draught ; and I was preparing to obey his directions, when Sir Eliot, still lingering near the child's bed, Dr. H—— caught his arm with, “ Come, I want to talk to you below. — Hey ! what's all this about ? are you going to turn fool with your new-fangled toy ? we shall have you set up for nurse soon : wash the lad's face, and brush his hair, and mend his stockings. Come, be content with every thing going on in your own way, and don't you go out of *your* way ; — besides, you are in a lady's bed-room, Sir-Baronet, do have some modesty, and retire ; — see, they are both blushing at your ill behaviour ; as for the brat, leave him to their care ! ”

The gentlemen gone, nurse Morton made her appearance, and with many respectful curtsies, hoped you and all our family were well ; said she wished to assist me in attending on my little son, and assured me, that her young mistress Claudy was grown the finest child in the island.

My restraint with Mrs. Grantley gradually wore off, and by the time I had placed Dudley in his little bed, we had become sociable; for being both mothers, (which is not Lady Alford's case,) there is a certain point of interest between us, which cannot exist between them, although sisters. — We left the nurse and my woman to begin their acquaintance, and returned to the library, where we found Sir Eliot and Dr. H—— in high debate.

“ I am telling this crazy Baronet,” said the latter, as we entered, “ that, like a great angler standing on the top of the Peak, he has been, ever since his arrival, throwing out lines towards England; and that we, after all, are a sort of sorry gudgeons, to swallow his baited hooks.” Then observing Mrs. Grantley take up her ivory shuttle, and begin knotting, he continued, after a stare of amazement, “ Upon my veracity, widow, this is rare behaviour! fine hospitality! instead of a cup of tea, to regale us with knotty points!”

Mrs. Grantley only smiled as she

looked at me, a look which simply said, "What a strange man! the same as ever!" and went on with her fringe. In about five minutes my attention was attracted by some movement at the farther end of the room, though I felt assured no one was within it excepting ourselves. My curiosity thus excited, I fixed my eyes on the spot, and saw a pannel open, and a table roll forward on castors — laden with delicacies of every kind. The pannel closed, and we were left alone.

"Come, my dear friend," said Sir Eliot, handing me over to the table, whilst Mrs. Grantley, with light steps, followed, and the growling Doctor brought up the rear. "So," said the latter, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and surveying the well-spread field before him; "so, this is one of your new outlandish customs, is it? Ah! such pantomimic Spanish tricks are mere foolery and quackery; — now, I ask you, madam, (turning to me,) which custom carries on the face of it most reason and comfort — this Aladdin

banquet, served by invisible attendants, or an English supper brought in by *liveries*, headed by a butler “wagging his jolly face,” with a napkin in one hand, and the key of the cellaret in the other? Ah! nothing like good old English fashions, after all. Why, now, what are we to infer from all this, but that we are in a foreign land, surrounded by spies, inquisitors, and familiars, with white wands and black faces.”

“That collared fish,” remarked Sir Eliot, “is waiting for you, Doctor, to *spy* out its merits; let me *enquire* how you find this wine; and pray try and prevail on Mrs. Clonmore to be *familiar* with that mountain pheasant.”

The Doctor literally obeyed all Sir Eliot’s directions, and was beginning to be reconciled to this absurd custom, as he still called it; when, turning briskly round to Mrs. Grantley, he enquired, what had she done with the Spaniard?

“Who? Don Zulvago?” said Sir Eliot; “’tis very strange, he was here last year for three weeks or so, since

which period I have neither seen nor heard any thing of him."

"Does he never write to you?"

"No."

"Nor to Balfour?—an odd fish, faith!"——

At this instant the door opened, and a stranger (at least to me), dressed in a dark brown great coat, entered. He gave one look at Sir Eliot, laid his fur cap on the sofa, swung a chair forward to the table, took his place, and actually began carving a fruit tart.

"There, now," said the Doctor to me, "what d'ye think of that?—there's Castilian manners for you."

"Zulvago!" exclaimed Sir Eliot, "we were that moment speaking of you—you're most heartily welcome."

"I know it," replied the Spaniard; and went on with his apple-tart, seemingly totally unconscious that a stranger was present.

"I tell you," said the Doctor, looking full at him, and addressing me—"it is the fact, the flesh and bone are here, the

mind elsewhere — time and distance are with him annihilated. Now would you not suppose, that instead of having been absent above ten months, and perhaps just arrived from another quarter of the globe, that he was now come in from a walk on the lawn? Were you to ask him, whether at this moment he is eating, writing, or reading, he would be puzzled to tell you. He puts me in mind of the fellow in the fairy tales, who dipped his head in a tub of water, passed in imagination through twenty years of existence, and took his head out again — *just the same, only quite the reverse*, as the Irishman has it.”*

Whilst we were preparing to return to our seats round the fire, Sir Eliot disappeared; when Dr. H —, speaking to the Spaniard, introduced me, saying, that as I had more sons than I knew what to do with, I had kindly consented to throw one upon the hands of the Baronet. At this statement I laughed, conscious that he knew such

* O’Keeffe’s “Irish Mimic.”

was not the case ; when Mrs. Grantley, taking his words literally, observed with much gravity, “ The Doctor was very unjust to me, for that she felt convinced by her own feelings, no mother could part with a child from mere mercenary motives.

“ Whatever may have given rise to this plan,” said Don Zulvago, (and, notwithstanding his foreign accent, his voice seemed to me the most musical I had ever heard, and indeed he speaks English incomparably well,) “ I rejoice most sincerely that such has taken place. Sir Eliot was relapsing into his old disorder, of which I think now there is no danger ; he has now an object on which to exercise the tender feelings of his nature, his care, and his sympathy. This nature of his, revolting at being himself the subject of protection and fondness, rather leads him to guard and cherish all who are willing to look up to him for that purpose. His little daughter is blessed with health so robust, with spirits so inexhaustible, that she is, happily for herself, almost inde-

pendent of every one around her. She amuses, but does not interest him; on the contrary, she often fatigues his spirits, by her unbounded vivacity. This poor little invalid, on the contrary, as you have described him, will at first excite all the soft affections of Sir Eliot's heart, and fully occupy his attentions until the period of education shall commence."

Such were the Spaniard's remarks; and had I not, my dear Henry, previous to hearing them, made up my mind to keep faithfully to our engagement with Sir Eliot, they would have had considerable influence over me. In the mean time, Mrs. Grantley had resumed her work, and Dr. H——, with square elbows, puffing and blowing, was pouring his coffee from cup to saucer, and from saucer to cup, until more than half was spilled on Carlo's back, as he lay stretched at his feet, when Sir Eliot returned, and, with that sort of visible, yet inward joy, that, whilst it prevented him taking any notice of us, betrayed to all present his secret satisfaction, he stooped, and pat-

ted Carlo, saying, "What! my dog — my good fellow!" and yet it was clear of whom he was really thinking, when, throwing up his head with an unrepressed smile, he observed, without looking particularly at any one, "Yes, he's asleep."

"Asleep!" cried the Doctor; "what, Carlo! with his great hazel eyes wide open!"

"Yes," replied Sir Eliot; "he's fast asleep: Martella and Morton are both with him. I wished to see whether he breathed freely, and had waked since; and find he has not."

By this we understood that he had been paying a visit to Dudley, and his mind was so fully occupied with the ideas of his new happiness, that he did not even hear the remark of Dr. H——, who, pointing to him, and turning to Zulvago, said, "A school-boy, with an unfledged sparrow; he'll cram him to death with kindness, and then roar over his own folly:— and harkye, madam-mamma, (to me,) I would advise you to drop your night-bolt, or this moon-struck baronet may take it into his

head to walk in his sleep, and visit *his treasure*, as he calls it. Virtue caught napping, you know, — hey, Mrs. *Lucretia*? A word to the wise — what would our Reverend in England say to that?”

There is something in Sir Eliot's character that, the more I see of it, is to me irresistible. With the perfect manners of a gentleman — with all the polish of high life, and, indeed, a distinguished air of fashion, (though so much altered,) there is in him so great a mixture of candour and spirit — such independence of opinion, regardless of who sees what is passing in his mind, that it is impossible not to feel attached to his person, and interested in his feelings.

Although there is much dissimilarity between himself and sisters, I think a family likeness (I mean in character) may be traced : they are, in short, water, ice, and snow. These appear under different shapes, but are of one and the same nature. The passions of the brother, according to the situation in which his heart finds itself, flow either calmly or impetuously — rapid, bounding, scorn-

ing confinement, and bursting through every impediment, or they are, as of late, perfectly motionless.

Mrs. Grantley is, in truth, the sheet of ice, the icicle, on which impressions, however, are made, though slowly and reluctantly taken, and which reflect the cold, chilled face of the stranger to her worth : whilst Lady Alford, the flake of driven snow, the sport of every wind, is now rolling in accumulated heaps down precipices, and now drifted up to the highest summit, but still preserving the most unblemished purity.

Mrs. Clonmore in continuation.

The next morning I was hastily roused by heavy footsteps sounding across the gallery, and a loud knocking at my door, which was followed by a tremendous cry : this gradually died away, and profound silence succeeded. I understood the whole transaction as clearly as if I had seen it — the heiress of Euphorbia had come to pay me her morning compliments, not recollecting that the hour was rather early for visits ;

and her Spanish nurse, or Morton, had laid violent hands upon her little ladyship, and carried her off.

About ten o'clock, leaving Dudley still asleep, I quitted my room, and joined the family at their social breakfast; when, after answering the usual enquiries of fatigue and rest, I said to Sir Eliot, I hoped now to be favoured with a sight of his other treasure:—"Where is Claudy?" I added.

"Here's Claudy!" answered a young voice behind me; and, turning, I saw at my side, certainly, the most beautiful object, whether in real life, or in painting, or in sculpture, I had before met with. I of course expected to find her grown, and, by all accounts, a strong healthy child; but this sight I was not prepared for: such perfect loveliness, such grace, such firmness and symmetry of limbs, joined to the rich carnation glow of beauty, I had not even formed an idea of: the cheeks, and open lips, displaying, not the rose, but that full vermilion hue, that ruby tint of early childhood — the dark brown curling

hair cut short, showing the beautifully shaped head and throat — the naked arms and shoulders so finely proportioned ; — and then her dress — the long white drawers edged with lace, and the short frock trimmed with the same — the sleeves tied up with bows of lilac ribbon, and the ancles strengthened by half-boots of purple leather. The whole formed a living picture, perfect and unique.

Add to this, though now seven years of age, yet, from being an only child, and consequently indulged and treated as a child, she is still very infantine in her manners : she still calls herself Claudy ; and, indeed, in voice, look, and expression, is on a par with a girl of four years old. Her great blue eyes were thrown up to me, as if endeavouring to recollect whether she had ever seen me before ; whilst I, unable to conceal my wonder and admiration, could not avoid drawing a comparison between this lovely creature, and my own ill-fated Dudley.

Sir Eliot thinking it necessary, in consideration of our poor invalid, to begin

with firmness, and check at once the hitherto unrepressed spirits of Claudy, called her over to him, and, as she balanced herself on his knees, enquired, who was it he had heard screaming in the gallery that morning at seven o'clock.

"That was Claudy," said the child, filling her mouth with a large lump of sugar-candy, which the Doctor, out of mischief, handed over to her.

"And who was it, when Nurse was carrying her away, said, — "This is Claudy's house, and Claudy will make as much noise in it as she pleases."

"That was Claudy, *too*," replied the little girl, with as much carelessness as if boasting a thousand virtues.

I could scarcely keep my gravity at her easy impudence; the Doctor did not attempt to check his mirth; Don Zelvago was engaged with a newspaper; Mrs. Grantley in pouring out the tea; and Sir Eliot went on with his lecture.

"Well, then, I have to tell you, Claudy, that this house is not your's, but mine and Aunt Grantley's; and that if you choose to make the same noise you

made this morning, you must go out of it. The next time I hear you cry without a cause, I open that glass door (pointing to it), and put you out upon the lawn; once there, you know well it is impossible to return into the house (as you cannot climb the iron inclosure) without coming in at this door, and I shall lock the door. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, papa;" and she held out her hand to Dr. H—— for more sugar-candy.

"The next time," continued her father, "that you roar, and fight, and kick, and stamp, I put you out of doors. All who behave riotously in this house, must leave it."

"Overshot your mark! by the vengeance!" exclaimed the Doctor; and he was right, for the last sentence provoked a reply. "And if Aunt Grantley kicks, and roars, and fights, will you turn her out too?"

This offered an idea which, contrasted with the widow's sober and grave deportment, was so truly ridiculous, that

even Sir Eliot and Zulvago smiled ; whilst the Doctor, pleased that she had realised his expectation, chuckled with all his might. We were, however, quickly relieved by Mrs. Grantley, who observed, “ Yes, brother, I have to beg that the first time you see me behave in that manner, you put me out of the house.”

This had the desired effect ; and she clasped her arms round Sir Eliot’s neck, standing on tip-toe to kiss him, saying, “ Claudy will be good, I won’t cry any more.”

“ That’s my best child ; and now, Claudy, tell me, do you remember Mr. Clonmore, who brought you over from England, and used to play with you and Carlo ?”

“ Yes, dear Mr. Clonmore, I *do* love *him* ; he put me in a dark closet.”

“ And do you remember his poor little sick boy, Dudley, whom you used to be very kind to, when you were staying in his papa’s house in England ? — do you remember him ?”

“ No.”

“ Well, perhaps not ; but I have now to tell you, he is here in my house — up stairs, in the very room at which you thought proper to make such a noise this morning.”

“ What’s his name ?”

“ I have already told you ; try to be attentive to what is said ? — his name is Dudley.”

“ May I go and see him ?”

“ Yes ; but though you are such a great heavy girl, I must carry you there and back, for your little boots sound tremendously along the gallery ; and you must promise not to speak one word ; he must not be disturbed ; — do you promise me this ?”

When we all expected a “ Yes, papa ;” we were surprised by a “ No, papa ; Claudy won’t promise ; for I must speak, but it will be in a whisper, so — ” and she mimicked her intention with her charming lips.

As Sir Eliot still hesitated, Dr. H—— snatched the dear girl’s hand, saying, “ Come along, Claudy, I’ll show you the little boy ; and may the fellow’s sleep never be disturbed by a worse vixen

than yourself; but hold, I think we are making rather free with "my lady's chamber:" here Madam Clonmore, do you take your future daughter-in-law, this inquisitive Psyche, and let her have a peep at her Cupid; though I cannot say a sick Cupid is any very love-inspiring sight."

I took Claudy's hand, and led her to my room: Dudley was still asleep; the frill of his nightcap shading his delicate features made them appear yet smaller, and the narrow ruffle gave to his pretty hand, which lay on the counterpane, a still more white and infantine appearance.

As I was unable to lift Claudy, I had recourse to Morton's assistance, who from habit carries her with great ease, and she held the child over Dudley's bed, by which Claudy had a full view of him. She was for some time silent and attentive; then with a smile of pleasure, not unmixed with pity, said, "Pretty baby!" and turning round gently to me, asked might she kiss it?

"Yes," said Morton, "but very softly;" and as the dear little creature stooped over him, the full vermilion of

her cheek falling on the pale ivory of Dudley's, the latter reflected the tinge of the virgin rose. She kissed him, and he woke.

I made signs to the nurse to take Claudy away, and I then sat down by our boy. His long and profound sleep had greatly refreshed him, and he now looked up to me with a smile. Presently he cast his eyes round with surprise, examined his bed and the room in silence, when conviction coming across his mind, a deep sigh followed; and clasping his arms round my neck, as I took him out of bed, he whispered "Don't you leave me, mamma."

Whilst employed in dressing him, I talked of Sir Eliot, of the kindness of his motive, of his affectionate attention to himself, whilst still sleeping; but little that I could say had any effect, the constant remark being "My own dear papa, I shall never see *him* again. Mamma, don't you leave me; promise never to leave me."

In the midst of our conversation, the door was thrown open with a violent

swing, and in came Claudy, dragging after her an immense large velvet bag, the contents of which, on reaching the middle of the floor, she emptied with no little noise, as you may suppose, when out flew all over the room, balls, ninepins, cups and saucers, skipping-ropes, puzzles, in short, playthings innumerable of all sorts and sizes, which in the fulness of her heart she had collected and brought to please her little guest.

“Come now, baby,” she cried, looking at Dudley, “come and play with me.”

He was sitting on my lap at the time, his head resting on my shoulder: when thus appealed to, he asked who was that great boy in frocks? remarking, that he thought Sir Eliot had only one child, and that a girl.

“Hush, my love, this *is* Sir Eliot’s little girl. Come here, Claudy, my dear, and shake hands with Dudley; and now that he’s awake, he’ll give *you* a kiss.”

All smiles and sparkling delight, Claudy ran to my knee, and held out both her hands and ruby lips to him, when he,

turning from her, hid his face on my bosom, saying "What a noise she makes, I don't like her, mamma; send her away; I don't like her."

You would not imagine, Henry, that these words could have any very great effect on the little girl; however, they had. She felt them, and deeply; her lovely head sunk upon her bosom, her cheeks were crimsoned with shame, and her eyes cast upon the ground; there she stood, pulling and plucking at her little fingers, until a deep and hysterical sob bursting from her full heart, showed she could contain herself no longer, when she broke into so strong and affecting a passion of tears, wholly devoid of resentment, that I really felt for her.

Martella, who had been standing at the door, now took her up in her arms, and tried in broken English to soothe her, but in vain; at last she spoke, still sobbing, in Spanish to the good old woman, who carried her immediately out of the room. Once more alone, I endeavoured to reason with Dudley on the aversion he seemed to have taken to the

child ; but all the answer I could obtain was, "I wish I was at home with my own papa."

Although Dudley still continues to sleep in my chamber, he is now removed in the day-time to a spacious airy apartment, occupied as a sitting room by the two nurses and the young girl Rosalva, where he is visited in turns by the whole family.

What gives me real and unfeigned pleasure is to find that our boy, at the first sight of Sir Eliot, showed for him a decided and marked preference, and this seems hourly to increase. Yet such is the waywardness of human nature, that the truth is, his partiality arose from contradiction ; having seen both Sir Eliot and Mr. Balfour at the same moment for the first time, I cannot guess wherefore, but he conceived the latter to be master of the house, and, as such, shrunk from him, whilst he suffered himself to be caressed by Sir Eliot, whom he called *Mr. Balfour*.

It is too late now to recede ; nature itself has come in aid of our wishes, and Dudley already seems to feel himself,

when with Sir Eliot, as if under the protection of a father.

As to Claudy, the little incident above mentioned has called forth, young as she is, the most acute sensibility, the most refined and delicate feelings: no finished coquette could act with better policy, or more art, to gain her wishes, than now does Claudy, inspired by the generous pride of her nature. Since the day when she was so unkindly repulsed, she has never once attempted to obtrude herself on the notice of Dudley; nay, she refuses even to come into the nurse's room, when she knows he is there, and that not with sulkiness or petulance, but a sort of firm and silent dignity, which compels us to desist pressing her. She has, till of late, never been heard to mention his name, and though she continues her plays with Rosalva both in and out of doors, a general remark has been made, that her turbulence has gradually disappeared, and that her temper is much softened.

Dudley, on his side, has entreated me never to let that noisy little girl come

near him, as he cannot bear the sight of her ; and thus gloriously proceed, as Lady Alford would exclaim, the loves of Claudy and Dudley, whom she prophesied would fly into each other's arms at *first sight*.

Ten days more are passed ; and could you, Henry, see the change that has taken place in our darling boy ! — He now takes daily exercise in the open air, drawn in a little waggon lent him by Claudy, who gave it cheerfully when applied to. One of Mrs. Grantley's excellent rules is that of teaching children the sacred nature of property by respecting their's. If she has need of any article the most trifling belonging to the child, she invariably asks her permission, either to take or borrow it, as occasion requires, and Claudy is at liberty to refuse giving or lending, on, however, stating her reasons, otherwise her motive might degenerate into ill-nature or caprice.

The other day, Mrs. Grantley broke

her shuttle, and, having no other, asked Claudy for her's, until she could send to Orotava for another. —

“ No, aunt, I cannot lend it you.”

“ Why so, my dear?”

“ Because I have promised it to Rosalva.”

“ But if Rosalva will lend it to me?”

With that, Claudy seemed to have nothing to do; she took the shuttle out of the room, and a few minutes after Rosalva came in and presented it with her best courtsey to Mrs. Grantley.

Here, on the part of Claudy, was the strictest truth, fidelity to her promise, and impartiality: and she is so thoroughly convinced, that no one has a right to take what she considers her own property without her consent, that she never has been known, (since the occurrence of the circumstance that gave rise to the imprinting this lesson on her mind,) to touch what belongs to another. — It was this, — Don Zulvago had given her a gold foreign coin of considerable value, which of course was to her a toy, and she used it accordingly. This coin she one

day missed out of a little box into which she had thrown it, with pebbles, shells, flower-seeds, and a variety of rubbish :— a grand noise and outcry followed, enquiries were made all over the house, which, at length, came to Sir Eliot's ear, who dried her tears, saying it was quite safe, he having found it in the box, and taken care of it for her. A few days after, Sir Eliot missed a large gold seal, which had been lying about loose on the library-table. A search was set on foot, and the seal found in the aforesaid box of Claudy, who, when it was taken from her, cried for her pretty plaything, which was her's, she said, for she had taken it from papa's own inkstand. Had his purse and its contents lain in her way, she would equally have appropriated them ; and thus it was necessary to convince her, in the best possible manner, that, in a civilized country, individual property must be held sacred.

Neither have children the slightest idea of the relative value of property, as we can vouch by an incident which happened in our own family. Do you re-

member our little William, at four years' old, walking off with a Noah's Ark from a toy-shop in town, and exclaiming, with great indignation, when it was taken from him by his nurse, "I paid for it, — I did, and 'tis mine." — This payment was a halfpenny, laid with all due ceremony on the counter.

But to return to our boy. Sir Eliot himself is the charioteer; he shakes and adjusts the cushions which line Claudy's little waggon; lifts Dudley in and out of it; carries him up and down stairs; watches him at meals; carves his food; leaves us and his daily company to go and sit an hour at a time with him in his nursery, to talk to him of you and his brothers and sisters: all which affectionate attentions, Dudley takes with the same calm composure as if he was really his son, and that they were his due; and this very indifference, which appears to me so strange and uncouth, is the proof of secret and growing love and confidence, that gives Sir Eliot so much pleasure.

I once said to Dudley, "I think you might, at least, thank Sir Eliot for his kindness, and all the trouble he takes with you:" when he replied, "I suppose he likes to take care of me, or he would not do it." This answer, which seemed to me sturdy and ungrateful, pleased Sir Eliot, in whose arms he happened to be at the time, to that degree, that he pressed him to his bosom with paternal love, saying, "My treasure, my own child." "And now," returned Dudley, "carry me down stairs, and round and round the lawn." I looked after both, with a mixed sensation of surprise and affection, whilst Mrs. Grantley, without noticing either, desired Claudy to rise from the floor, whom Dr. H—— took pleasure in rolling on the carpet with his foot, saying, "Ah, my girl, I told you your nose would soon be put out of joint by this whipper snapper of a lazy young pet Robin."

Another week has passed, and the improvement in Dudley's person is now become most striking; add to which, a

happy revolution has taken place in our domestic circle : whilst I now write, the children are as fond of each other's society as they have been hitherto averse to it ; and all this has been produced without any interference on our part ; on the contrary, being resolved to leave them to their own inclinations, we had even ceased mentioning the name of the one to the other.

Last Wednesday afternoon, it was thought advisable, Dudley being so much stronger, to begin to accustom him, by degrees, to join us below. — He was brought down by Sir Eliot, who placed him on a sofa, with a cushion under his head, and a silk scarf of mine thrown loosely over him as he lay. There were several strangers assembled, yet by the Doctor's particular advice to them, not to take any notice of the little invalid in the corner of the room, Dudley felt quite at his ease, and seemed to be listening with interest to the conversation near him, as I judged by his eyes, which were cast up, and wandering to the faces of each speaker. His posture becoming

uneasy, for his little bones have not yet their full share of flesh, he wished to turn himself, and made a sign for Sir Eliot to assist him ; and what is singular, though I was much nearer, and offered my help, he preferred that of our friend, whom I heard enquire whether or not he was tired and would go away.

“ No,” he replied ; “ I like to hear the description Don Zulvago is giving that gentleman of the customs of Lima.” These answers of our dear boy, when contrasted to his still puny figure, and childish sickly look, have something in them truly affecting.

I was soon after engaged at piquette with the P — consul, and we were all variously employed, when Claudy appeared in the viranda (we were in the *open* saloon) with nothing on her feet excepting her stockings, and with a boot in each hand. In answer to some enquiry of Mrs. Grantley’s, as to this unusual and indecorous mode of proceeding, I heard her whisper, “ Baby is up stairs asleep, and I took off my boots that they might not make a noise in the gallery,

and wake him ;” — then, as I conjecture, spying him out where he lay, she concluded with an “ Oh !” uttered in a low voice of surprise, and running out again across the viranda, shortly afterwards returned properly shod.

Without noticing any of the company, she, as usual, struck out her own amusements, and with paper and pencil seemed to be engaged writing a letter, as she sat on an ottoman before a very low mahogany table.

By degrees the company dropped off, and we were left a family party. — During our conversation, some remark that was made provoked the loud laughter of Dr. H—— : on which Claudy looked at him with the utmost gravity ; — shaking her head, frowning, and putting up her finger, she said, in a low voice, “ Doctor, what a noise you make — *silencio* !” This of course increased his mirth, which effect observing, she wisely refrained from further notice ; when having neatly folded and directed her letter, she brought it over to Mrs. Grantley, asking her to seal it, and send it to aunt Alford. “ I will, my dear ; but why whisper ? — Your writ-

ing to your aunt is no secret." " Oh, no ; but I was afraid of waking baby : " — and turning round to where Dudley lay, she fixed her eyes full upon him, seemingly surprised to find he was already awake.

For the last half hour, as we had all secretly observed, the eyes of Dudley had been watching her ; he had heard her words both to the Doctor and to Mrs. Grantley, and for the first time in his life, now honoured the charming girl with a transient smile.

This was a moment not to be lost, Sir Eliot saw his time, and seized it ; " Claudy, my love," he called out, " why will you persist in calling Dudley a baby ? Have I not frequently told you he is not a baby, but a little boy of your own age ? indeed he is about six months older than yourself."

At this news her surprise was great ; for considering his diminutive stature, his delicate face, and his little hands, she had really fancied him an infant. I was not sorry either, that Sir Eliot had taken upon himself to explain this important truth ; having observed that, notwith-

standing the smile, the word baby had really galled our boy, which became evident by his no longer noticing Claudy.

“Then what must I call him?” asked the little girl.

“Dudley,” replied Sir Eliot, “as you hear us call him.”

“What an ugly name!” was the next unfortunate observation; and we perceived Dudley turn himself on the cushion to hide his face. I was at first inclined to go over to him; but thinking it wiser to leave their cause in the hands of Sir Eliot, I continued my work, and sat still.

“Now, Claudy,” said Sir Eliot, “I think it a very pretty name; and if you ever have a little brother, he shall be called Dudley.”

“The name of Claudy is much prettier,” remarked the child.

To our great surprise, it was Dudley himself answered this observation,—as he threw off the silk scarf which half covered him, he raised himself on one elbow, whilst the other arm was thrown over the low back of the sofa, “I think it is,” he said, — “Claudy is indeed a

beautiful name — I am told the full name is Claudina, but *I* prefer that of Claudy.”

Her lovely eyes, sparkling with pleasure, were now turned full upon him; she made a step or two towards the sofa; and, as we may conclude, seeing nothing forbidding in his countenance, ventured, though very slowly, and frequently stopping, to approach quite close — she was now at his side.

“Are you ill now, Dudley? — Does your head ache?” On his answering in the negative, she continued “Shall I show you some of these pretty pictures?”

“If you please, Claudy,” was the answer; and she attempted to sit upon the sofa, but the fear of incommoding him checked her, and she drew back, saying, “No, I can stand.”

“Here is room for you,” he observed, courteously shrinking to the back of the sofa, by which sufficient space was left for her. When she had seated herself, she opened the book, saying she would read him a story about three lions, two tigers, and a bear. — We more than once heard

her enquire, "Are you tired? if you are, I'll read no more:" and his answer of —
"No, no; go on."

The appearance of Nurse Morton and my maid Barton, to fetch their respective charges, interrupted this scene of harmony; when Dudley, looking anxiously at the book, enquired, "Did you finish that story?"

"No, but I will to-morrow, if you wish it, and I'll show you some more pictures. I don't make a noise now, do I?"

"No, but you speak very loud," answered the unceremonious Dudley. "Then I'll speak *so*," replied the lovely child, softening her sweet voice.

"Hurrah!" roared Dr. H. —, when they were both out of sight and hearing, "the plot's begun, faith! the loving adventures of Teneriffe! the courtship of Dudley and Claudy! — A new system this! we have heard of women polishing the men, but here with a vengeance is a lady polished by a gentleman."

The friendly intercourse, thus accidentally and voluntarily begun, has daily

increased: Claudy is now freely admitted to Dudley's nursery, and he to Mrs. Grantley's private drawing-room, where yesterday finding Claudy at her lessons, he on a sudden grew pensive—and to my enquiries replied, he was afraid he had lost much time; on which I consoled him, saying his health was the first consideration, and that, please God, once established, he would soon recover all he had previously learned.

Instead of separate meals, they now take their's together in the nurse's room; and when Dudley rides out in his little waggon, Claudy is his constant attendant.—either running on before to gather flowers for him, or pushing him behind, or helping to draw his carriage; but when he walks, she keeps close to his side, never quitting him for an instant.—The system of harmony thus established, has been of the utmost advantage to both the children—Dudley, by having a companion of his own age, has gained a flow of spirits, which has been of the greatest advantage to his health; and Claudy is no longer the boisterous little termagant, of whom

every one complained, though all at the same time idolized her : and, as Sir Eliot foretold, it has already had the excellent effect of checking that growth of pride and selfishness, which, notwithstanding all Mrs. Grantley's care, was rapidly developing itself in her character. From having been so long a most arrogant and conceited mortal, she is now become of no consequence comparatively in her own eyes ; all her wishes and pleasures seem a secondary consideration—they give way to those of Dudley,—his infirm state of body demands her compassion, and his helplessness her active kindness; in short, her attention is no longer engrossed by her own charming self, but is turned to the benefit of her little friend.

Thus will her character be formed, her good qualities drawn forth, and her temper softened — and no fear of a relapse, for these advantages will have gained some maturity by the time Dudley will no longer require these proofs of her humanity; when confirmed health, joined to the real manliness of his nature, will, I trust, incline him gratefully to acknow-

ledge her past services, and in his turn endeavour to contribute to her amusement and happiness.

Farewell, my dear Henry: you will hear from me again in a few days, and I hope with still better accounts of our darling boy, who desires his love to you, and all his brothers and sisters, whom I am requested to mention particularly by name.

Ever your affectionate wife,

LOUISA CLONMORE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Clonmore to her Husband.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

I YESTERDAY received your letter, my dearest Henry! and by what a conveyance! Astonishment is too poor a word to express what we all felt on the occasion — we were electrified — and even now I can scarcely recover my senses.— Dr. H— himself swings his arms, and rolls his head on his shoulders, as he strides across the room, saying — “ Well, after this, tell me that Ching Hong Ki is King of Ireland, or that the Duke of Albany is sovereign of Algiers, or that the Emperor of France, after plundering the hives of Europe, has been stung to death by his own bees, I’ll believe all:— I’ll credit every thing that is told me, however absurd; for if this had been mentioned yesterday morning (by a *man*, understand me), I should have run the risk of exchanging bullets with him,

or got myself collared by the gripe of law."

At the usual dinner hour, twelve o'clock, we were assembled to the number of fifteen or sixteen, and were taking our places at the table, when we could distinguish an unusual bustling noise, which seemed to come from that part of the house called the Visitors' Library, to which, as you may remember, strangers who come on mere business are constantly shown. — From the window, we saw several of the servants running to and fro across the lawn, whilst Carlo, roused from his sleep, put up his ears, barked, and sprung through the open door.

"Some new guests," I remarked ; which was rather silly, as I knew that such are invariably admitted into the house with as little disturbance as they quit it.

"By Jupiter and his thunder-bolts," cried the Doctor, "we are invaded by the Gauls !" — "An express from Europe, perhaps," remarked Don Zulvago, and he turned pale ; — "Some news from town," (Orotava,) said Mr. Balfour, becoming

red with alarm; for, as he afterwards confessed, he thought of his warehouses being on fire, or of some political commotion among the inhabitants of the city; — whilst our host requesting us to be seated, and begin dinner, we complied.

Mrs. Grantley, who had not yet spoken, having deliberately taken her seat, and arranged her knife, fork, and spoon, observed, with a composure which at such a moment was irresistibly laughable, — “I have no doubt but what it is Caroline.”

“Caroline!” exclaimed Sir Eliot, rising, “*what* Caroline?” for how was it possible to imagine that Mrs. Grantley alluded to her sister, in a manner as if Lady Alford had gone out on an airing, and was returned later than usual for dinner. — Sir Eliot, however, requesting Mr. Balfour to take his place at the head of the table, quitted the room, whilst Dr. H——, in ecstasies at the idea of such a visitor, exclaimed — “My Persian Princess! — no no, that’s too good to be true.” — Then turning to Miguel, a Spanish servant, who was passing through the room, he called out — “Hollo! you sir, come here, what’s

all this about — who's come to the castle? — you impudent varlet, what do you stand there making faces? — can't you speak."

The man in broken English, and with a sly look, which would not have disgraced Gil Blas' arch valet Scipio, answered — "Senor, courier arrived — dama lady, and joven, (young,) like Infanta of Spain, she come to Balfour casa — very sick — was, on board navio — want Doctor Inglese, ask for him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dr. H——, seemingly to comprehend this explanation, which no one else could, "is that all! a crazy Infanta, on her way to South America to join the house of Braganza, I suppose, puts in here *en passant*, to have a vein or two breathed. — No, no; Spanish blood, Spanish doctors: — none of your visits to inquisition prisons for me, — and so, my dear widow, (to Mrs. Grantley,) with your leave I'll attack that roasted leg of a sheep."

Our hostess was complying with his request, when his attention being attracted by the sight of three men at a

distance in rich crimson liveries, who were passing across the lawn before the windows, seemingly ignorant of their way, he shouted aloud, "Hurrah! the Alford livery! it is, it is my princess!" And at the same instant, the opposite folding doors being thrown widely open, Sir Eliot appeared with Lady Alford leaning on his arm.

You may suppose the scene that followed — half-laughing, half-crying, Caroline quitted her brother, and ran to Mrs. Grantley, who rose and advanced to meet her. — Stopping short, Lady Alford curtsied slightly, and in a formal voice said, "I hope I have the honour of seeing you well — the mistress of the house, I presume:" then springing forward — she clasped her in her arms, with "My dear, dear Jenny."

I was then noticed, and with the utmost pleasure; — Dr. H—— claimed and was granted his privilege of a salute; and as he grasped both her hands in his, he looked in her face with a mixture of parental tenderness, wonder, and approbation, that was most pleasing.

Sir Eliot seemed to have acquired a new existence, his eyes were brilliant with joy and astonishment, and every motion, though gentle, was swift and vivacious. — Never till then was I so fully convinced of the power of early impressions. — We are aware of his opinion of Caroline's capricious and volatile disposition, and the decided preference he gives to the character and manners of Mrs. Grantley, yet now the unexpected sight of his younger sister, by recalling the period of their youth, their juvenile affection and sympathies, and early habits, seemed to inspire him with rapture, — with perfectly new life.

He, however, did not long forget the attention due to his numerous visitors; and on perceiving that they, when they understood the new-comer was a family connection, were preparing to retire unobserved, he turned gaily round, and in a manner which reminded me strongly of the spirit and animation which distinguished him during Lady Howard's lifetime, ordered his servants to close the doors, and not suffer a single guest to

escape. "As for your company, Caroline," he added, "we will excuse that, and also Jane's; Mrs. Clonmore will do the honours here, and you may both retire."

"Thank ye, brother," replied Lady Alford, throwing herself into an arm-chair, which she wheeled forward to the table, between Sir Eliot and Mr. Balfour: "Doctor, help me to some curry, will you?" This instantly took effect; we were all again seated in the utmost harmony; and I must confess that this meal, if not one of the most rational, was certainly the most cheerful I had partaken of at Euphorbia. Such is the power of a person (privileged to take the lead), when inclined, to set the tone of conversation, and become the mirror of the company.

"And what the plague did you mean, you rascal, with your Spanish Infanta?" said Dr. H——, throwing his head over his shoulder, and looking up at the face of the servant who was handing him a glass of wine and water; "and a *sick* Infanta, too! Speak, sirrah; out with your lingo:

am I to be bamboozled, and to my M.D. face, by one of your swarthy phiz?"

"No boozle, Senor," replied Miguel, with that modest, yet arch freedom of manner, which is allowed to foreign servants, and justly prohibited our own: "no boozle; I said to Senor M.D.'s face, lady, *like*, resemble, Infanta of Spain — and sick — ill — was, on ship. El negro y la blanca, ask me — out of coach — for Doctor H——."

"Ah! that's all right, my good fellow," cried Lady Alford, entering into the spirit of his explanation; "you paid one of your Spanish princesses the compliment of saying she was like me, — for which I give you little thanks, — and my black boy and white girl enquired of you, whom I found at Mr. Balfour's house, whether Doctor H—— was still here, adding that, positively, were he gone, I would detain my barge, and row back to Europe."

Though the numerous strangers had staid dinner, in compliance with Sir Eliot's desire, yet when they separated for the siesta, they had the good sense to drop off one by one, when we were again al-

most a private party. Then was opened an attack at once upon the lovely Caprichosa, as Sir Eliot calls her :—" Welcome from the Highlands ;" — " Have you drowned the Lady *in* the Lake?" — " What news from Loch Katrine ?" were asked by us in turn ; but, with admirable promptitude, she parried every stroke, and came off from the assault triumphantly.

" What could I do ?—I had sent round my P. P. C. cards ; given Miles Cavendish, the sailor boy, the meeting at Coventry, the Marquis at No-man's-land, and the Viscount in 'Change Alley. There stood waiting in Park Place my travelling carriage and four fiery steeds ; my furs and pelisses for a Highland winter all packed up ; and Savage, my woman, with her sulky, long face, trundled into one corner, when who should pass me on horseback but Charley Maxwell ! You remember that scarlet fop, Eliot ? ' Good-bye ! ' I cried, kissing my glove ; ' I'm off for the North.'

" ' Ha ! my brilliant Countess,' he exclaimed ; ' what running away with a

minor in the disguise of a waiting-maid !' (Did you ever hear such profligacy ?) ' I lay ten to one I'm at Gretna Green first.'

" Done !" I cried. — ' And done !' Off he set at a full gallop, as if Marshal Ney were behind — I mean, before him ; and I, with a — ' Franklin, round with the horses' heads,' (could not run after the men you know, better lose my wager than that,) turned full South : — instead of leaving London by the Oxford road, I came over Westminster Bridge, and — here I am."

We were at liberty to give credit to as much of this story as we pleased, at that time ; but we afterwards heard the real account of the death of the dowager Countess, and of Caroline's accompanying her friend, Lady Mary L——, (an invalid,) as far as Madeira, from whence she crossed over the next day to Teneriffe.

Her increasing vivacity threw a sort of sunshine over us all, and we now felt astonished how we could smile, except in her society. Her spirits are certainly

higher than ever; her appearance, if possible, more juvenile than when we parted, her figure more exquisitely finished.

To Mrs. Grantley's enquiries of how she bore the voyage, she replied, "I'll tell you, Jane, if you'll perform a miracle — open your mouth with a pretty laugh. We had a squall and a calm, my dear: the squall so like the howl of an old woman scolding her cat, that I looked up among the creaking sails for a red petticoat and a broomstick; — and the calm gave a precious opportunity for a saffron-faced East-India sea-captain to make love to me. Down he was upon the knees of his poor, dear, dark-blue trowsers at my feet, fancying himself an Arion and me an Anna*, when a sudden roll of the ship sent his calabash head, bless the man! full against that of —"

Then stopping abruptly, and turning round, she continued, "Eliot, my dear boy, I've brought out a venture, upon my life I have. Who the deuce would

* Felkland's "Shipwreck."

undertake a fortnight's voyage, and not try to turn the penny? I have brought out an article on speculation, and as you have few of the species here, I think it will fetch ten times its value. Eh! Eliot, what say you? buy unsight, unseen?"

"Well but, Caroline, your fellow-passengers," I said, "what of them, where did you leave them all?"

"My dear child, we played a rubber, rattled the dice at backgammon, made witless (witty I purposed saying) replies to gallant speeches, promised to begin and keep up a constant correspondence, vowed everlasting friendship — stepped on shore — and forgot that each other were in existence."

"What, Lady Mary L—— and all?"

"Aye, verily so, Lady Mary L—— and all. If she recovers, she is bound to Calcutta, and I am now bound to — ring for Savage and Patience, my maids, and adjourn to my room. What say you, sister Jenny?"

"Come, come, my queen of whim," said the Doctor, "we don't let you off

thus; now explain, what is this venture or *adventure* of your's; come, tell the truth, is not Charley Maxwell packed up in your bonnet-box?"

Before she had time to reply, Mr. Balfour, who had been engaged reading the English newspapers brought over by the same ship, said, "One moment, if you please, Doctor. Her Ladyship's character, I see, is at stake, and I am happy to acquit her of the accusation now brought forward, though I may decline enquiring into any other." After this "pompous preface," as Lady Alford called it in a whisper to me, he read aloud:—

"Married, at Gretna Green, on the 24th of August, Charles Maxwell, Esq. Captain in the ——— Dragoons, to Miss Emily Goldsmith, aged 15, with a fortune of 80,000*l*." In the *Courier*, it adds, "the parties were pursued as far as York, but the indissoluble bands were already contracted, and the amiable and happy couple are now spending the honey-moon in the neighbourhood of Chepstow."

“ Bravissimo, Hibernia ! ” cried the Doctor ; whilst Lady Alford exclaimed, “ A wretch, a good-for-nothing wretch ! then that was the game he was upon, when himself and his horse brushed the side wing of my carriage ! — and never to give me the slightest hint ! never even to invite me to be brideswoman, and yet to decoy me into a bet of ten to one ! — the deuce is in those mad red-coated Irish rakes. She’s got a bad bargain of him, however. I’m glad of that.”

“ Ah ! all spite,” remarked the Doctor : “ the Captain has cut you, my delicate widow, and taken up with virgin sixteen ; he’s in the right of it. — You would have given the rosy tips of both your pretty ears, diamond pendants and all, had he, instead of brushing *past*, brushed *into* your carriage, and given the word of command to Gretna Green ! — charge ! ”

“ Doctor, a pinch of your snuff, if you please,” said the Countess.

“ How dare you thrust your lily-white hand into my box, you beautiful gipsey ? Don’t you know the consequence at-

tached to a pinch of snuff? Don't you know, madam," continued he, raising his voice, "that we no longer, speaking of a thing of no value, say — 'I value it no more than a pinch of snuff,' — that in these days more value is attached to a pinch of snuff—"

"Do, for Heaven's sake, hold your tongue; and by-and-by give me your opinion of that article," placing a small shagreen case in his hand.

"I am reflecting," said Sir Eliot, whom we had long observed lost in thought, "on the inconsistency of man. — Maxwell's marriage has given me no small surprise; for this is my very friend, who for years, in my hearing, inveighed against disproportionate marriages in point of fortune — whom I have heard invoke on his own head all the evils usually attending such connections, were he ever weak enough to commit the error he condemned in others; and yet now —"

"Well now, Eliot," interrupted the Countess, "don't get into heroics, that's a good child; but tell me what am I to

do with the Cantab of a chaplain I have brought over to you, and who is now staying at Mr. Balfour's house, until he hears from you."

"Mr. Turner!" I exclaimed, — "Henry's curate, I am certain it is — I shall be truly happy to see him, as he must bring me news from home. — And this is your venture, Lady Alford?"

"Yes, was I not a bold girl to *venture* across the water with such a gallant? Oh, had you seen Jack's woeful glance at the first sight of the Peak; I really believe he thought it was not large enough for him to stand upon. 'Never mind,' I said to him, 'no matter whether you gain ground at the Peak, provided you are secure of a *footing* in Euphorbia:' — but defend me, Louisa, my dear," — and she whispered, and looked slowly round the room.

"Upon my word, I don't know," I replied, following her eyes; "but *he* was here not long since." — "Here!" she almost shrieked, "and where?"

"What is the matter, Caroline?" enquired Sir Eliot, alarmed — and she really

blushed. I enjoyed her confusion, and answered, "The Countess wishes to be introduced to Don Zulvago."

"Certainly ; but where is he — he is not in the room at present — did he dine here ? — I have not spoken with him since the morning."

We all endeavoured to recollect at what time we first missed this Spaniard ; and I even doubted whether he had staid dinner, so wholly engrossed was I with the arrival of our friend. Mr. Balfour was positive that he had dined with us. Mrs. Grantley knew nothing about him ; but Mrs. Balfour informed us, that he had not been gone more than ten minutes, and that for the last two hours he had been sitting alone in the recess of a distant window, to which she pointed ; and that though almost concealed by the curtains, she had remarked he had scarcely taken his eyes from the face of Lady Alford since her arrival. Lady Alford blushed still deeper.

"No matter," said Sir Eliot ; "he is gone to Orotava for the night, for he refused in the morning sleeping here, and

we shall see him at breakfast, when Caroline's curiosity will be gratified :” — and he left the room hastily.

Dr. H——, who had for the last ten minutes been twisting, and turning, and griping the shagreen case, trying in vain to open it, now chucked it into the Countess's lap, saying, “ Confound your noble tricks, to set my gouty old fingers to open your lozenge box ! — there, trust me again with the bauble, and I'll open it as the crow did the cockle, carry it to the roof of the house, and leave your Right Honourable paws to pick it up on the stones below.”

“ You an M.D. and a F.R.S. and a Common Councilman !” said Lady Alford, indignantly, “ to pretend to regulate and adjust the human machine, and all its wheels, and ropes, and pulleys, and yet unable, without losing patience, to conquer this simple piece of mechanism !” Then taking breath, “ Good heavens, what a long period ! I thought I never should come to an end. Physician, do you give up this box, or only the secret of opening it ? Speak, and in time,

say yes, or no, — and hey, presto ! the lid flies open and —”

“ Out comes,” added the Doctor, “ a warbling linnet, or a hooded snake, or a bearded Capuchin friar, or a — : bless my eyes ! what’s that ?”

Lady Alford had touched the spring, and from the shagreen case she took out a large gold snuff-box, her own lovely picture on the lid, encircled by a double row of diamonds. She put it into his hand, saying, in a tender voice and manner, “ From your own Caroline, who has been a plague to you from her very cradle.” Then, perceiving he could not answer from emotion, she recovered her usual vivacity. — “ Now you know, my dear Doctor, if you rap about your snuff-box in future, it will be fairly slapping my face. — Well, good folks, once again good-by to you all, for positively you see no more of me until to-morrow morning.”

“ At *breakfast*, madam, I suppose,” said Mr. Balfour, with a low bow.

She had a repartee ready, we could perceive, as it was plain he alluded to her

wish of seeing Don Zulvago ; but before she could utter it, Sir Eliot came in, leading in each hand Claudy and our little boy.

Lady Alford's spirits were by this time completely exhausted, and on fondly taking the children alternately in her arms, she could not refrain from tears — when, for her own sake, we shortly afterwards persuaded her to retire. As Mrs. Grantley and I were leaving her at her own room-door, she called me back, having unlocked her writing-box, and put your letter into my hand, and with a smiling good night, closed the door upon us.

The account you give of yourself and our children, my dear Henry, affords me the utmost satisfaction. I have now little more to add than this, — Should Dudley continue to improve as he has done since our coming, and consent to remain with Sir Eliot, of which I have now scarcely a doubt, I purpose returning to England in about three weeks with our good Doctor and the Countess, who declares, if I prolong my stay after that time, she

will go without me, protesting that she only came here to fetch me back.

Dudley will at first miss me greatly, but our plan is now decided upon, — his health having so materially benefited by the change, or rather that as I see clearly Providence has snatched him from the grave, I shall feel happy in the idea of leaving him in the scene of his renovation. Sir Eliot is also much improved in spirits, and Claudy in disposition : thus the scheme appears to have afforded universal benefit. Mrs. Grantley, to whose maternal care I shall now most willingly consign my child, has greatly risen in my opinion by many indirect and unobtrusive circumstances, of which she is herself unconscious. That she is unhappy, I am convinced ; or rather that she has been, for a more contented being cannot exist ; and I do not yet give up all hope of knowing the cause, — or rather, to speak less selfishly, of being able to induce her to write to me when I shall be in England, and under the familiar intercourse of letters to open and relieve her mind.

I had written thus far last night, and breakfast being over, came up to finish my letter. To our great astonishment, and indeed disappointment, we found on enquiry that the bird had flown. Don Zulvago quitted Teneriffe yesterday for the island of Forteventura, with as little ceremony as he arrived here ; and thus is our lovely Countess, though she affects to make light of it thwarted in one of the first wishes of her heart.

Sir Eliot has given a kind reception to Mr. Turner, and desires me to say he will write to you more fully respecting him.'—Farewell, my dear Henry ; you will soon again see your affectionate wife,

LOUISA CLONMORE.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Countess of Alford to Mrs. Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

WE were all most sincerely happy to hear that my dear Louisa, and her physical chaperon (is chaperon masculine?) had arrived safely at their clerical nest in the church-yard, namely, Bloomfield Rectory, which, upon the honour of a Countess, I very much regret having quitted, to come capering over the ocean to this most odious of all places. — Well, after my adventure, no one can have the assurance to deny that Eliot is not in possession of a magic wand. — I fancy that upon a statute of King Jemmy the First, I could have him well roasted for a wizard, to think of dragging me also into the unholy circle traced by his conjuring staff. — Stop though, let me consider, did he ever invite me over to see him? 'pon my word no, or I should not have come.

And after all, what did bring me? What could induce me, Caroline Alford, to give the go-by to a ruined Marquis, a fantastical old Viscount, and a chattering cabin-boy, (I beg the Lieutenant's pardon,) — who were all at loggerheads which should put the golden (that is leaden) chains of matrimonial slavery on my comely wrists, — and sail over to these regions of fire and snow.

By my precious self, when I think of my living on a volcano, I shake my petticoats with a shudder of horror; if one of the children move my chair or table, I cry out “An earthquake!” and when I catch a glimpse of the Peak in his white night-cap, I exclaim, “Oh would that I were now passing under the sign of Mother Red-cap.”

I wish now that I had kept to my resolution, and returned to England with you; and I certainly should, but for that unaccountable drowsiness that prevented my rising from my pillow the morning you sailed: besides, poor Lady Mary is dead, I had no wish to visit Madeira again, with which you were so enchanted, — and

in short, to run away from Teneriffe on the very day the Spaniard was expected, would have appeared so very cowardly! — After all, he did not come, Louisa; he has never been here since; and, — do I not blush to write it. I have really staid six months in this place with the sole hope of seeing him.

Then Eliot and his outlandish customs, of which I am heartily weary! — Of course, I breakfast at what hour I please; but unless I wish to miss all his Dons and Donnas, Senors and Senoras, I must conform to his peasant hour of twelve o'clock. Twelve o'clock! Why, my dear, when I caught you all round the smoking table the first day of my arrival, I of course concluded, when I had time to cast away a thought on such vulgar propensities as eating and drinking, that you were taking your — luncheon is so vulgar, your social meridian, and the hot viands I supposed to be introduced in compliment to Spanish taste.

Then this ridiculous parade of music at dinner, a custom established since you were here. Would you believe it, half a

dozen hideous fellows are placed in the outer hall, to blow clarionets, and flutes, and hautboys, whilst those within employ their lips to much greater advantage. — Now I like talking at meal-time, but this is (at least at the dinner hour) strictly forbidden: Eliot having taken it into his comical head, (bless the dear maniac, he does now and then indulge in such frolicsome whims!) that it is unwholesome to talk at meals, has substituted the flow of harmonious sounds for the “flow of reason” and exchange of souls. I suspect our living in a strange land, surrounded by foreign servants, may have had some share in inducing him to adopt this solemn procedure; but, whatever the cause, I know the effect it has on my nerves, — and, dinner over, most enchanted am I to escape to the saloon, where we may chat as much as we please.

I do detest innovations of all kinds, and by the same rule have quarrelled with Claudy’s dress; her immoderately long trowsers, and amazingly short frocks, I have declared war against; and it is in vain that sister Grantley promises to

curtail the one, and lengthen the other, when the child reaches her tenth year : why in the mean time am I to be put to the blush, and perpetually scandalized? — One would imagine, from our characters, that Jane and I would entertain opposite sentiments on this important subject, — she the prude, and I the *degagée* — no such thing ; I insist upon it that Claudy's equipment is — fie, fie ! Jane, on the contrary, quotes Eliot's opinion, that it gives freedom to the limbs, assists their growth and expansion, and is best suited for active exercise. — Active exercise ! yes ! I wish you could just now behold the very young lady of whom we are speaking, — there she is, with Dudley at her side riding.

By the by, I do protest, and verily believe, that on opening my letters you cast your wicked eyes over them, catch the word Dudley, skip the preceding parts, and — if I thought that, I were a wise one, and a teacher of philosophy, to scribble half a dozen more pages, and conclude with “ your affectionate Caroline,” without repeating again that dearly be-

loved name. — But *would* that be affectionate? aye, there's the question; would my words and actions correspond? Well then, to come to the point — these last five months have performed miracles; and whilst I now write, Dudley is mounted on a fine spirited mule galloping over the circular forest walk, which being commanded by my windows, as you may remember, I catch a glimpse of his figure now and then through the opening of the trees. No, instead of dying of a consumption, he is now more likely to die of a broken neck, and who should you suppose accompanies him in these mulish excursions — no other than the dignified heiress: — there they are, like Hebe and Ganymede, scouring the country to the terror of the hawks, hares, jackdaws, and parrots.

As for books, and lessons, and proper behaviour, I see not an atom of any thing of the sort; granted that their studies are over before I am up in a morning, and that they are constantly endeavouring to assist in amusing me, yet if this is the plan of education the baronet and his

amiable sister go upon, how on earth will these children be able to conduct themselves when they come into the *beau monde*.

Dudley's dress is also highly eccentric. Instead of being clothed like other boys, in a coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, he wears a loose jacket and trowsers of coarse dark-blue cloth, and looks more like a sailor-boy than a gentleman. A sort of flat cap is thrown upon his head, like that of a Russian peasant, which is sometimes exchanged for a wide-rimmed hat to keep off the sun; and if you add to this dress, strong leather boots, you have his figure before you; that is, figure him almost as tall and robust as Claudy, though with less colour in his cheeks and lips. — His deportment, however, is become erect and firm, his step graceful, and his spirits are uniformly cheerful — in short, he is — a little villain! upon my word! — The gentleman just now darted into my room with “Aunt Alford, are you ready?” — (this is my title with him as well as Claudy :) then running up to the table, with the most insufferable im-

pudence he threw his arms round my neck, with a loving kiss, saying, “ I know you are writing to my own dear mamma, give her ten kisses for my one,” — and off again he scampered.

Depend upon it, he'll grow up a rake. I would no more trust Claudy alone with such a fellow, than I would my little dog Bloom with a Bengal tiger. — And now adieu, for I must go play cricket—a fact, I assure you, though a sport more suitable for folks living under a Greenland sky, than one so near the torrid zone : but for a game at ball upon the green before the house my word is pledged. By the time I return to England, how wonderfully my stock of accomplishments will be increased ! —I can already shoot a marble, fly a kite, catch a ball, and hit the bull's eye in the target — as to leap-frog, hunt the slipper, follow the leader, and sundry other elegant exercises, I have begged leave to decline attempting, having been the other day caught rolling a hoop upon the lawn at exactly fifty-five minutes past eleven (Horse-guards), by as stately a set of male and

female Spaniards as you would wish to see, at the head of whom stalked his mightiness the Governor General of all the Canaries !

No bad thing after all to learn to trundle a hoop : to keep up the revolving hoop of life, without jostling our neighbour, or falling into peril, requires a more dextrous hand, a steadier eye, and a step of firmer rectitude than we are aware of.

Well, after all, Euphorbia is the most charming abode that ever was graced by my presence : the house for beauty and convenience is unparalleled, neither over large nor too small ; and the grounds are an Eden.

Eliot and sister Grantley seem so well suited to each other, as I always prophesied they were ; the improvement of the children is so perceptible, the society we daily meet with here so very desirable, it is altogether a heavenly place ; I could really live and die in it. I have certainly met with one little disappointment, and the worst of it is, nobody seems to pity me. I do love to hear the children talk

of their dear Don Zulvago, particularly Claudy, who had been longer and was better acquainted with him than Dudley. I could have hugged the darling the other evening, on her asking Eliot when he would come back. — I then ventured to say—“Do you never hear from him?” — “No; he seldom writes to any one, and to me, never.”

“But you assuredly expect to see him again, at some period or other; where is he now?”

“I have no right to *expect* Don Zulvago’s return,” replied Eliot, “as he never gives notice of either his departure from a place, or his arrival; — and where he is at present, you are as well informed as myself. — I may not see him for many days, weeks, months, or years; and, for what I know, he may be in the house at this very moment.”

I really shuddered with horror, at this mysterious account. “Why he must be a sort of a Bravo of Venice—at any rate an Inquisitor,” I remarked.

“Not a very inquisitive one,” replied Eliot, with one of his good-natured im-

pertinent smiles ; “ for I never remember an instance of his asking a question.”

“ Thank you, brother, for that hint, but I am incorrigible — until I come face to face to this redoubtable Spaniard I will talk *of* him : when I *do* see him, I may not think it worth my while to exchange a word, or give him a second look. — I have only one request to make, Eliot, which is, that you will promise me, should he arrive unexpectedly, to give me timely notice, that I may not expose myself, and look silly.”

“ I make no such promise, Caroline — be ever yourself — look, speak, and move *naturally*, and you *must* please,” (he thought it necessary to soften his blunt refusal :) “ and let me ask you, why should you feel under any fear or restraint when meeting this or any other Spaniard, or indeed any other man ?”

“ On the contrary,” said mercantile Balfour, who was present, “ were I you, Sir Eliot, should Don Zulvago chance to arrive here one of the many daily guests, I would advise you to let the Countess find him out.”

Did you ever hear such a Caledonian Machiavel, Louisa, such a determined plotter of mischief! — and supposing that I should, in my giddy way, perplexed with their barbarous names, speak of this very Zulvago in his hearing, or worse, to himself. Morning, noon, and night, is the name of this Hidalgo on my lips: — neither shall I be surprised to catch myself one of these days trying to whistle; and to a certainty, if I ever meet a Spanish grandee in a starched doublet and hose, short black cloke, hat turned up in front with loop and button, and plume of feathers — that is, should he be holding a bunch of grapes over his gaping mouth, like an over-grown Bacchus, I shall accost him with “Welcome, Don Zulvago.”

Farewell, Louisa, and Hal the divine;
your friend,

CAROLINE ALFORD.

LETTER XXIX.

The Countess of Alford to Mrs. Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

THANK you, Louisa, for your * letters; and now hear me protest, that if I stay much longer in this place, I shall lose my senses. Defend me! what can rivet me to this solitary lump of rock and extinguished lava, surrounded by waves, billows, and cockle-shells? Weary, sick, and tired am I of the whole business:—a calm at sea is well enough for us fresh-water folks; but a perpetual calm on shore is the very — does not exactly suit my taste, I intended to say.

Would you credit it, Louisa! from the moment of my landing to this present hour, now fifteen months, I have not met one soul in the house to quarrel with; — not one will even trouble themselves to

* They do not appear.

contradict me. The same unruffled composure pervades the whole establishment as when you were here ; not a frown is to be seen, not a contending word to be heard above a certain pitch of voice ; and as for a tragical stamp of the foot, I would give the world to see that ; that might set my blood in motion — and only this morning I vowed to part with my best pearl necklace (and I have but four), just to have a fair set-to at a wrangle, — no matter what the subject, who my opponent, or in what language, (provided I understood it.)

Half an hour's downright squabbling would to me be better than a dose of Madeira and laudanum. I have tried the temper of my maid Savage above fifty times, but it would not do ; never was there so mild, so obsequious, so respectful a savage on earth as she is become, and all out of opposition to me ; therefore on that very ground I have a right to scold her. Had I, when in England, played off half the capricious tricks to which I have subjected her here, she would have paid me in kind, said, " Suit yourself," and packed

up her band-boxes ; but here, having caught the placid contagion of the place, she is all softness, and it is every hour of the day, “ As you please, my lady,” — “ Certainly, my lady,” — “ Yes, my lady,” — the deuce and his long claws take her civility, I say. And my other servants, they are all in a combination against me ! Contrary to my expectation, these John Bull domestics agree perfectly with those of Castilian breed ; and even my coach-horses are in the plot — no wincing, and flouncing, and rearing, and kicking now, though put to their utmost strength with these odious steep hills ; but in Hyde-Park, indeed, oh, there they must flounder and paw in grand style, to the terror of my life, and the hazard of my beauty. — No anti-climax, that, Louisa, with some folks, I assure you.

I positively return to England by the next respectable conveyance, for there is no existing longer in this mawkish atmosphere, — even Claudy, my angelic little tyrant, has left off her termagant airs, and since she got herself turned out upon the lawn some months back, for an

hour or more, all in the cold and rain, the darling! she has never once tuned her voice to a squall.

A good opportunity this of bringing in Squire Dudley's name. Claudy and her nurse, my dear, had a grand battle about something or other in their own room, which Eliot overhearing, went up stairs, took little Miss in his arms, and bringing her through the saloon, where we were sitting, fairly placed her on one side of the glass-door of the garden, whilst he remained on the other; — the key was turned, and put into his pocket, and thus did the heiress become an outcast. Although we continued our several employments, you may suppose we often now and then took a peep at the little culprit, who, after a moment's silent pause at the door, wandered slowly to the farther end of the lawn, where as she placed herself, she was still visible to us. You remember, there is really no access to this garden spot, except through the saloon; and that it is surrounded from one extremity of the house to the other, by a green lattice-work of wrought iron, as

high as the walls of the King's Bench prison ; and, in fact, it is a sort of prison, for here multitudes of canary-birds breed, at once wild and encaged, who seldom go beyond this their boundary.

We saw Claudy sit down under a large orange-tree ; by her attitude she seemed still crying, and in great distress. Dudley was with us at the time she was expelled, but on turning round shortly after, we missed him ; and in about ten minutes more, looking by chance at Eliot's expressive countenance, I saw it greatly change : his face seemed to glow with some sudden and powerful sensation, and the tears certainly did start into his eyes, which to hide, as I suppose, he got up, and walked over to examine the barometer.

Once more I turned my attention to the dear little criminal, whose every action could be clearly discerned through the glass-door, even without going near it. There, my dear Louisa, what should I see but — Oh ! what a charming tale would a heathen poet have made of this anecdote ! Ovid would most certainly

have clapped wings on the shoulders of the boy, and a beak on the mouth, turning the young desperado into a pheasant or a partridge at once. — On the very top of the aforesaid fillagree iron wall sat the bold hero Dudley, who, having easily scaled one side, we could perceive preparing to descend the other. He appeared at first encumbered with a large bundle, but this was thrown down within the wall, when, like a “feathered Mercury,” he glided from the top of the iron rails to the green below, took up his bundle, and joined Claudy. We clearly saw her rise to meet him, and throw her arms round his neck with a loving embrace. We next watched him equipping her in three or four pelisses or great coats, one over the other, which he had brought with him to shelter her from the cold and rain.

It was an uncommonly pretty sight — there they sat, like Paul and Virginia, wrapped up snugly under the orange-tree, no doubt setting paternal authority at full defiance; and this I remarked to Eliot, adding to sister Grantley — “In-

stead of turning the child out of doors at the risk of her catching her death, much wiser to have given her a long psalm or a hymn to learn, as they used to give me at school ; by which means I hated the sight of both hymns and psalms for years afterwards."

" You have answered your own observation," replied Widow Precise.

" And I," said Eliot, " would rather Claudy *should* take cold, than prove me to have broken my word with her. When I threatened to act as I have now done the next time she should disturb the house, by giving way to her violence of temper, I never bargained for either sunshine or rain."

" That is true, — but, Dudley, I hope you intend to correct him for thus disobeying your orders, and braving you to your very face," — (though I could have kissed the dear boy myself, for his courage and good-nature.)

" Certainly not," replied Eliot. — " This act of his, is not one of disobedience, for I laid no commands upon him

on the subject; and as to braving me, it is exactly what I should have done myself."

"Well, but how long is this punishment to last? As they are not *yet* man and wife you know, their spending the night together among the canary-birds ——" and a sudden cough tickled my throat.

"Claudy," said Eliot, "shall remain, until the nurse of her own accord goes and fetches her, and promises to forgive her wilfulness." It was about two hours after, that Morton made her appearance for this purpose, when receiving the key of the door from Sir Eliot, the good old woman, apparently scandalized at the treatment of her darling, whom she herself would suffer to pull her head off, rather than vex, hobbled away to bring in the pair of lovers, whilst we adjourned to the collation — a fine word for a late dinner. Thus concluded the first act of the tender adventures of Claudy and her hero.

Mr. and Mrs. Balfour have invited me to come and spend a few days at their charming villa near Santa Cruz, which (like a true Scotchman) is named by him, Ben Lomond; and I have agreed to go, as it ap-

pears that he and I have at last raised the shadow of an argument between us, the ghost of a bet. He pretends, with respect to the height of the Peak, to go on the principles of mensuration, and calculation, and meridians, and so forth, with which ladies of fashion have nothing to do : all that can be expected from us is to see and judge with our own eyes. And as for his telling me that this mountain is 12,500 feet high, I'll never believe it — ridiculous, my dear ! *You* remember it ; if it is that number of inches, I very much doubt. — However, we have a wager depending on it, — an India shawl, a real Cashmeer, which is either to muffle up the short little roll-about figure of Mrs. Balfour, or to hang in folds around my graceful sylph-like person ; and it is to be decided in a few days by three umpires, natives of the place, (neither asses nor mules, human or brute.)

I was relating my grievances to this excellent wide-shouldered, broad-chested Caledonian the other day ; complaining how cruel it was, that no one thought it worth their while to put me in a passion ;

and asserting that a fit of rage was often as beneficial as a fit of the gout ; when in his slow, deliberate, smooth manner, obsequiously convincing, (a good contrast, by the by, to his bustling little wife, all spring and activity,) he advised me to order a carpet to be flung over a rope in the centre of the lawn, and having armed myself with a couple of bamboos, one in each hand —

Could you think it possible, Louisa, for such an idea to enter the head of a gentleman ! “ Beat a carpet ! ” I exclaimed with a shriek, “ a lady beat a carpet ! ” — When he deliberately answered, “ And why not, as well as a lady being in a passion ? ”

Now this very advice of his was fair ground for anger on my part, on which he continued, — “ Or, suppose, since you object to that remedy, that you provide yourself with a quire of paper, and fill every sheet with invectives against your Teneriffe friends, in the shape of letters to your English friends ; — erase, tear away, and burn letter after letter, as your passion increases, and thus will temporary spleen evaporate, leaving behind

it nothing but the exhilarating charms of natural good-humour, combined with solid sense and fixed principles." (This came of course.)

Well, Louisa, do you approve this latter advice of the Scotchman's. — You see I adopt it ; you will be the chief receiver of my bitter complaints, which will never be removed until I am fortunate enough to meet with a kind enemy — a sociable foe — one who will from principle adhere to their own opinion, and no more think of giving way to mine, than I should to that of Carlo the dog ; when, shaking his shaggy neck, he seems to say, " The deuce fly away with this gold collar you have clapped on my neck."

Then, and then only, I shall feel relieved of a heart-ache ; let me but find one mortal to dispute with, and I shall be happy. No matter, I repeat, what the subject of contention — politics or dress, love or matrimony, (the two latter not always one and the same thing.) Let one topic, that of religion, escape controversy, and I am ready to enter the lists with man, woman, or child, on any other.

So I find you and sister Grantley design to scribble a little on the subject of education. Is it you, Louisa, who wish to know how Jane manages Claudy ; or is it Jane who is anxious to borrow a few hints from you ? In either case, all I have to beg is never to become a party concerned in your correspondence. Suffer me to enjoy a game of romps with these urchins, and with your's, when in England ; and for mercy's sake never appeal to me on the subject of tuition, — recollect my nerves and transparent complexion, would you destroy either ? Rely upon it, teaching alternately screws and unscrews the former till they crack and they flag, whilst the lilies and roses ever take flight before the genius of education.

I do certainly sometimes saunter into Jane's drawing-room, (which I out of perverseness delight in calling her school-room,) and then for a change I leave Claudy and her aunt at their sciences, and take a stroll to Eliot's study, to watch how Dudley comes on, and when both visits are paid, for the life of me if I can tell what they were all about ; though

from the observations I have been able to make, I do not hesitate to affirm, that were I questioned on my oath, as to my opinion on their progress, I should say, considering their age, all Britain itself could not produce a couple of more complete dunces.

With respect to your hopeful Dudley, you shall judge. — “ Well, my sparkling fellow,” I said to him the other day, “ can you read Livy yet ?” — “ No.” — “ Do you yet know Alpha from Beta ?” — “ No.” — “ What, not know any thing of squares and roots, sections and triangles ?” — “ No.” — “ Nothing of trigonometry, mensuration, hydraulics, and fortification ?” — “ No.” — “ Well, but, Sir, I suppose you can dance a reel, play the fiddle, or break a foil ?” — “ No, no, no !” sung out your all-accomplished son. When, provoked into a sudden swell of indignation, I cried out in a rage, “ Well, then, can you cobble a shoe, powder a perriwig, shave a chin, mend a kettle, or cut out a pair of small-clothes, for you seem fit for nothing else.”

If the little reprobate did not with a

loud laugh throw his audacious arms round my neck, and then snatching Claudy by the hand, run off with her to the garden. — A more daring libertine I never met with, — let Eliot look to it, that's all. — I have warned him, but he is deaf to my Cassandra-voice, (I love to display my reading in common with all ignorant folks,) and he has the impudence to say to me, in a most impertinent familiar whisper — “ I wish I may have reason to place the same confidence in you and Zulvago, should you ever meet.” — I fancy Eliot is a little rakish, after all, notwithstanding his outward decorum.

Then there's this Rosalva, the companion of Claudy and Dudley, upon my honour, as pretty a brunette, with “ full black eyes of liquid lustre,” as Southey has it, as you would wish to see. — I caught the Reverend Jack Turner ogling her the other day :—*apropos*, that importation was not amiss, after all ; Eliot has taken a fancy to him, and he to Euphorbia, where he resides in the double capacity of chaplain to the Baronet, and tutor to Dudley, or rather pedagogue; for

by agreement, Jack goes through the delightful drudgery of teaching the elements of languages, writing, and arithmetic, to all of which he is so partial; whilst Eliot reserves to himself the higher departments of literature.

As to the accomplished Claudy, I could bring up a girl better myself. — At all events, I intend, when I can find leisure, to instruct her in music; she has a voice, and with three or four hours a day practice, will in time be tolerably proficient in my favourite sciences. At present, her talents consist of being able to read English and Spanish fluently, to cut out and sew up again, as Petruchio says, a doll's frock, cast up a sum in numeration, and write a billet-doux to Dudley. — There now, Louisa, ask me no more on the subject; but confine yourself to Sister Grantley, whose correspondence with you will be mutually agreeable: whereas I, never having had children, know nothing of either them or their horn-books. — Get formal Jane to write to you once on that head, and I'll lay any wager you give in first. — Bravo! that

puts me in mind of my wager depending on the height of the Peak. — I am going to the Balfours next Tuesday, and most delectable to me will be the change, for nothing more intolerable than a drone finding itself in a hive, except indeed the bees whose hive is incommoded by a drone.

Eliot has just tapped at my door, requesting me to come down to the library, and immediately to meet a visitor. — I must therefore leave off. — I will just add one line—at the word *visitor*, pronounced with a strong emphasis, my heart, Lousia, gave such a leap! — it did, positively it did. — What can that be a sign of? — my burning cheek scorches the back of my hand when I touch it.

I suppose I shall have time to conclude my letter, not having a dozen words more to say, — and yet — no, I'll leave it open, just to add the name of the visitor, and tell you, whether my heart was right or wrong.

No! this is beyond endurance! I defy a saint from the clouds, a seraph from

the sun, an angel from the morning star, nay, I challenge the very cherub of patience herself, to say whether, had she been disappointed as I have, she would not have jumped from her monument, and torn her marble hair in a rage.

He has been here, he enquired for me, he was anxious to be introduced, watched the door in silence for five minutes, and at the instant I now write, I can distinguish from my window the ship, far out at sea, in which he is sailing for South America !

He, Zulvago, the Spaniard, the Don, the Hidalgo, the Grandee, the Conde D'Almeida, Knight of Calatrava, St. Jago and Compostello ; he, whose name since I first heard it has been ever buzzing in my ears, and flitting on my tongue, whose person in a strange variety of forms is for ever dancing before my eyes. — He *was* here, and is here no longer — I might have seen him, and I now may never see him.

Now, Louisa, I'll state the case to you, and be so good as to judge whether I was to blame, as Eliot thinks proper to

say I was. — From the above-mentioned blush and palpitation of heart, I began to have some faint guess of who it might be, consequently nothing more natural than to consult my appearance, and debate whether or not my dress that morning looked becoming.

They say, when a woman gets to her looking-glass, the de'el himself (you understand abbreviations) can alone frighten her from it. — I certainly saw no fright in *that* glass, — as to face; but I did see a most odious looking cap, which of course I exchanged for one more elegant, out of respect to a stranger, a foreigner, and a guest, (for I made sure of his now staying at Euphorbia,) — then the ribbon on this second cap did not exactly suit the trimming of my gown. — You know I hate a mixture of colours, so that I was under the necessity of calling to my maid Patience, and exchanging that also. — Then I gave one more look, observing aloud, my honoured mamma must certainly have made an error in the date of my nativity, and when in the great family Bible setting down

my age, have written a 3 instead of an 8. After one more look, and a twist of my glossy brown curls between finger and thumb, and a graceful toss of my shawl over my shoulders, down I sallied, so soft, so stately, so truly the high-bred woman of quality, (on her best behaviour,) that as I slowly opened the door, to give better effect to my first appearance, I felt myself irresistibly charming.

Now only just figure my astonishment, to find Eliot lolling on a sofa, with a newspaper in his hand, and Sister Jane hanging over her eternal tambour frame; Carlo, the dog, asleep; and Claudy and Dudley at play in the centre of the room, with a puzzle of the fox and the crow.

I stopped short: — “Eliot, where is your visitor?” and I looked round in astonishment. “Gone,” he replied, coolly, without taking his eyes from the paper, “he could not wait, — the boat from Canaria put in only for a short time, and he had but half an hour to spend with us.” — “And who?” I exclaimed, “who was this *he*?”

“Don Zulvago.”

“ Don Zulvago !!! ” and I believe I shrieked. I know I was on the point of snatching the newspaper out of Eliot’s hand by way of revenge, for his not acquainting me who it was when he came to my door, or for not sending up again to me ten times and ten times over. — I almost cried with vexation. — “ Could he not wait five minutes,” I said, “ The monster ! who seems to live only to keep me on the wheel of torture and expectation.”

“ Five minutes ! my dear Caroline,” replied Eliot, turning his head, and looking at the time-piece over the chimney, “ he was here upwards of forty minutes, and it is now above an hour and a half since I was at your door.”

“ But perhaps,” I said, “ he is only gone for a day’s sail, and will be back again to night, or to-morrow.”

“ Do not flatter yourself,” replied Eliot, (flatter myself !) “ Zulvago was just returned from the Mediterranean, where he has been for the last twelve months, and has now sailed for the Brazils. — His stay there, as he told me, would be uncertain.”

“The Brazils! and the Mediterranean! and in every quarter of the globe!” I cried in a tone of rage, “instead of being a Spanish knight, I suspect he is a king’s messenger, and in lieu of wearing a gold cross at his button-hole, should hang out a silver greyhound.”

“Really, Caroline,” said Eliot, “one would suppose it were Buonaparte himself had landed, and gone away without your seeing him, you appear so very much mortified.” — I felt my face burn at this inuendo, and still more, when I perceived the two little wretches at play on the carpet staring up at my uncommon behaviour. — And to give the finishing stroke, Sister Jane addresses me very calmly with, “Caroline, have you any more of that tambour cotton to spare? — if you have, Claudy shall fetch it, for mine is all used.”

I ran up to my room, — I did *not* break my looking-glass, but I made hideous faces in it, and almost demolished my cap, the cause of all my misfortune. — That fright fell to one of my maid’s share, with this order of transfer, — “Take it,

you Savage." — Well, he and I are doomed not to meet, fate says we shall not ; for I now understand, when he quitted the house so abruptly on the very day of my arrival, that it was in consequence of letters received from Lisbon by the same ship that brought me ; therefore, his strange and unaccountable disappearance, when throwing his leg out of the window upon the lawn, (that was, it seems, his mode of departure from the dining-room,) was no slight to my honoured presence, it was unavoidable, and such it appears are his singular habits of life, that he is accustomed to travel, and to take long voyages without even a servant. Instead of incumbering himself with more luggage than is barely necessary, his well-stocked purse enables him to supply all his wants, at every place wherein he halts.

And what *can* be the business that carries this knight-errant from one extremity of the globe to the other, *what* the ostensible motive for thus wandering from land to land, — either he must have more affairs upon his hands than any

other one man in the universe, or he interferes in those of others, and I equally abhor a selfish man, and a meddler.

I have neither time nor inclination to write more at present; perhaps when I get to Ben Lomond you may hear from me again; till when, adieu,

Your affectionate friend,

CAROLINE Z.—

By all the powers of Venus and her blind Cupids, this man's name so runs in my head, I was going to sign Zulvago!—No, Almeida is the title, the Countess of Alford and Almeida; not amiss that, were it not for that dreadfully ominous name beginning with a Z.—You remember the Gunning story?—at least you may have heard of it from your great-grandmamma.—The adventure that happened to me was something similar. You *must* remember it, for I have told it you a hundred times. I am to run the risk of my life from the love, hatred, or indifference, of the last letter in the alphabet.—Oh the deuce take,

(if he has not them already) all fortune-tellers, say I. Heigho!

This visit to the Balfours—I wish it was over: I feel no longer any desire to go thither. Once more, farewell, Louisa. I think about July, or later, you may expect me back to dear England, that land of delicious fogs and verdure, of downright bluntness and flat contradictions; that land, which is at once the Paradise of widows, the Purgatory of constrained celibacy, and the *illuminated bower* of many an honest married couple.

LETTER XXX.

Mrs. Grantley to Mrs. Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

As I find by your last letters to my sister, my dear madam, that it is still your wish to hear from me, with some account of the inhabitants of this place, with the utmost pleasure I now write to you, with assurances that all at Euphorbia continue, thank God, in the best health. My correspondence with you will, no doubt, contain many trifling particulars, such as escape the observation of Lady Alford, and are beneath the notice of one man when writing to another; but with mothers, on the subject of children, nothing is too insignificant to be noticed.

There was no need of your apologizing for the trouble that it may give me, I am fond of writing. I see your sur-

prise, but such is the fact. I really like letter-writing, when it is not indulged at the hazard of neglecting affairs of more importance. During the life-time of my husband and my children, I had no leisure to spare; every hour then had its destined employment; and become a widow, it was too late in life to take pleasure in what is called a worldly correspondence, which is merely relating to a friend at a distance, the concerns of our surrounding neighbours. With me, such communication must have some decided object in view, some beneficial purpose, some point to answer. You honour me by saying you approve of the method I had adopted with Claudy, and may hereafter feel inclined to follow it with some of your younger children; and by asking me to communicate some of my plans to you by letter. Writing is but committing our thoughts to paper, and, from your own observations when here, you may credit my assertion, that though little inclined to talking, I never cease thinking.

On the subject of the inhabitants of Euphorbia, I must begin with my brother. — He has not suffered an hour's relapse in health or spirits since the coming of your son : he is now a miser, daily adding to his store ; putting out his own acquirements, his own affectionate attention at high interest, all of which Dudley will in time repay him. Caroline has also greatly contributed to his restoration by her cheerfulness and gaiety, and even her caprices exercise his talents, in order to vary and chequer her amusements. She is at present on a visit at Mrs. Balfour's, where being the attractive star to as brilliant a circle as the island can afford, of different nations, her time has passed so agreeably, she writes us word, she means to prolong her stay.

Dudley and Claudy miss their aunt Alford, as they both call her, very much ; but though excessively fond of her, young as they are, they see the shades in her character and disposition, and this is clearly betrayed by the very affectionate manner in which they strive

to excuse her errors to each other. It is natural for children to copy the manners of those whom they see universally admired, and this was the case with Dudley, who, shortly after Caroline's arrival, or rather your departure, introduced into his hitherto chaste and simple language, many of Caroline's favourite expressions, — a very few of which are — “defend me! plague take it! odious! hideous! abominable! ’pon my life, and ’pon my honour! the deuce it is! you wretch, and you creature!” &c. &c.

Claudy heard and gravely reproved him, saying, “You do not hear papa make use of those words, though aunt Alford does; but aunt Alford you know—” Here she stopped abruptly, and then added, — “I think, Dudley, you had better avoid them.” And her advice was strictly followed, without the necessity of my brother or myself speaking on the subject.

Another day, Claudy was walking in the garden with us, and, in imitation of Caroline's usual practice, suffered a long

silk shawl, which had been folded over her chest to keep out the cold, trail after her on the ground, whilst, with childish affectation, she pretended not to see it. Dudley took it up, crossed it once more, and tied it behind in a neat and firm manner, observing, — “ Scarfs are made to wear, Claudy, not to drag upon the grass ; you never see aunt Grantley do thus, — sometimes, aunt Alford, indeed, — but — there now, Claudy, surely that is much more proper and comfortable.”

These two instances, selected from a hundred of the same nature, which have arisen in consequence of my sister’s residence here, may convince you, that the examples she frequently sets them has had no ill effects ; — on the contrary, trifles such as these serve to bring out their sense of propriety, and to teach them what should be imitated, and what avoided.

Caroline has, I understand from herself, made you acquainted with the state of our niece’s acquirements, or rather non-acquirements. You may, my dear

Madam, think the account that our gay and thoughtless sister has given you is exaggerated, there, I do her justice, believe me it is not. — If Lady Alford has told you that our Claudy can read English and Spanish, speak both fluently, just hold a pen and a needle, and guide a pencil, she has been accurate; but I trust she has added to the list of the child's deficiencies as to education, an acknowledgment of her personal accomplishments: — if not, I have to inform you that, being now in her tenth year, her health is established, and promises to be invariably excellent; her temper is good, her spirits are equal, and her beauty unimpaired.

She has hitherto made little or no proficiency in any one branch of learning, and wherefore? because the time is only now arrived that we are to begin, now that the growth of the body, the strength of the limbs, and clearness of intellect have prepared our way, and not by commencing, at three or four years of age, to aim at making prodigies. — I had two prodigies — had! alas!

Before I continue my apology as to this scheme of neglect (as Caroline calls it), permit me to be candid with you, and do justice to myself, by informing you, in as few words as possible, wherefore at this day I am childless. You have, perhaps, heard from my sister the mode of education that with respect to us was adopted by our different mothers. So very plain, so very homely was *my* culture, that I often, when young, had the folly to blush at my own deficiencies ; and though I did not exactly envy the brilliant accomplishments possessed by several of my youthful friends, I secretly regretted that there had not been a more judicious mixture in my education of the solid and the ornamental.

I became a wife, a mother, and then resolved that my children should not only enjoy, and to perfection, the advantages I possessed, but those in which Caroline now so much excels. You have met with, most probably, an Indian anecdote of an elephant and its guide.—The noble creature, after repeated and vain attempts to throw down a massive wall,

was reproached by its *cornac* with idleness, — it collected its powers, gave one more stroke, succeeded, and died.

Pardon me — but this is the only subject that could ever draw tears from me — the only one for which I still have tears left. I said daily and exultingly to my children, “ Aim at perfection in all you do, in all you undertake ; get as near the goal of perfection as is possible, in languages and mathematics, music, singing, and other still lesser branches of education ; lose no time, make the most of your youth — study with as little intermission as possible, this is the season for improvement.” They obeyed me, — professors, masters, mistresses, and teachers, gloried in their progress ; they became the wonder and the delight of every society — they succeeded, and they died ! My Edward was long the victim of a nervous debility, which ended in a confirmed state of idiotism ; my Mary became a pale tall shadow, supported by irons ; she sunk under a consumption : both, I most firmly and sacredly believe, (from many cir-

cumstances known only to myself, and which are not worthy detailing,) the victims of my ill-judged tenderness, for more beautiful and healthy children could not exist, until I began my system of tuition.

Mr. Grantley, being from his official situation unable to attend to his children, left them wholly to my care, and often do these words of his come across my mind, to my eternal sorrow — “ Edward seems very knowing, but I wish he knew less, and laughed more ;” and of Mary, “ That she undoubtedly sung well, but he could wish she would put a rose in her cheek.” He at length found out the cause, and from my own agonised reproaches ; but it was then too late to apply a remedy.

I saw my children perish before my eyes ; I sat by their bed of death ; I helped to lay them in their coffins ; and I looked down steadily into the grave before the earth covered them for ever, saying — “ ’Tis I who have placed you there.”

Can you now wonder at my mind being concentrated within itself ; that though indefatigable in my duty, yet that I have

no relish for general, or even any society ; that I consider myself as guilty in respect to the death of my children, and as such am far more an object of pity than ever my brother was. He lost his wife, his excellent and most beloved wife, and suddenly, but by no fault of his own ; the Almighty recalled her to himself, and after the first strong and natural emotions of grief had passed, he was no longer to be commiserated. I lost my children by my own folly, and am indeed to be pitied ; had I early pursued with them a different plan, they might now be living — living to bless, to be blessed of me.

I recollect the sad reflections that filled my mind, when Mr. Clonmore first communicated to me my brother's wish that I should become the mother of Claudy. How lively my gratitude to God, at this instance of his love and forgiveness ; it came to me as a voice from heaven, saying, “ You have erred and have been punished ; your motive was good, you are pardoned ; this child shall com-

fort you for those you have lost." I accepted the gracious terms held out to me, and taught by mournful experience, adopted the plan I have hitherto pursued, and Claudy is now such as nature intended her, strong, robust, healthy, and cheerful.

If we would build a ship, raise an edifice, or construct a piece of mechanism, our first aim is to collect materials for our purpose, and those we take care shall be sound and proper. Health, I am now convinced, is the principal material required in education; without an ample supply of which most precious of all articles, our attempts for success to crown our labour will be vain. Health has always been considered as the most blessed gift that God can bestow on man; let it be our care then to improve it, by permitting our children the enjoyment of their birth-right, exercise, and liberty as full and complete as is consistent with their safety, at least for the first seven years of their existence. During the next seven, more restraint, and a greater number of duties, must necessarily be im-

posed ; and in the third period, a still greater degree of both ; at the end of which time, the pupil, by the laws of our land, becomes his own master, when imposed study and required duties become voluntary resources of pleasure and employment.

Claudy is now in her second course of probation, and henceforth her progress will be gradual, but more perceptible. You recollect the position of our respective rooms, and can therefore understand my explanations when speaking of the many arrangements I have lately made. When you were here, the nurses and Rosalva occupied a room adjoining that of my niece ; I have now removed them from the south to the west gallery, by which means, when Claudy leaves us for the night, she goes directly to her own chamber, without, as hitherto, stopping in their's. — Women will talk, and children will listen.

As there are three servants in the nursery, I have lately established the regulation that one of them take it in turn every week to put Claudy to bed, and

stay in the room with her, until I shall come up for the night.

By these means I prevent any conversation that might disturb the child's sleep, or of her overhearing what she ought not to hear. Thus two of the women are left to keep each other company, by which means their feelings are consulted, and leisure afforded them for their own business or recreation, whilst I expect the third person, whose duty it is to attend Claudy, to be strict to her post, and not stir from the room until my appearance. To secure this, I always let Claudy, when she bids us good night, take up a newspaper for the nurse, who, as Eliot observes, is in common with other servants, a great politician.

Lady Alford strongly objects to this practice of mine, and argues that children should be early accustomed to darkness and solitude ; and being once in bed should there be left. I think otherwise ; the cry of the child thus treated is that of nature ; solitude and darkness, when united, are repugnant to every human feeling ; neither is it safe thus to leave a

helpless child ; night is the hour of danger, which to avert, if possible, is one of our bounden duties.

From accidents apparently the most trivial, dreadful consequences have arisen; and supposing such to occur, what exertion or self-defence can be expected from a boy or girl suddenly awakened from the most profound sleep, we will say by fire, a cat, a rat, nay, even a mouse ; no matter the cause of fright or panic, the effects are what we are speaking of, and convince us that they should never be left alone, and not at all in darkness.

It is as much a nurse's duty to attend her charge when sleeping, as waking ; therefore, in the full security of protection and light, it should be laid to rest : Claudy having never been deceived, is so firmly persuaded that the person whose turn it is to sit in her room will not leave her until I come, that her head is no sooner on the pillow, than she is asleep.

No convulsive starts and fears drive away slumber from her heavy eyes ; no repeated opening of the curtains to be

convinced she is not alone ; no timid anxious cry of “ Nurse, are you there ? ” How often has my heart been grieved, when staying at the houses of different English friends, I have heard, when accidentally going up stairs, the piteous cry of a child thus deprived, by its terrors, of that balmy rest, which only attends early sleep ; and the tremulous sobs that followed, convincing me that the maid was shaking it in its bed, with the peremptory command of “ Go to sleep,” which is often as wholly out of the poor infant’s power, as it would be in that of the servant, had she indulged in half a dozen cups of strong green tea.

By my brother’s particular desire, Claudy’s dress, though simple and convenient, is at all times of the richest materials, and these are his reasons : — the growth of the body and grace of carriage are hourly, nay, at every instant, expanding and increasing ; and both depend, in a greater measure than seem probable or possible, on the quality or shape of the dress. See a child sordidly

and meanly equipped, (provided they are conscious of the appearance they make,) and you will observe it contract itself, shrinking back with uncouth and clownish shame, like Madame de Maintenon, at her first interview with Scarron, when she hid behind her companions, and shed tears because of her “ short gown.”

Observe an ill-dressed child holding down its head, comparing its coat or frock with those of its companions, hiding its hands, and treading on its own feet ; thus, day after day, year after year, the body contracting these and other evil habits, the limbs are warped, and the whole deportment assumes a mean and groveling appearance. On the contrary, the well-dressed girl or boy, conscious that their exterior is prepossessing, often become thus, in a high degree, — open, independent, and graceful, both in person and manners.

I remember Dr. H—— ridiculing these notions of my brother as absurd and fanciful, and adding, “ Wild through the woods the noble savage ran ;” desiring

him to look at our bold, hardy, and half-naked peasantry.

“ I neither allude to the savage, noble or ignoble,” replied Eliot, “ nor to the peasant, but to the meanly dressed person in civilised life ; there is some difference, assuredly, in not being clothed at all, and being badly clothed ; — the noblest dress of the savage is his skin ; the pride of the peasant is his labour and usefulness, which lift both the one and the other above the necessity of outward ornament. Let, therefore, the savage remain unclothed, or in his *tattooed dress*, and the husbandman or artificer in their appropriate costume, I allude to the fine, yet shabby appearance of many we meet with in every day’s society.”

“ It is therefore my wish,” he continued, addressing me, “ that these children should be clothed in the best materials that money can procure, for which the weavers, lace-makers, embroiderers, sempstresses, tailors, and mantua-makers, at Oratava, and elsewhere, will never find fault with me. Should Claudy, therefore, leave a yard or two of

lace or muslin on a hedge now and then ; or Dudley ink or tear his shirts and coats, do not be displeased, Jane, but provide them with more ; this would be extravagance and folly in another, but is not so with me.”

On this principle, the dress of Claudy is, as you may have observed, of the most expensive materials, and regularly changed morning and evening. Dudley, in the forenoon, dresses little better than a common sailor, by which his limbs have their full freedom ; and in the afternoon, he changes to white or nankeen waistcoats, and a better sort of dark blue jacket.

As the ground-work of my plan is, even in the merest trifles, to adhere to the strictest truth with Claudy, and never to employ snares to entrap her into improvement, I make it my study to watch for the faintest expression she may throw out of herself, which, I think, will lead to that desirable end. She was already five years of age, and had never learned to pray ; nurse Morton had early offered her

services for that purpose, but I declined them.

We had been at Euphorbia about a twelvemonth, when Claudy coming hastily and by accident into my private closet, found me on my knees. I took no notice of her, and she stood still at the entrance until I rose, when, with a face full of wonder and gravity, she drew near me, saying, "What were you doing, aunt."

"Wait, and I will tell you presently." I read a few concluding verses in the Bible, and then, closing the book, sat down in the only chair the room afforded, and, at the same time, drew her to my knee; her eyes still fixed anxiously on my face.

"I was thanking God for saving me from any danger that might have otherwise befallen me last night; for allowing me to sleep in peace and health; for permitting me to wake this morning; — and I was also requesting him to protect and bless me during this day."

The child, with an action at once graceful, solemn, and wondering, looked

slowly round the room, and then again at me, saying, "Nobody here, aunt?"

"No, I cannot see God, but He can see me. We can see this little gnat upon the table, but the gnat cannot see us."

"See you now?"

"Yes, at this very moment."

"See Claudy too?"

"Yes."

"Where is He?"

"In this room, in every part of the house, in the garden, in the fields, in the whole island, throughout the world, and in heaven."

She followed the direction of my finger, and having for some time looked stedfastly to the sky, said, "Is He in Claudy's little closet like this?"

"He is."

She paused, and before she could reply, her attention was diverted by Rosalva, who called her out to take her glass of whey and bread.

This was Claudy's first introduction to the knowledge of her Maker. The next morning, she came purposely to my

closet door, and standing within it without disturbing me, heard me repeat in a half-voice the Lord's Prayer; and, soon after, glided away. The three following mornings she never made her appearance, of which I took not the smallest notice: I was resolved to leave her, for some time longer at least, to her own voluntary inclinations; and, in imitation of the brute creation, (it were well would we in many respects attend more to the laws by which *they* are governed,) who ever set an example to their offspring, I did not take upon myself to say, "Do thus, and thus;" but led the way I was desirous she should follow.

For example, we sometimes in vain inform children, that to a Supreme Being they are indebted for life and every blessing, a Being whom they should consequently daily thank: they infer from this, that children are alone dependent on his care, and that maturity brings with it independence. On the contrary, (that is, by beginning at the other end,) Claudy was convinced, that *I* daily thanked the Giver of all good; that I

had done thus from five years of age till then, and should continue thus to do until the hour of my death, should it please God to spare my senses. She, therefore, exactly understands what is expected of *her* during the whole of her life-time, and is, at the period I now write, most exact in fulfilling her religious duties.

To return to the period of her childhood. On the fourth morning, she again appeared at my closet-door, and having long watched me attentively without the smallest interruption, yet often looking round, as if to be convinced no one was in the room except ourselves, and seemingly wishing to behold the person whom I addressed, she waited until I rose, and then coming to me said, "Claudy pray to God *too*."

"Then you must first learn the prayer that God has taught us;" and lifting her on my lap, I began the Lord's Prayer, which she slowly and deliberately repeated after me; during which, as I had not suffered her to kneel to me, neither did I permit her to join her hands, and,

by these means, she clearly understood she was not at that time praying, but only learning to pray.

The lesson thoroughly perfect (it took nearly a fortnight to teach), I told her she might, the following Sunday morning, pray to God, for the first time, in her little closet, which, like mine, opens into her bed-room, and which I intended should be prepared for her in the same state as my own.

The time agreed upon arrived, and I led her to it. Pictures, playthings, and every thing extraneous, had been by my desire removed; and nothing remained but the plain, simple walls of pale-blue stucco, the cedar floor brightly rubbed, a small green table, on which lay a bible and prayer-book, a footstool and one low chair.

I think it is highly necessary, where our situation in life will admit of the indulgence, to have in our dwelling one spot, however small, set apart peculiarly for the exercise of our devotions. I, from experience, know the advantage resulting from this custom. In prayer,

in joy, and in sorrow, the heart seeks retirement ; it flies to hide itself where no intrusion can come, where no object can exist to call off the attention, where it is seen by the eye of Providence alone.

This small apartment was in future to become the sacred refuge of Claudy ; and, as I led her into it, my heart breathed its own prayer to the Almighty, that it might witness her grateful piety to Him, the aspirations of innocent joy, and seldom, if ever, those of a contrary nature.

On entering the room, the child looked round, and seemed pleased with the changes that had been made. I had caused the thick Venetian blinds to be removed, and replaced by a light wire-work, to prevent accidents : by this the view which the wide and single window commanded was indeed truly sublime. You may remember it ; sea, forests, waterfalls, hills, and mountains at a distance, and the beauties of the plains, the vineyards, and of the gardens of Euphorbia, in the near ground — all was nature, nothing of art made its appear-

ance ; for from these Eastern windows, neither city, village, nor habitation is to be seen. The sun had long risen, its bright beams shone through the clustering jasmine, China rose, and clematis, which surrounded and shaded the window, and fell full on the table, on which lay a new bible and prayer-book, presents from her father : though unable as yet to read, they were never to be removed from that place.

I shut the door upon us, and making her kneel upon the footstool, and before the table, I stood behind her, whilst with joined hands she repeated the Lord's Prayer slowly and steadily ; after which, rising calmly and with composure, she asked, " Did God hear me, aunt ? "

" He did, my child, and will at all times and in all places, the same as at this hour and in this closet ; but it is better to have a fixed spot to which we may retire whenever we please, assured of no one disturbing us."

" Do you pray to God at night too, aunt ? "

" I do."

“ May I *too* ?”

“ You may, if you choose to follow my example. There are no lamps or branches fixed in these small rooms of ours, as you see, and it is forbidden to carry lights about the house; I, therefore, go into mine in the dark, and shut the door upon myself, and pray. If you go into your’s at night, of course, it must be also in the dark.”

No answer whatever was made to this observation, and I left the affair to take its own course. It was not until two years after this conversation, that Claudy of her own accord did thus; and of which she informed me the following morning, adding, “ Claudy was not afraid, for God was there.”

I then seized my opportunity, and expressed a hope that, as she had made a beginning, she would in future never go to bed without performing this act of devotion and gratitude, by which, in time, she would be led to banish groundless terror, and become convinced that God was every where.

At the same time, I observed to herself, that there was a wide difference

in her being left alone for hours asleep in bed, and passing five minutes awake in a closet, though in the dark.

Thus is the worship this child offers her Maker become wholly voluntary; with her His service is indeed perfect freedom. I do not pretend to say, that she even yet fully comprehends the nature of the Divine Being; but she understands that she is ever in the presence of an invisible, an omniscient, and all-powerful Spirit, who created her, who preserves her, and who will, at the hour of death, call her hence; — that shelter, food, and clothing, and health of body and mind, are His gifts, and not only to herself, but equally to her father and to me. She thanks us, it is true, as the *agents* who have it in charge to provide her good, but she never fails to look up to the *First Cause*; — and this, my dear Madam, you will concur is having made some progress in theology.

With best respects to Mr. Clonmore, believe me,

Your faithful and attached friend,

JANE GRANTLEY.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir Eliot Howard to the Rev. Henry Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

THE thoughts of our dear friends at Bloomfield Rectory are no doubt often and fervently with us; let them be assured our's are not less frequently with and warmly attached to them.

When I inform you that Dudley now looks over Mrs. Grantley's shoulder, you may judge that he is no dwarf; and when I tell you that he is now, as I see from my window, wrestling with his tutor, young Turner, and whom I perceive he has just thrown, whether by sleight or strength, I know not, — we may acknowledge that he is no longer entitled to the epithets of weak and puny.

His English constitution begins to show itself, and we may soon join in

calling him — not a John Bull — but, as Miguel has it, a young “Jack Bœuf.” His plunge every morning into cold water, at the instant of leaving his bed, has been of essential service towards bracing his nerves, and rendering his limbs robust and firm. He dresses himself without assistance, and having spent about ten minutes in private prayer in his own cabinet, runs immediately out of doors, in all weathers, for about an hour ; or joins Claudy, who does not leave the house very early unless fine, in the billiard room, in which, as it is situated on the ground-floor and distant from the sleeping rooms, they may make what noise they please.

This exercise over, Turner, Dudley, and breakfast are very glad to see one another. He then comes to me in my own private study, where we regularly begin with reading two chapters, one in the Old, the other in the New Testament ; we comment, remark, take notes, have recourse to the authors around us for any elucidation that may be required, and conclude with reading

in turn about twenty pages of some of our best theological writers.

He and I have thus already gone once through the Old Testament, and six times through the New. We have read Bishop Porteus's Lectures, and the two first volumes of Blair's Sermons; these concluded, we intend to begin Paley's Evidences, unless you can recommend me any that you think will better suit the capacity of eleven years of age, in which case, the latter author shall be deferred for some time. Indeed, now I am on that head, I wish you to select a few of what you consider the best of our writers on divinity, and send them to me for Dudley's use.

He at present continues to learn with me daily about six verses of the thirty Psalms I have selected for that purpose, and is already master of ten, which he repeats slowly, and with a proper and quiet emphasis. I intend this course, in time, to be followed by a selection from the book of Job, of Proverbs, of Ecclesiastes, and of Ecclesiasticus, which I think will close our theological studies,

(by which I mean the plan of committing parts of the Scriptures to memory.)

In about two years, I shall recommend his passing an additional hour or more in his own cabinet, and alone, as I wish to habituate him early to solitude : this practice, though some carry it to a pernicious extreme, is, I am confident, of the most beneficial effect in fixing the mind to one point, in cooling the imagination, and in teaching the value of retirement, and the importance of depending on self, for occupation and amusement.

These prime duties concluded, he joins us, with Turner, at *our* breakfast, of which he and Claudy contrive, without fairly sitting down, heartily to partake. This refreshment over, and about half an hour's exercise in his own garden, or more frequently in that of Claudy, his next move is to his tutor's room, where they consume one hour in teaching and learning the dead languages ; writing, arithmetic, and geography, being deferred to the afternoon : in all which sciences, I yield the palm to your young clerical friend, for Dudley made more

progress with him in every one of these, in the first six months, than he would have done with me in ten years.

Reading Horace and Homer for our own recreation, my friend, I found very different, from teaching those worthies to another; therefore, fairly relinquished all competition, and reserved to myself those studies of a sacred nature, for which I have both taste and inclination.

At eleven o'clock, Dudley's mule is brought to the door, and in a few minutes after, he is, perhaps, out of sight and hearing. Turner, when he feels inclined for a ride, accompanies him; otherwise he is alone. Claudy now and then mounts her beautiful little mule, given her by Mrs. Balfour, when, for fear of accidents, my old confidential servant, steady Robert, accompanies them.

The children dine together in the nursery at twelve o'clock; and, their meal over, either go out of doors again, or play in one of the empty rooms below, according as the temperature of the air permits; the heat of the sun sometimes

inclining them, as well as their elders, to indulge in the siesta.

At six o'clock, their afternoon lessons with Turner being over, both Dudley and Claudy come to my study, whither I retire for about an hour, leaving my company to entertain themselves; and here we read together, and still by turns, some book of amusement, either travels and voyages, of which Claudy is become greatly enamoured, or biography, Dudley showing a decided taste for the latter.

My taking it in turn to read to them has two advantages: it puts them on a perfect equality with myself for the time, which makes them look forward to this lecture with delight; and it improves their mode of reading, as it is my wish they should imitate my quiet manner, and avoid that of Turner, which is, in my mind, highly inflated, and indeed most painfully pompous: he is young, and I hope will correct this defect.

A book of maps is always open on the table before us, on which we trace with great avidity and interest, such places as may be mentioned; and this rule, of

course, is as necessary when studying biography and history, as travels.

An extra duty falls to my share ; with a pencil I have to mark such passages as strike any of the three worth copying ; and this the next day, when alone, I diligently perform, in a large quarto book of blank paper.

I have already filled two of these with pleasing, moral, and instructive extracts, which are gone to Orotava to be bound ; and I am now commencing a third volume. These books are left on the table in the library, and we refer to them when desirous of amusement and information.

Our habitual and daily intercourse with Spaniards has made their language familiar to Dudley, and he is now reading with me Ovieda's Notes on Cicero, and Cordero's Josephus, into both of which he enters with great spirit. He also begins to take pleasure in the French language ; to which I mean to add, in the course of a few years, German and Italian. But no persuasion of mine has yet been able to overcome his aversion to

writing and arithmetic. He does not even endeavour to conceal his abhorrence. Yesterday, his lesson with Turner being longer than usual, I went to their room to learn the cause : — on one side of their large round table sat the master, spouting Virgil, with many flourishes of his hand in the air, whilst at the opposite side lounged Dudley, his elbows on the table, screwing his face into a hundred forms, and slapping his forehead with both his hands, whilst shuffling and kicking his feet under his chair; a copy-book lay open before him, scrawled over with figures. I saw how it was, and turned away in silence; but not before Dudley had seen me, when he exclaimed, “ The deuce ! — no, Claudy desires me never to say the deuce ; but, really, if aunt Alford had this sum to prove, she would say, ‘ the deuce fly away with it.’ ” At last he seemed to have conquered, and dashing down half-a-dozen figures, he handed the paper over to Turner, who took it to examine very composedly. “ Is it right, sir ? — Is it right ? ” cried Dudley, impatiently ; and on receiving a nod of approbation, started from the

table in such haste to follow me, that he drew after him the green cloth with which it was covered, and the room was instantly spread with papers, slates, ink, pens, and wafers.

He attempted to escape, and overtake me, calling loudly, "Padre! Padre!" when I heard Turner call him back, and shut the door. I guessed the reason, and sauntered slowly to the gate, where their mules had long been waiting; and in a few minutes they both came running down stairs, more like a couple of school-boys than tutor and disciple: — and this, my friend, which would be an objection with some people, is with me young Turner's great recommendation.

Although a good scholar, possessing an excellent disposition in the main, (setting aside the trifling tenacities of his temper, which are more the consequence of situation in life than nature,) and a strict disciplinarian, the moment the lesson is over, he is no longer the pedagogue, but a wild college youth, full of spirit and harmless mirth. In joining Dudley's sports, he thinks less of pleas.

ing the boy's inclinations than his own; therefore they are more likely to be permanent.

Turner in his study, Turner in our society in the dining and drawing rooms, and Turner at play with Dudley, are three distinct personages, though one and the same man, such as, in Prince Hoare's *Three and the Deuce*, is Peregrine, Percival, and Pertinax, three persons represented by an individual actor. John Bannister, whom I saw perform this, or rather these characters, was not capable of greater transformation of face, voice, and gesture, than is Turner. The only difference between them, the versatility of one is the result of talent, that of the other is solely owing to the dictates of nature, by which inspired, he seems thus to argue: — "I must be grave and attentive to my duty in the school-room; secondly, I cannot get rid of my college sheepishness in the drawing-room; and, thirdly, in the open air, I am myself."

And here, to do him full justice, I must add, that when performing divine service, or preaching, he is a fourth and

a totally distinct character: Caroline says, for this we may thank the canonicals. However, her gaiety must have its jest, and we can only acknowledge, that his deportment, at such times, is all that is solemn, impressive, and reverential.

“Well, you dunce,” I called to Dudley, as he, passing me, ran down the garden-steps and sprang upon his mule, “I hope Mr. Turner made you pick up all you had thrown down: here have your chargers been waiting for you both this half-hour.” “Yoicks! yoicks!” shouted Dudley, as he gave Turner’s mule a lash with his whip, and galloped off, — the master following, full speed, at the hazard of his neck, whilst I remained standing at the door watching them.

It is thus that the bond of friendship unites the pupil and the youthful teacher; and it is but justice that, as the former benefits by the talents and labour of the latter, the latter should share with him his exercise and diversions. Every day shows me the prudence of your choice: an older or graver man than Turner would have been in my way; I

should have felt a constraint before him, and my sister and our company would have been liable to constant intrusion: whereas, with this young man, the reverse is the case. From his diminutive stature (Dudley is now nearly as tall), his juvenile appearance, and fondness for youthful sports out in the open air, he is, in fact, much more partial to the society of Dudley than to our's, and seems glad to escape from our meals and return to him.

I have observed, that with respect to money-affairs he is as thoughtless as Goldsmith himself; and I have remarked to him, that being neither poet, artist, nor musician, he is entitled to no patent for the exercise of pecuniary carelessness, and, consequently, ought to be a little more provident. Though, between ourselves, you may depend on my making an ample provision for him for the remainder of his life, whether, when Dudley's education shall be completed, he should choose to quit Euphorbia for England, or remain with me as chaplain. He devotes his youth to me and mine,

and fulfils his duty to both ; it must be, therefore, my care to shield his winter of life from the storms of poverty and dependence. His destitute and friendless state is another claim to my attention : — he was an orphan, I think you said ; one of eight children of an unbeneficed Shropshire clergyman, and educated at the Blue-Coat School, from whence he was passed to Cambridge, where he took his degrees. He is one of the hundreds who, but for this whim of falling in love with Euphorbia, from your report of it, might have, in less than ten years, been struggling in obscurity on an abject stipend, encumbered with a wife and a young and increasing family.

He feels himself happy here ; I like him ; Mrs. Grantley treats him with kindness ; and, what is of more consequence than all, Dudley is excessively fond of him.

The next day, Dudley and I being alone together, I took occasion once more to make some remark on the childish dislike he seemed to have taken

to writing and arithmetic ; on which he answered, “ I do detest both.”

“ That is a strong phrase, my boy, — I do not think, that when I was your age I *detested* either, but I certainly did not like either one or the other.”

“ *You* did not !” he repeated, with an expression of triumph and pleasure.

“ No ; I own I preferred almost every other branch of education ; but I was conscious that it was indispensably necessary I should write a good legible hand, and become master of figures : I therefore persevered, and, before I was twelve years old, had conquered both these difficulties.”

My dear Clonmore, how easy it is, by a little timely concession and candour, (for this was strictly true,) to make your own terms with youth !

This unreserved and opportune confession of my boyish stupidity and aversion, had a good effect on Dudley.—

“ If *you* conquered your dislike, why should not *I* ?” he said ; “ I’ll try, at all events.” And he has kept his word. His hand-writing is daily gaining firmness,

without formality ; and he has made great proficiency in arithmetic, being now convinced, that the latter science is one of the most essential and important ground-works of most of his studies.

When we join in a walk, although we all set out together from the house, we generally separate, and very soon, into parties ; and I have remarked, that Claudy is of mine, and Dudley of Mrs. Grantley's : by which means the children have the advantage of our several instructions ; and you will agree with me, that as excellent lessons may be given in a walk as when sitting in a room, before a table covered with books.

The sky, the clouds, the trees, the verdure, nature, whether animated or still, all that surround us become the subject of a theme ; and on these occasions, the curiosity of these children is as insatiable as our patience is unwearied. — What is singular, they never, in their walks, question either Turner or young Rosalva, as to any object of which they may wish to enquire, — their communi-

cation with them seems confined to play and active sports, while their questions are reserved for us.

Did you ever make the remark, that in a *tête-à-tête* with a child, no matter its age, the difference of years is insensibly forgotten by yourself, to the great benefit of the said child? — For example, set out on a walk with a boy of eight years old; your conversation, independent of your own will, soon raises him to your level of understanding, — until meeting accidentally with a lad of fourteen, you instantly, and yet without intention, alter your style of address to your former companion, and treat him in a manner adapted to his age: — proceed half a mile farther, and you are accosted by a youth of twenty, whom you are very glad to see; you take his arm and join in discourse, during which you scarcely turn aside to attend to the remarks of *fourteen*, and not at all to those of *eight*; nay, you now tell the latter to jump on before like a little man, and perhaps desire the former to join him: — lastly, you are overtaken by a friend of your own time of life, who

puts his arm under your's, and thereupon engrosses the whole of your attention, to the total forgetfulness of the child, the boy, and the young man, who, had you continued your walk with each separately, would otherwise have benefited by your society, and derived from it solid and lasting advantages.

Under this impression, Mrs. Grantley and I make it an invariable rule never to suffer a third person to remain in the room during the studies of the morning, (those of the afternoon being rather recreations.) I grant that this plan of our's is not for general imitation : indeed, it were impossible, in schools, for example, or in large private families ; but, situated as we are, it is what we have adopted, and, conscious of its advantages, what we shall pursue, until education is at an end.

The idea originated long since, when Dudley and I being engaged one morning, Claudy, who had not at that time the same hour appropriated by her aunt, begged permission to stay with me in my study, and I consented, on condition she would be quiet and not disturb Dudley

at his lessons, to which I had the usual answer : — “ I cannot promise, because perhaps I may laugh.”

She was however admitted, at Dudley’s earnest request ; and in less than ten minutes, I had the honour of showing her the door.

No, my friend ; I am convinced that where it can be thus arranged, more useful instruction is gained by the pupil in an hour, when alone with him, than in double that time when in company of a fellow student : — if tired, they yawn through sympathy ; if inclined to be facetious, mirth is catching ; if desirous of being idle, idleness is thought becoming : their attention is engrossed by each other, and thus the lesson frequently closes, after great fatigue and exertion on the part of the teacher, and with little or no improvement on the side of the pupil. Whereas, instead of four hours being thus spent, two hours given to each child, separately, might have been attended with every desired effect, with less waste of spirits to the grown person, and with more advantage to the young ones ; the

latter of whom might each, while the other was employed, be spending the same time more profitably at play in the open air.

When I am alone with Dudley, his mind has but one object, whilst his temper (granting that it meets with no irritating obstacles) is invariably smooth; and with the usual lessons, he learns the important one of taking an affectionate interest in the person whom he sees devote his time and intellects to his sole improvement. — Whilst still on this subject, I will just mention what occurred with us the other day.

You already know they have begun drawing, and that this truly elegant, and delightful talent being particularly pleasing to me, I undertake to be their master. — Some months were spent in acquiring excellence in their horizontal and perpendicular strokes, their circles, angles, &c. ; — and at this period, Dudley has made some progress in copying features, and Claudy in imitating leaves, flowers, and fruit.

I give them a drawing lesson, for two

hours at a time, twice a week : but being last Wednesday obliged to go over to Ben Lomond on business, I told them they should take their lesson together. — The idea was delightful ; they came hand in hand to my study, — opened their portfolios, — prepared their materials, and took their places. — I exacted no promise, fully persuaded they would behave well — if they could. Dudley laid the large outline head of Socrates before him, and began to copy. Claudy placed her drawing of a branch of an oak-tree on the table, and both were for about half an hour silent, and attentively employed. — The first symptom of breaking the peace, was a look from the little girl's large blue eyes, which, without raising her face, were thrown upon her opposite neighbour. This look Dudley caught, as he accidentally lifted up his head and hand, to reach a penknife ; when a little prim mouth of admonition, a nod, and a wink to be silent, followed on his part.

In a moment after, Claudy called out, “ Papa, cut my pencil ; ” and, “ Dudley, you have got my Indian

rubber." — Then stooping over the table to take it from him, she caught a view of his performance, when she exclaimed, — "Oh, Dudley, what a chin you are making! — when will it end?"

Dudley's talents thus called in question, he started from his chair, and coming round to examine her task, remarked, with much composure, "I can make out six chins in that oak-branch you are drawing: — there's the old woman's chin, meeting her nose; and the peaked chin of a Jew; and the hooked chin of Miguel; and —"

Claudy caught the ridiculous, and laughing, continued to assist him in finding out resemblances in her oak-leaves. My opinion was referred to, which, as it certainly did agree with their's, was frankly given; at the same time, I settled in my own mind, this is the last time, my friends, you take your drawing-lesson together.

You and Mrs. Clonmore, I feel confident, remember our afternoon customs at Euphorbia too well for me to remind you of them; and I only now mention these to introduce to your notice Dudley

and Claudy, as having long formed part of our society, yet, paradoxically speaking, forming no part of it whatever.

When we adjourn to either the open or the closed saloon, (as the weather permits,) the children make their appearance, attended by Rosalva. This young girl is extremely clever and ingenious in all little handicraft works, several of which she knew when she first came to live here, and others have been taught her by competent persons at Santa Cruz, at Mrs. Grantley's desire.

Dudley and Claudy, having selected their ottomans, or other low seats, and removed them to any unoccupied part of the room, take their places on each side of Rosalva, by whom their attention is so wholly engrossed, that they continue their employments with as much eagerness and unconcern, though there may be thirty or forty strangers present, as if sitting on one of the fallen stones on Salisbury Plain.

Rosalva has taught them to make baskets of palm-leaves, of various forms; others of willow, which they colour for

their purpose ; also to make fruit-nets, plait straw, weave mats, construct down tippets, feathered ruffs, and, in short, a variety of other affairs, of which I scarcely know the name or use.

Though they are the objects of attention and interest to the company, such is their humility, that they never consider themselves of the smallest consequence, or even the subjects of notice, and thus go on with their amusements and conversation with perfect indifference to all around them. — If any person wishes to speak to them, they are called over, which invitation they instantly obey, and with cheerfulness answer the questions put to them ; on being dismissed, they return to their occupations, as they are never suffered to question in their turn, and thus many untoward occurrences are avoided. Had such been the plan adopted in our childhood, I should not have asked Sir X—Y—, before a large and silent company, what was become of his wife (divorced the preceding week) ; nor Caroline, when at the dowager Duchess of Z——’s knee, and staring in her face,

enquired had she been running, riding, or standing at the fire, for that her cheeks were very red.

Our children, I repeat, are desired to answer, but never to question: they, however, take good care to make themselves amends for this prohibition, by attacking their aunt and myself, when we are alone, with interrogatories without number.

During the collation, the children neither look at the guests, nor receive any thing from them. One of the servants brings them on a salver their portion of fruit and bread, which he places at their side, and of these the three partake, — still going on with their work, regardless whether they have, or have not, a sample of every thing on the table. More than half of their supply is constantly left by them, when they quit the room for their own chambers; — and having always an abundance of food, and of the plainest kind, with which they are unconditionally trusted, the gratification of appetite seems ever with them the last consideration.

A few advantages resulting from being thus daily admitted into society without

mixing with it, must strike both you and Mrs. Clonmore: they do not disturb the company; they escape a most insufferable vice in children, that of aping the manners of their elders; and what is perhaps still worse, the habit of mimicking the peculiarities of others.— In this their eleventh year, they retain their own childish ways, language, and graces; the elegance and innocence of their actions and ideas are not perverted by imitation: and I repeat, in the presence of a numerous society, they ever act as if they were in perfect solitude.

Turner sometimes goes over to their station, and joins them in work and conversation, but ever against my wish, as it spoils the simple and pretty group: besides, my desire is that at this hour, the only one in which the three meet together, they should give their undivided attention to Rosalva, who always converses with them in Spanish, which, from her having been brought up in a convent, she speaks correctly. — I have also a third motive, tending to the young

clergyman's own advantage ; it is, that he should mix as much as possible with the company who almost daily assemble here ; by this his manners would be improved, and he would get a little more the air of a man of the world, in which at present he is woefully deficient.

Balfour, the other evening, entered into my views, and fairly dragged him away from the trio, with a good-humoured remark, that some of the twenty or thirty pair of eyes then upon him, would think he courted the society of the pretty young girl Rosalva, instead of that of the children. Instead of taking this advice as it was intended, in a friendly manner, he coloured, and turning fiercely on Balfour, asked, did he mean to insult him, by insinuating that it were *possible* he could become enamoured of a menial — a servant-maid !

You can contrast the two figures in your own mind, the fiery, irritable little clergyman, and the portly though short smooth-faced and good-humoured merchant. Balfour gave him his answer ; it was the Newfoundland dog dropping the

snarling cur unhurt from his mouth into the Thames.

“ No, my good friend,” replied the Scotchman, laying his hand on Turner’s shoulder, “ by no means — but ‘ *Amor omnia vincit.*’ — Correct me, if I’m wrong. The *sum total* has been my study, not the classics — a word to the wise though —”

Thus, Turner fancying himself on a sudden transformed into a hero, drew himself up, walked over on the points of his shoes to a young French lady, who sat near Mrs. Grantley, asked her some question, to which she returned a short answer, with a smile, and a look of timidity ; when he, in full triumph, stretched out his legs, put his hands in his pockets, and cast an eye of defiance on Balfour, as much as to say, “ *I am invincible.*”

Well, my friend, thus far I give my report of the progress of Dudley’s education. We are, as you see, getting on in our travels, and what, in reality, is life, but a walk from the cradle to the grave ? — What our acquirements of a serious nature, but tools placed in our hands to clear our road, or arms to procure suste-

nance, or provide for our safety? — And what those which are deemed merely ornamental? — flowers scattered in our path, to beguile and charm the way.

Adieu, my friends. When I think of the blessing you have bestowed on me, in resigning to my care this darling object of my hopes, I have no words to thank you; in that case, let the miniatures of Dudley and Claudy, which I have just completed, and which I now forward to you, silently express all I would say. I send both, as I wish them *never to be separated*.

Your's ever,

ELIOT HOWARD.

LETTER XXXII.

The Countess of Alford to Mrs. Clonmore.

Ben Lomond, Teneriffe.

Do you recollect, my dear Louisa, the conclusion of my last letter : whether you do or not, you have the advantage of me, in being able to refer to it, as I am certain the single name of Dudley would ensure its safety. In future, I shall contrive to save my correspondence from destruction, by hauling into it, in some shape or other, the name of that young scape-grace — so will it be preserved for my own amusement, when I come to my spectacle-age, and my take-off-and-on forehead ringlets, not to mention crowsfeet and parenthesis.

I repeat, have you any recollection of the wind-up of my last letter ? Was it that I intended to live and die in this Paradise, for it is such in fact ; or did I desire you to be on the look out for the signal flag of my return to England.

Finally, did I authorise you to inform the Marquis, the Viscount, and the Lieutenant, that I was coming home ; and that whichever should first jump from off the chalky cliffs of Albion to greet my welcome, it should be, catch and keep ?

Well, no matter. — Whatever I might write at that hour, I have now, at this present moment, to inform you, Louisa Clonmore, that under the blue countenance of Heaven — no, that's a vile combination of words, and directly the reverse of what I mean — to look blue at a body has one meaning, to look cheerily, another. — I have then to assure you, that upon the wide surface of this globe, since I must descend from the skies, there is not a more exquisitely happy place than this same island of Teneriffe.

Would you believe it, my dear, I have at last met with a person who has broken the spell of apathy and obsequious politeness ; one who has fairly entered with me the lists of opposition ; one who, in short, cares no more for me or my whims, than I should for the squalling of a mac-caw. I am, at this present hour of writing,

hoisting the joyful colours of triumphant warfare : — and who do you think is lying at full length on the table before me ? — Sir Paul Riccaut, my dear ; that is, Sir Paul Riccaut's wars of the Turks : and by his side lies another folio, giving a history of Malta — its situation, air, climate, soil, customs and manners. And should ever chance throw in my way a feathered chief of the Esquimaux, or one of the Emperor of China's plump mandarins, I shall in like manner make North America and Pekin my study.

You will hence infer, that my new acquaintance is of Malta : no such thing ; but from the little Maltese cross he wears, I judge him to be a Knight ; and it has ever been my ambition to fall in love with a Knight of Malta.

Oh, Louisa, if you could but know all the methods I have taken to render myself agreeable in his eyes ! And to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, this Knight is as fine a wretch as ever *my* eyes beheld. He is as tall as Eliot, as stout as Balfour ; but neither as lathy as the one, nor mus-

cular and thickset as the other. He has not the smooth, open, good-natured face of your Henry, the Rector; or the irritable, changing countenance of Turner, the Cantab, his *ci-devant* curate: and yet he is as placid and as active as either. *Mais enfin*, take the best properties of these four men, whom I mention particularly, as we are so well acquainted with them all, and by combining them, you may form a tolerable idea of my new Spanish friend, who is a Major Hernandez, of the —— regiment, which has lately distinguished itself in Spain under Castanos or Palafox, I forget which; and is come to these parts, as Balfour tells me, on political business, “in which,” he added, “ladies have no concern;” and for which I was very much tempted to challenge him — that is to challenge him to name a single political stroke achieved throughout the world, since Eve gave the apple to Adam, in which a woman had had no share.

But to relate events in chronological order. You may remember I went to Mrs. Balfour’s on a visit of a week, and this is

the second month of my stay. Part of the time was spent at their town-house at Orotava, and we are now settled in their country seat near Laguna, about four miles from Santa Cruz ; from whence I proposed, a few days back, to make the tour of the island, of which I thought no more than flying in a sociable round the Isle of Wight.

Well, the day was fixed, and the party named ; and on the settled morning, they all assembled at Ben Lomond, six beaux and as many belles. I therefore made a bargain, before I set out, that whatever gentleman chance should throw in our way on the excursion, should be monopolised by myself, and my nerves ; that he should attend solely on me, to keep me in good-humour, and make me forget the toils of the journey. To this proviso they all agreed with alacrity, and we set out — not in sociables, my friend, as you may suppose ; no, the ladies left their chariots behind, and we mounted our mules ; a sort of covered waggon, drawn by a couple of horned beasts, called in England oxen, bringing up the

rear, with a tent, provisions, and a variety of live and dead stock.

The morning was as bright and auspicious as any augur or priestess could wish; and on we trotted, up hill, down hill, over broken roads of lava and pumice-stone, to the south-west of Santa Cruz, beguiling our way with chat, good-humour, a duet, a glee, an anecdote, and the pleasing strains of a lute, which one of the Spaniards played to the accompaniment of the cheerful song of the muleteers, when encouraging their cattle.

Our first halt was in a grove of chesnut, fig, and pine-trees, near the summit of a rocky hill, and here we dined most sumptuously on the grass, in a sort of a wild wilderness, in which grew peaches, apricots, and grapes in abundance: cheered by the sun and a light breeze, and regaled by the birds, every sense was gratified. Our servants remained at a distance with their mules and oxen, which having fed, they stretched themselves to sleep under the trees. Such was our position, when from the top of a high tree rushed down from branch to branch, and then

leaped on the ground, almost in the centre of us all, the most hideous monster of the ourang-outang species I had ever beheld. I gave a loud scream, and hid my face behind Balfour's shoulder, who, turning, said, "Don't be alarmed, Lady Alford, it is only a Guanche."

"A what?" I exclaimed; "A Guanche, a mountaineer, one of the descendants of the aborigines of the island, who, though very rarely, are still to be met with in some of the wildest and most unfrequented midland parts.—He is no doubt going to Santa Cruz, to make some purchase or other."

"Not in that dress!" I cried.

"Why not? It is the ancient national dress, and, I think, very becoming."

Judge yourself, Louisa, of Squire Balfour's taste. First imagine before your eyes, a high, broad, and lean old savage, with immense bones, clothed in a coat of rushes, which reaches to his naked knees, and this tied round the waist with a leather girdle; gaiters of the same materials, a short goat-skin cloke over his shoulders, the hair worn outward, and

a skin cap upon his head, with long hairy lappets hanging down on each side his face.—No! Robinson Crusoe was a birthday beau to him; if you add to this dress a gloomy stedfast frown, which, as he eyed us all around, seemed to say—“Oh, what luxury, to spike you all, one after another, on this huge iron spear in my hand, and chuck you into the mouth of the burning Peak, ramming you down into its very fiery bowels—you set of Spanish robbers!”

Balfour offered him some fruit, which he refused; and having given one more look at us, he placed his lance between his feet, gave a sudden spring down a declivity behind us, and thus leaping from rock to rock, was at length lost in the distance. Some time after, we heard so loud and shrill a whistle, that some of us clapped our hands to our ears.—“What was that?” I asked, in a tremor of fright.

“The whistle of the Guanche,” replied Balfour; “and really we are much indebted to him, that he did not give this signal when standing here among us, of the effect of which you may have some

idea, when I assure you he is at present at least three miles off."

"A signal!" I exclaimed; "we shall be all robbed and murdered; he is calling his gang together, and we shall never return alive. The deuce take all parties of pleasure, I say. Mr. Balfour, I insist upon it, that we halt this evening at our inn two hours earlier than we proposed." To this, Balfour gave a nod of assent, and I was satisfied.

"But, *àpropos*," I enquired, "Pray, how many days is this expedition to last?" My question appeared, at first, to puzzle him; but he replied, on my repeating it, "Why, I must leave your ladyship to calculate: the island is about 70 English miles in length, and about 30 in breadth. Supposing that we take a circuit, upon an average, of half a mile from the coast, and travel ten miles a day, in what time shall we return to Ben Lomond?"

"The deuce take your calculations, man; why not give a simple answer to a simple — that is, a *rational* question? Well, then, can you tell me at what hour we shall arrive this evening at our inn?"

He took out his watch, and, with some hesitation, replied, looking very wisely, "By ten o'clock, most probably."

"Ten! defend me, it will be dark by that time; and in these strange, outlandish roads, among Guanches and banditti" —

"Never fear, the guides are perfectly acquainted with the roads, and were they not, I am."

And thus once more satisfied, on we journeyed, as merry as a gang of gypsies; and at about eight o'clock, again halted in the bottom of a deep valley, on one side of which was a mountain covered with forest trees, and on the other a precipice, that made me giddy to look down. Thus perched on this shelf, midway, we enjoyed about half an hour, laughing over the adventures of the morning, most of which I have omitted, fearful of wearying you, Louisa, for the main adventure is yet to come.

Through the opening of the hills the Peak was visible, when pointing to it, I reminded Balfour of our bet, appealing at the same time to the rest of the com-

pany, asking, was it possible that that hill could be nearly three miles in height; it appears to me, at this distance, to be only about a thousand yards to the summit.

“ Nevertheless,” replied the Scotchman calmly, as he piled a quantity of heath and Spanish broom on our vagrant fire, which had boiled our tea-kettle in the English fashion, — “ The Peak is, I repeat, Lady Alford, 12,500 feet above the level of the sea ; and I have already fixed on the colour of the shawl you will lose to me for Mrs. Balfour.”

I gave him his answer, when, as he was turning away to gather more of the delightful fuel which grew in profusion around us, he stopped abruptly, and looked over the precipice, his eyes seemingly following some moving object; and, soon afterwards, he turned his head slowly to the opposite road whence we had come, and added, “ Here, if I am not greatly deceived, is one who, if you will abide by his judgment, can at a word decide our wager, for he has been to the summit of the Peak above half a dozen

times, and has taken the altitude geometrically."

Whilst he spoke, the thick branches of the trees near us were separated by a pair of hands, and a human figure came forward, the sight of which, when I expected the Guanche to appear again, afforded me the greatest relief.

My dear, represent to yourself a gentleman dressed in a long, dark-blue military coat, embroidered, be-tasselled, be-frogged, and be-furred; a flat leather cap, huzzar boots, and sword and belt.

"Oh, oh, Major!" cried Mr. Balfour, "here you are, directed hither as I perceive by the Guanche; his signal was to you, I suppose. — Well, just in time to decide a wager between Beauty and me."

Now this 'Beauty and me' offered so ridiculous an idea to my imagination, (ever enamoured of fairy tales,) that, indecorous as it may appear to you, and as it certainly did to some of the Donnas, I could not help laughing *en plein cœur*; during which, Balfour, unconscious of the folly he had committed, went up close to

the stranger, drew him apart, and in a low voice seemed entreating him to comply with some urgent request ; to which, with a sort of a shrug and a faint smile, the other appeared at last to consent ; when they both joined the company, and threw themselves on the grass.

“ Well, Major,” said Balfour aloud, “ am I not right ? is not the Peak of Teneriffe estimated at — what is your estimate, Major ? ”

“ 12,500 feet above the level of the sea,” replied the stranger, calmly.

This was such palpable collusion, so manifestly a manœuvre between them both, that I could no longer keep my temper, and appealing to all the party, I had the satisfaction of their support in declaring the wager was not decided.

Whilst they all joined in debating on the subject, Mrs. Balfour, with a mixture of malice and archness, for which I could have cuffed and kissed her, said in a low voice to me, “ Remember the other stipulation you made with us ladies this morning, that any gentleman we might meet with on the road should fall exclusively to your share.”

I had my reply. "It was a *Valentine* stipulation, my dear madam; for, with mental reservation, I said, the *first* gentleman that we should encounter should attend on me; therefore, the Guanche falls *in toto* to my share, and you may divide the Major amongst yourselves."

The object of our conversation was at this time lying nearly at his length on the grass, one elbow supporting his head, and the other hand making sad depredations on some pine-apple ice which lay before him.

"Besides," I added, now fully able to examine his features as *he* was examining the features of the ices, "when I made the bargain, who could think of meeting a *gentleman* accidentally in these ashy roads of repentance? When I talked of beaux and cavaliers, I alluded to muleteers and water-carriers, who might flog my lazy brute on to a canter, or help to carry my palanquin."

"Shall I mention this allusion of your's?" said Mrs. Balfour — she is as full of mischief as a parrot or a baboon — "I have no doubt our friend would be

happy to enlist himself in your service in any capacity whatever."

"Hush!" I cried, more horribly alarmed than a lady of fashion ought to feel on such an occasion; but recollect, though in a warm climate, the wind blew at that time so cold over the frozen zones of the Peak, that I trembled violently whilst giving her a pretty bracelet (hereafter to become one of black and blue *pinch-beck*) — "if you utter a single syllable of what I said, I'm off to-morrow for Euphorbia."

"Well," she replied, "I obey, but you would not be trespassing on neighbour's ground; for the Major is a bachelor, and I would venture my pearl crescent against your pearl coronet still disengaged."

Our attention was here called off by Balfour's exclaiming, "Major Hernandez, (we had three other military men of our party,) before you demolish the whole of that Chinese pagoda of sweetmeats, will you give a story or two of it to this young lady?"

Now you would suppose that on such

an intimation, the Major would have laid down the spoon, gallantly handed the pagoda to the lady, helped her, and never touched it again himself. *Au contraire*, this strange mortal deliberately acted as Mr. Balfour desired, gave the young lady what he considered a sufficient quantity for her health, and then finished the remainder himself.

I believe Balfour guessed my astonishment at the uncouth manners of this elegant man; for when he saw me steadfastly watching the fine countenance and easy attitude of his friend, he rose, saying, "We have halted long enough, and must be now off, or we shall not reach our *posada* by ten. Come, Major, there is a spare mule for you; you have walked far, and must be tired."

"And so am I," was on my lips; but fears of breaking up the party kept me silent, and we were all (excepting Major Hernandez, who chose to walk) again on *mule-back*.

And how it happened I know not, but we had not wound up the hills above a hundred yards, when —— Whether my mule, or myself, or my guide, were in

fault, is not for me to determine. My mule is silent on the subject ; my guide takes his own part, and that of his brother mule ; therefore, I can only conclude that I was to blame.

We had just reached the top of a steep hill, when I discerned through the evening shades, a number of scattered lights at some distance : and with joy at the sight I exclaimed to Balfour, who was on one side of me, “ Well, after all, you are the bonniest lad that ever wore a bonnet. By the ghosts of Bruce and Baliol, you have sent on a special messenger, the Guanche perhaps ; and there is our inn, and every thing already prepared for us. Now for the comforts of waiters, chamber-maids, landlords and landladies, fires, lights, supper and good beds.”

Balfour smiled, and can you possibly guess his next question ? it ran thus, my dear : “ Lady Alford, did you ever read ‘ She stoops to conquer ? ’ ”

“ No — yes, I think I have. I don’t exactly remember ; but what of that ? ”

“ I have a collection of plays at home,” he replied, “ and you shall read it to-morrow.”

“ To-morrow !” and as I checked my mule I looked round, absolutely struck dumb with astonishment (and very few of the passions have that power over me); “ Why angels and ministers of grace !” I cried, (I’ve read the mad Dane, however,) “ can it be possible ? is it ? it is. Yonder is the stone archway ; there the entrance trees near the gate ; and here the green and gold lamp-post to direct travellers the short road to Laguna. So here is a pretty deception ; and we are returned to Ben Lomond after all.”

“ Yes, we are once more at the best of inns, our house ; after a single day’s pleasant excursion up the country, the fatigue attending which must convince you of the utter impossibility of ladies, especially nervous countesses, (pardon me, we medical folks aged half a century are privileged, you know,) to surmount the inconveniencies of making the tour of Teneriffe, although, before you set out, you seemed to think it as easy as a trip to the Hebrides.”

Oh, Louisa ! at this stroke of nationality, had you but heard me laugh. “ A

trip to the Hebrides !” when, of course, I expected him to wind up his speech with a trip to Brighton or Bath : — he is a comical soul after all. Well, my love, giving way as usual to the risible convulsions of my nature, I fairly dropped the reins out of my hand, and the wretch of a mule, either frightened at my facetiousness, or snuffing his abominable stables at hand, started off down the steep, rugged hill a full gallop. In vain they tried to stop him: on he dashed over immense stones, furze bushes, a deep stream of water, and in short every thing that came in his way; whilst I, grasping his tossing mane, looked like Europa carried off by the ox, or Leonora by the death’s head. The long petticoat of my habit, the deuce was in it, (better that I should say that of myself than my neighbour,) being strapped closely down, prevented my disengaging my foot from the stirrup, and I remained completely at his mercy.

Balfour’s mule, when he wished it to follow me, ran restive, and round and round, as I was afterwards told, refusing

to go a step forward ; while the rest of our company, as if they were bewitched, opened on the road to let me pass through them, supposing, as it should seem, that I (a Mrs. *Jenny Gilpin*) was running a race, and thinking this might be the fashion among English peeresses. Well, to shorten my adventure, just imagine my pretty person losing its balance, and my noble head coming bang against an enormous stone, when the only *gentleman* pedestrian among us came to my rescue. I had senses enough left to observe the mule, when disengaged of his burden, kick up his heels at us both with a loud bray of scorn before he sprang down the hill ; and Balfour on foot come to my assistance ; when I went off in as handsome a swoon as any distressed damsel on such an occasion would wish to display.

I was carried, Heaven knows how, or by whom, into the house, and scarcely remember any thing that passed, until the next day, when I found Mrs. Balfour on one side of my bed, and, on the other, her smooth-looking doctor of a husband feeling my pulse. It seems I

had been bled the night before; therefore, if you, Louisa, should find this letter of mine duller than usual, you must place the change to Balfour's account, who took from my arm half-a-pound of blood, six ounces of spirits of levity, and ten drops of the essence of caprice.

Thus ended that memorable day, in which I lost my journey round the island; a Cashmeer to Mrs. Balfour; my balance, when on the back of a mule; and my heart to — 'pon my honour I forget the Hidalgo's name; — well, no matter, to *the* Major, (the definite article on such occasions is infinitely expressive.) — Oh, Hernandez! — not half so romantic a name as Zulvago D'Almeida!

This Hernandez, I found afterwards, repeatedly enquired of the Balfours as to the consequences of the accident, and expressed joy on hearing they would be but slight. — Civil enough that, but only what I had a right to expect, after his saving my life; for save it he did, as they all positively assert. “ Splash,

splash," through the water, "dash, dash," against the stones; and they were not of pumice, but rock, my beauty; and another blow might have consigned me to the honoured tomb of my ancestors: and, upon my veracity, like high-spirited Rosalind, I would rather enjoy the company of my grand-children than pay a visit to my grandfathers.

"You will not come down to dinner, of course, Lady Alford," said Mrs. Balfour, "and what shall I do with you, I don't like to leave you alone."

"Nonsense; go you down to your company, (the whole party of yesterday were invited to spend the three or four following days at Ben Lomond,) and send me up the play of 'She stoops to conquer,' if you can find it; and the book I was reading the day before yesterday, the third volume of *Camilla*. — There now, do get along, my good woman, (for she is horribly fidgetty, never thinking she can make enough of her guests,) go along, and carve the ducks for the *geese*, and the *geese* for the *ducks*, and let me see no more of you these three hours."

And I fairly pushed her out of the room. I then went and sat in my boudoir, which has a charming balcony before it, communicating by French windows. — This balcony, by the by, runs all round the house; and besides commanding the most delightful and diversified landscapes and sea-views, has "the double advantage of enabling us to visit each other through the long windows of our respective apartments. All in the stile of decorum—you understand me. — No naughty tricks are ever known here. — Honest Ben Lomond, though not the seat of *Virtú*, is the seat of a far more excellent damsel, of much the same name, though of different accent and spelling.

Well, the play was brought up; through which running my bright eyes, I soon found Balfour's allusion, — of our having taken a *long journey*, like the young Squire and his mother, *round and round the house*. Camilla next made her *entrée*, and I arranged myself to read in a soft reclining posture in my large damask arm-chair; my left hand in a sling, (which gives a lady or gentleman a

most captivating appearance,) and my grey kid slippers, enclosing a couple of beautiful shapes, reposing on an ottoman.

There I sat, admiring myself in an opposite looking-glass, for some time; until at last, getting absorbed in the full delights of my book, self was wholly forgotten, and my mind enchanted by the eccentricities of good Sir Hugh and his domestic tutor. No, the subject became irresistibly laughable; I endeavoured to repress my mirth; strove hard to retain my dignity; but it would not do. At length, entirely overcome, I threw down the book, took out my handkerchief, fell back in a perfect convulsion, I cannot deny it, a roar, (but it was a roar like Thisbé's lion, soft and gentle,) and the tears ran down my face. —Neither did I stop here; for — but here I *will* stop; for I think you must be already shocked with the picture I here hold out, — of a woman of fashion forgetting herself.

Judge, then, my horror, my amazement, when, on taking my handkerchief

from my eyes, I saw standing in the balcony, before the open window, Major Hernandez ! With powerful emotion of voice and countenance, he sprang forward to my assistance, saying, as he sat down on the sofa near me, “ I fear you suffer — is it from your head, or your arm ? ” And, as he spoke, he rang the little silver hand-bell which lay on the table. “ Say, Lady Alford,” he continued, “ why are you in tears ? — You *are* in pain.”

“ Pain, and tears ! — Oh, yes — Oh, no ! — Why, Major, I am laughing ! — laughing at that book. It has, indeed, given me a *pain* in the side, and caused me a hearty *fit* of laughter.”

His whole face and manner on a sudden changed ; he rose, retreated, took up the book to which I pointed, and opened it, saying,

“ Camilla ! ”

“ Why, *you* cannot have read it, Senor ? ”

“ And why not ? — Pardon me, I *have* read it, and many of your best and most

celebrated English authors: with this work I was particularly pleased."

"Well, then, you remember the characters of Sir Hugh and Dr. Okebourne?"

"I do;" (and again he seated himself at my side, without either invitation or permission;) "but it was in that of Edgar I was most interested, which, by leading him to trifle so long with his own happiness, and that of his mistress, involves them both in distress, and her in misery."

"Ah! I don't like Edgar; his character is not natural."

"None more so," replied Hernandez, his foreign accent giving a delightful *zest* to his voice; "there are many such characters, believe me, in real life; and others who are anglers,—who lay snares for the innocent, and having caught their prey, sport with it till they lose it; or, to speak more to the purpose, men and women whose aim is to win hearts, without an idea of an exchange."

Lord help the man! did he think *me* an angler or a coquette, that he fixed his sparkling and yet mournful eyes upon me, as if he intended to impeach me in

the high court of Cupid !—A pretty way, thought I, of throwing out lures to throw one's self off a mule's back !

I do assure you, Louisa, the ill-bred charming eyes of this Spaniard rather perplexed me ; and to recover myself, I was forced to have recourse to some of my fashionable airs : first, I threw a side-long glance in the large mirror, then settled my veil in folds over one side of my face, arranged my muslin sling, pulled off and on my gloves, played with my rings,—especially with that given me by Alford one morning in church, a pretty twirl with which insignificant hoop of gold has often been the means of catching another of the same kind.

During these evolutions I went on talking quickly and fluently of Camilla, when, on looking up to see the effect of my charms and conversation, there stood the man, staring at me, it is true, but no longer with the tenderest interest, the softest admiration ; a gravity, bordering on scorn or indifference, was now the predominant expression, which gradually settled into that of contempt.

So, so, this man blows hot and cold ; his looks thaw and freeze, and melt and harden. — But am I to be subject to his caprices, though he did save my life ? am I to burn and shudder under his influence ? Not I ; and he shall learn that piece of intelligence — nay, positively, from this moment he shall become my cavalier, servante, or cartejo, or cicisbeo, or whatever is the appropriate term for that male tribe which I do abhor ; and he shall fly at a beck, and shrink at a frown, and expand at a smile — he shall, by all the magical arts of nobility and beauty !

With this intent I said, mingling *hauteur* with politeness, “ Senor, have the goodness to reach me that battledoor yonder ; I ~~think~~ I shall go into the balcony and play.”

Instead of obediently flying at the word of command, as half a score of my illustrious attendants in England would have done, this grandee had the assurance to ask me, was I not bled in the arm the night before ?

“ Yes, in the *left* arm ; but that does not prevent my using the *right*. I am tired of reading, and require exercise.”

His next speech was rather spoken *at* me than to me, as you shall judge. — “ I hope the accident of last night has not affected the head.” — *The* head, as if he were speaking of a mare or a filly. — This really piqued me ; however, I endeavoured to conceal my mortification under a dignified look of proud, stupid vacancy, as I lounged across the room, and fetched a raquette and shuttlecock myself : but, scarcely had I given two strokes ! — really, Louisa, I am ashamed to go on ; however, I acquaint you with such a multiplicity of my good qualities, you may as well accept a few anecdotes of my evil propensities. — Bless me ! this exordium will lead you to think I beat the Major : not at all, my dear, for two very good reasons — in the first place, I never had an Amazonian turn ; and in the second, from what I have observed of this son of Bellona, I could almost fancy, that had I racquetted him, he would have returned the salute in kind.

To continue the history of the shuttlecock. — I had twice sent it aloft in the air, when the bandage of my left arm became loose, and you may suppose the consequence :—in an instant the elegant carpet, the sofa, Camilla, and the Major were covered with my ruby blood. Instead of shrieking, as I did whilst calling for help, he came to me, deliberately enough took hold of my arm, put his thumb forcibly on the orifice, removed the muslin sling from my neck, tore off a part, formed a pledget (I think it is called), staunched the blood, and bound up the arm in capital style. — Instead of a major, I should rather think him a military surgeon—a mender, not a cutter-up of the human body.

During these metaphysical transactions, I, all shame and penitence and deep humility, kept still repeating my thanks for his kindness, blaming my own childish imprudence, and promising better behaviour in future : whilst he, busily engaged in tearing up bandages with teeth, knees, and one hand, (for the other still held my arm,) took no more notice of my

apologies than as if he were deaf ; but on perceiving, from my change of colour, that I was fainting, (and indeed, though I could not see my face, yet I did look towards the glass, I felt from the strong palpitation of my heart I was just going off,) he led me to the sofa, and placed a pillow under my head. Before I closed my eyes, I had just sufficient strength to hear Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, and Savage and Patience, come into the room, summoned by the Major, who had rung the hand-bell most violently.

And what was the surprise of all these good folks on their entrance, to find one of us playing the part of Banquo's ghost, and the other that of the Bleeding Nun ! Hernandez explained the cause, for I had no power to speak ; but though I could not speak, I could see ; and on again opening my eyes, I felt more pleasure than I dare avow at the sight of the Spaniard's looks once again fixed upon me with interest, pity, and tenderness, but now in a greater degree than ever.

I never remarked that he looked at any

one else in this way ; and on my observing this to Mrs. Balfour, she craftily replied, “ I really do not comprehend the nature of these glances you speak of ; neither is it possible, until he looks at me in precisely the same manner.”

I have endeavoured to question her about this Hernandez, — who he is — whence he comes from — where he lives — and, if not a resident of these islands, how long he means to stay ? But she is not particular in her answers ; and you may remember I was informed he is here on some political business. Indeed, this good little Canarian (she is a native of Teneriffe) was so short upon me one day, that I resolved never to mention his name again in her hearing. Balfour himself is equally sententious : so what a pretty pair of mysterious personages are these two Spaniards, Don Zulvago and Major Hernandez, that their best friends seldom like to be questioned concerning them !

This military genius is about nine-and-thirty, or forty, his complexion a clear olive, his face oval, his features small

and elegant,—the eyes, however, are large and long, black, and of a dejected and melancholy cast; his teeth white and beautiful; and his lips, in which alone any colour appears, are set off by as handsome a pair of whiskers or mustachios as ever graced the nostrils of a grand Signior; his hair is very short, dark and curled, and his hands of the finest shape and symmetry. His person and dress I have already described, the one tall and well-proportioned, the other military. — And now, Louisa, tell me, is it possible for any soul to inhabit a finer tenement?

Never talk of your *Zulvagos* now! let him and his whistling stay in the Brazils till doomsday, provided Hernandez remains here — for with one or the other I am resolved on having a harmless flirtation. I acknowledged as much to Balfour himself the other morning, and at once put this question to him,—“Which, in your opinion, is the prettier fellow of the two, the whistler or the gladiator?” — On which he answered, drawing his chair close to mine, and

smirking up in my face, “ Did your ladyship ever hear the story of the Spaniard stopping at night under the window of an inn, to ask for a night’s lodging, and the host replying, ‘ Why, I may have room for *two* or *three*, but how many of you are there below?’ when —”

“ There, there, my good man,” I cried, rising and running away, “ do keep that anecdote warm till I come back again.” — The worst of these worthy fellows, Louisa, who have never read much more than their Ledger and Lloyd’s List, when they get hold of a story, new to them, and old to all the world beside, they never know when and where to sport it. Like a heathenish fellow who went about in all companies, rubbing his hands, and boasting that he had just met with the most beautiful, the most pathetic, charming, and *true* history! — and when all the folks were gaping with expectation, out came — the history of Joseph and his brethren! You will say this is too good to be fact; I’ll confirm it by a parallel — Halt, my wicked pen! — the parties are alive, so do you be now laid up in ordinary.

Adieu, sweet Mrs. Primrose. — Farewell, thou most handsome of all Vicars and Rectors. — Remember me to your living rosebuds of Bloomfield; and *faites mes amities à St. Eloi.*

CAROLINE ALFORD.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Countess of Alford to Mrs. Clonmore.

Santa Cruz, Teneriffe.

WELL, I do think that it is a most fortunate circumstance for us both, for *me* the writer and *you* the reader of confidential epistles, that we were brought up together under the same duenna ; that our school-days were passed exclusively in each other's society ; and that since our separation, we have made our way through the world, you in pattens, as I have heard you remark, and I in a sedan, without a single *faux pas*, or even a slip or a slide by which our white draperies could have been injured by the smallest speck of mud. — The arm and umbrella and presence of your Henry have supported you ; whilst I, shut up in my box of protection, left my chairmen to fight their own way,

and take care of my person and reputation.

I assure you, I have a very good opinion of myself, when I reflect that as yet I have not forfeited your's. — Thus far my preface, now for an N. B. Be it known to you, then, that I have lately gone through scenes, and witnessed circumstances, sufficient either to turn my head, or fill my heart; and truly, had I no confidante with whom to communicate, I should become as lovely an Ophelia, a Moulines-Maria, a mad Bess, a crazy Jane, or a maniac Kate, as the best of them.

Well, my dear, you already are acquainted with some of the parties of whom I am about to write; but unfortunately, very little with one of the principal personages of the drama, and not at all with the other — Major Hernandez and — but hold! let me go on in a regular style. — You remember the scene of my arm, and the lancet, and the sling, and so forth. In a few days I was perfectly well, and ready for the very next frolic Balfour or his little wife should propose; and they,

having no children, and abundance of money, and plenty of visitors, are not very averse to spend their time just as the latter would wish them.

Nothing, however, offered itself until the arrival of a trading vessel, who informed Balfour that the outward bound East India fleet was then off Funchal in Madeira; adding, that the G — India-man having on board an English family of distinction, that of Sir William and Lady L——, would remain there some weeks perhaps.

“ Sir William and Lady L—— !” I exclaimed, “ my old friends ! — Oh how I should like to see them, but they will very probably come to Teneriffe.”

“ Nothing more *improbable*,” replied Balfour; add to which, their stay at Madeira is uncertain, and they may sail in a few days: if you have really any wish to see them, my yacht is at your service.”

“ How far is it from hence ?”

“ Seventy leagues; and with this wind we shall be there in less than forty-eight hours.”

“ Will you go ?” I enquired of Mrs. Balfour.

“Willingly ; and as nothing is so dreary as a sea-voyage, however short the distance, without cheerful company, I’ll invite more than half the *mule* party to join us.”

The same hour I sent off a letter to Eliot, to enquire would he or any of the family of Euphorbia accompany us to Madeira. — The answer was brought back by little Parson Turner, whom my brother wished to be of our party, as he thought the excursion would, from the change of scene, and novelty, be productive of pleasure to the divine youth.

Well, madam, we sailed ; and aided by a fair brisk wind, high spirits, mutual kindnesses, music, and good humour and good cheer, (the two latter greatly depending on each other,) the day passed most delightfully. We sailed through the whole fleet of Indiamen and their convoy ; and as I sat on deck admiring the grand and beautiful appearance which the near approach to Madeira displayed, (for I find I have a great taste for the picturesque when pointed out to me by the elegant hand of a handsome Spaniard,)

we landed at Funchal, and under the care of commercial Balfour, were conducted to the stately mansion of one of his friends and mercantile correspondents, a widower, who welcomed us with the honours due to the divinities of the ocean.

To the house inhabited by Sir William and his lady during their stay, Balfour took me, and very glad I was to see old friends, who, as relations of Lord Alford, received me with undissembled pleasure. We talked over ancient times, and those leading to times present, I could perceive Sir William was rather disappointed that my brother was not of our party. On his expressing the greatest desire to see Sir Eliot, as his own absence in India would be for ten years, Mr. Balfour immediately offered not only his yacht but his company to escort him to Teneriffe, which proposal was instantly and thankfully accepted; Lady L—— declining the voyage, saying she had oceans before her, staid behind, and the gentlemen set off for Euphorbia.

Thus was I left on a strange Island in charge of Mrs. Balfour and the Major and the Reverend. By the by, during the voyage not a single compliment did I receive from the former gentleman; and as for the latter, he fairly quarrelled with me. The occasion was this, he was standing with arms folded, leaning over the side of the vessel, grinning at the gambols of a dolphin, which seemed to delight in sporting under our eyes in the warm and bright sun-beams,—when I called out to Jack, “Jump over and catch me that fish, I know you are a good swimmer even in your canonicals, and dolphins are not sharks, he’ll not swallow you.”

Seeing that the little Cantab did not stir, I repeated my orders, adding, “Why don’t you obey me!”—“Change the word to *oblige*,” said the Major, “and the gentleman perhaps may obey.” Now here was a fair subject for a dispute, and at it we went; I insisting that a lady had a right to command; he, that no lady, even had she the right, would command. In the midst of this friendly wrangle, which I delighted to prolong, Turner,

like a waspish school-boy, raised himself from his leaning posture, (I suppose the dolphin was gone,) and walked the deck, muttering and pouting “that he was no fisherman — that he was not bound to take orders” — (of course I did not let slip the opportunity he gave me of a *jeu de mots* on *fisherman* and *orders*) — when he continued — “Come out for pleasure — as much as any one — independent as any man present — care no more for a Duke or a Duchess than any man.”

Bless his irritable fanciful pate! I wish for his own sake and those around him he had a clear 5000 a year, and then his tenacity might go to sleep, he might then be ready enough on a wager of sixpence to jump into the sea after a shrimp. Eliot is the only person that can manage this troublesome sensitive plant: for *his* generous feelings lead him ever to pity those who are, with a liberal education, in a state of dependence, and to treat them with ten times more attention than he shows his equals; and yet, to state the question fairly, is it not more truly delicate in such as myself, who omit drawing

this line of politeness (alias of superiority) and by treating my inferiors in society with the same familiarity as my equals, and even my superiors, to try and banish all sense of inequality.

For example, had I been on board the Royal Yacht at Brighton, with even the Duke of Cornwall at my elbow, I might have exclaimed, "Royal Highness, jump over and catch that porpoise for me," with the same heedlessness that I spoke to Jack Turner, who is often too apt to forget that it is above ten years since he quitted the Blue-coat school, and that boyish sulks cannot be admitted into general society.

Oh these tenacious mortals! who are ever clapping on their huff-caps, and with arms a-kimbo crying out, "Who's afraid?" He is really, I understand, an excellent scholar, and I am certain has a good heart; otherwise, for these jerks and querks of temper, he would assuredly be sent from Euphorbia to preach to the descendants of Gray's Bards, or to the goats browzing on the roof of his cathedral.

Well, to return to pleasant and polished company, from which I have wandered with peevish Jack. —

The next day Lady L—— returned my visit, and after a little private confab, we joined Mrs. Balfour, (who did the honours of the widower's house,) and the rest of our party. They were seated outside of the house on a terrace in the garden, in the very centre of as superb a vineyard as you can imagine. The stocks being trained like the vine at Hampton Court, were laden with fruit of the finest sort, of which boys were gathering for the company, in large coloured baskets.

We were partaking of these and other refreshments when my friend Lady L—— remarked, “But where is Vic, all this while?” “Now,” thought I, “is Vic, a parrot, a monkey, or a lap-dog” (she has no children). However, the next sentence satisfied me, that she alluded to a young girl. — Vic would, no doubt, like to partake of all this; the sight of vineyards and pine-apples growing in the open air — and this sun, and this sky,

and these flowers, are all new to the eyes of us Britons — where can the girl be ?”

Mrs. Balfour offered to seek her, when stopping at the glass door of entrance, she enquired, “ But what is her name ?” — “ Oh, true,” replied Lady L——, both hands employed on a bunch of grapes, — “ Victoire, my dear Mrs. Balfour — or Miss Shelburne, if you prefer her surname. — But I am so fond of her, the Miss is dropped, and she is with me plain Vic.”

Then, as if aware that some introduction was necessary, out of respect to the society of which her favourite was about to become a member, she added, whilst stopping frequently in her narrative to lay aside the stones and skins of the grapes — “ Poor thing ! her father — man of considerable rank and property — turned to the mercantile line — highly respectable — understood little of business — failed — insolvent — pistol, or something of that kind — widow alive — an excellent creature — proud — great misery — this the only child — brought up high — capital singer and player — harp and

piano — my concerts at Calcutta will be the rage — engaged her for seven years — bound to me by articles — secured by law — she is entitled from this time to an annuity of 200*l.* for life from me.”

“But how,” remarked one of the ladies, “dies, could her mother part with her.”

“What could she do?—they were starving, that is living on from day to day—the mother went almost on her knees begging the girl to accept my offers — stating that otherwise poverty must be her lot for ever : — hard struggle—but I conquered : —Vic secured to her mother half the salary — payable at my banker’s in town—K—n, as secure as Abraham Newland was, or Henry Hase is — engaged to forward their correspondence — all I could do — poor thing.

“Poor thing!” repeated another, “Poor thing!” said a third person ; and poor thing was passed a watch-word round the room.

I was so provoked with Lady L——, with her pity and her grapes, exposing the girl’s misfortunes with the same apathy as if describing a new novel she

had been lately reading, that I could have given her a tremendous shake.— Could she not assist the young person, and hold her tongue?—But, however, it is better of the two to chatter and do something, than be silent and do nothing. Lady L——, it seems, has really been of the most effectual assistance to both mother and daughter—so in Heaven's name let her prate on.

You may suppose our curiosity was awakened by this account, and that we were anxious to see Miss Shelburne; when Turner, with pert vivacity, stretching his legs at their full length, (I have endeavoured to break him of that trick, by pretending to stumble over his feet several times, but he is incorrigible,) exclaimed, “Going to India! good speculation, faith:—the old lady mother had a nabob son-in-law in her provident eye, and desired Miss Vic to leave behind the English *merries*, and secure a Mogul *plum*. How is the state of the market, I wonder?”

Now this Cantab and his merry Mogul plum, had not the sense and delicacy

to see that he was himself in the self same predicament with this poor girl.— I had half a mind to punish his frivolity, and ask, “ And on what speculation did I bring you out, my gay and reverend sir; was it to cut pine apples with a golden knife?” (the very act that followed his illiberal speech.)

But at that moment the door of the house opened, and Mrs. Balfour appeared on the terrace, not followed by Miss Shelburne, but leading her forward arm in arm.

“ Vic, my love,” said Lady L——, holding out a magnificent bunch of grapes in one hand, and patting the grass on the other, “ come here; you never take wine, you know, but you cannot refuse the staple of Madeira.”

Miss Shelburne, without taking notice of any other person in company, accepted Lady L——’s offers, whilst a china plate was supplied by Mrs. Balfour, to whom she returned a bend and a smile particularly graceful.

Turner, with easy impudence, looked at her and at me alternately for some

time ; and then affecting to whisper some remark on her person, said, “ A tolerable looking girl — don’t you think so, my lady ? ” Such is ever the way with these dependants of tenacious disposition : they will not suffer the slightest liberty to be taken with themselves, yet treat those whom they consider as *their* inferiors with a *hauteur* that is really insufferable.

“ I’ll ask her,” he said to me, “ if she has her harp unpacked, or if she can sing “ Love among the Roses.”

“ Upon my honour, Mr. Turner, if you do,” and I was in a genuine rage, “ I’ll tell her to ask you how long it is since you left off your yellow stockings.”

Now this, as you are aware, is a sore subject with the silly coxcomb. Instead of being proud of his having been educated at a school, one of the noblest institutions in our country, and which has produced so many brilliant and useful characters, this clerical fop, ever since he wore a square cap at Cambridge, has taken it into his head to be ashamed of Christ’s Hospital.

But oh, my dear Louisa, whilst I am detailing the silly contention between Turner and myself, what a strange and wonderful scene was going on in another part of the room !

But first to give you some idea of this girl's person : — she is what we call tall and well-formed ; her complexion a dead white, or rather a fair brunette, — contradictions, I allow : but when we came to sum up her description, such were our opinions. Not the slightest tinge of carmine, natural or artificial, appears in her cheeks, and but little in her lips. Her nose is very large, and decidedly Roman ; her eyes rather round than long—very black, though not sparkling—no tenderness is to be seen in them, but much reserve ; her hair is of a jet colour, and seemingly without any natural curl ; the throat full, long, and arched ; and the shoulders well-formed. — Here you will say is no beauty, and you are right ; but should you imagine from this description that she is plain, you would judge wrong. Add to this, the cast of her features take off the air of youth, to

which her age would otherwise entitle her, and though only eighteen, she appears three or four-and-twenty.

I was mortified that Lady L—— had made us acquainted with the circumstances of her family, — for though unconscious of it ourselves, this knowledge had its effect more or less upon us all ; and though she could not be certain that such was the case, she felt it might be, and was reserved and dignified accordingly. Mrs. Balfour, on the contrary, having been out of the room during the explanation Lady L—— had given, was the only character acting naturally among us all. — It was, “ My dear Miss Shelburne,” and “ Yes, my dear,” and “ No, my dear,” in her benevolent candid way, at every moment, helping her to grapes sufficient to make a gallon of wine, and a variety of cakes and fruits enough to kill her, and which Victoire still kept decidedly but politely refusing.

At length, in the honest warmth of her heart, Mrs. Balfour added, “ But you must become acquainted with all this good company, and individually, for you

have many weeks to spend among us, and we must not see you look so grave and dull at leaving England : we Canarians are very cheerful people, I assure you, when we are pleased, as Lady Alford would say, (looking slyly at me.) See, that is the Countess yonder, and this is Donna this, and Senora that, and Mrs. and Miss the other.”

Thus she proceeded introducing us one by one to Lady L——’s young friend, as she called her ; for not aware of the pecuniary engagement Miss Shelburne was under to Lady L——, she thought rather that Victoire was a hundred and tenth cousin of Sir William or his wife, and was going out to India as their relation and ward.

At last the gentlemen’s turn came — they were all named, when looking round briskly, she added, “ But where’s the Major? — Oh, here he is, standing behind a rose-bush, and, as usual, buried in deep thought. Major Hernandez, allow me to introduce ——”

Oh, Louisa, Louisa ! — did you ever see the play of the Stranger ? — What a

question! And I remember you and I — no, *I* alone, for you were resolved *not* to cry, wiping from my damask cheek the liquid pearls of sensibility, to speak in the frothy language of a certain poet. — Well, my dear, you recollect the shriek Mrs. Haller gives when she falls as dead as a killed wood-pigeon, and the bounce he gives when he turns his back upon her and runs away. — Do you expect any thing of that kind to happen here? — If you do, you will be disappointed, for all was conducted with the strictest decorum.

The young person certainly did not shriek on raising her eyes to Major Hernandez, but she fell into Mrs. Balfour's arms in a swoon, and he did really turn away, but it was to fetch a glass of water, with which he came back, saying calmly, "Give her air," and pouring some in his hand, he sprinkled her face. Sister Jenny herself could not have acted with more composure on so desperate an occasion.

Addressing himself particularly to the astonished Lady L——, he said aloud, as

if he designed to be heard by all, "This young lady is Spanish, madam, as of course you know; she is a native of Aranjuez, and I am one of the oldest friends of her mother."

Perceiving that she revived, he left us, and went into the house.

"The *oldest* friend of her mother!" repeated Jack Turner, as he paced to and fro; "not, as it should seem, her *best* friend:"—and he was in an actual passion of commiseration on seeing the poor girl's distress.—"To suffer the mother to fall into misery, and permit this beautiful creature,"—(genuine distress, you know, is a great beautifier in the eyes of some men,)—"to suffer her to ramble about the world in search of a maintenance!" He seemed to have forgotten the *market*, *nabob*, *plums*, and *merries*.

I made no answer, though this address was to me, but turned him and his pity off the terrace, as he had not had the sense to follow the other gentlemen; and Victoire, by our care, entirely revived.

We waited with some degree of excusable curiosity to hear what would be

her first words on coming to herself, for such in general show the true state of the heart — when, how great our grief and compassion on hearing her, before she had even opened her eyes, say, in a low and mournful voice, “ My poor, poor mother !”

Then, looking round, she added, without the slightest confusion, “ Where is he ? Where is Don Isidore ?”

“ Don who, my dear ?” said Lady L——.

“ Major Hernandez,” replied Miss Shelburne, calmly, and without any emotion, “ one name is as much his as the other ; and when I last saw him, and for the first time in my life, about three years ago, my mother (an old friend of his) called him Isidore.”

This explanation exactly agreeing with that given by the Major, seemed to make a favourable impression on Lady L——; when conceiving that it would be most proper to leave Victoire to unbosom the secrets of her heart to that person, who among us was alone authorised to expect any confidence on the part of her *prote-*

gée, we left them together, and dispersed to follow our own inclinations.

I thought it, however, no harm, when we were alone, to remind Lady L—— of our long friendship, by way of a hint that as she had already confided to us the greater part of Miss Shelburne's history, it would be but kind to let me know the remainder—when what was my surprise to be told by her gaunt ladyship, that it was true Victoire had no concealment with her at present, having the night before related every thing she knew concerning the acquaintance of this Spaniard with her mother, whose secret she had hitherto thought it right to keep inviolable; but that as circumstances had turned out, she conceived that, situated as she was with Lady L——, unlimited confidence was her due; “and with me,” added my friend, “their secret shall be most sacred.”

Well, my dear, though thus horribly disappointed, I actually felt more pleasure at this instance of Lady L——'s

fidelity to her unhappy dependant, than at that of her exposing the girl's affairs to above half-a-dozen uninterested strangers.

Besides, Louisa, to tell you the truth, I began on reflection to be convinced I already knew the whole affair; and the more I think upon it, I find it as clear as the sun at noon-day, (according to our hacked-about political phrase.)

I can go over the whole romance in three words. Victoire's mother and this Don Hernandez were lovers; he jilted her, or she him, no matter which, they were separated; though I should rather think the lady played false, as she evidently did marry; and he remains a bachelor, good man, to this day. But as the mother is a widow, what on earth prevents their marrying now! or rather why the deuce did they not marry ten years ago, as it appears it is thus long since the husband took himself out of the world. — And she is even now no more than six-and-thirty, and he about a forty or so. — Money, it seems, was scraped together to educate this girl in a way by which she might be able to support herself; and

though for a long time wretchedly poor, they with true dignity contrived to keep their poverty to themselves.

I was malicious enough, the next time I met the Major, (it was in the garden,) to ask him, in an apparently careless manner, “Did Miss Shelburne resemble her mother?” “Not in the least,” he replied; “neither in person, feature, expression or voice does she at all resemble her mother, who is not a Spaniard, she is a German.—Victoire does not resemble her, but ——”

“But what?” I hastily exclaimed, and I threw up my charming eyes full of anxiety at his face, when I met his, in which there was a melting softness not to be described. Just at that moment I happened to stumble — on purpose: having chosen the most intricate walk in the garden, covered with the cuttings of trees, hedges, and brambles, in the hope he would offer me his arm, and of course be led to afford me his assistance — when the unaccountable mortal, as if he had really divined my purpose, started from

my side, struck abruptly into a long narrow walk, and disappeared.

“So, these are Spanish manners!” I cried (to myself), “and military manners, — you an Hidalgo, and a soldier!” And just at that instant Turner came tripping towards me with his grinning officiousness, and his “my lady,” and “your ladyship,” until title palls on my ear. — “Will you permit me to hand your ladyship over the bushes? — Will you take my arm, my lady? — Pray let me assist you, my lady? Do give me your hand.” — I felt secretly inclined to give it him on the tip of his long ear, for, thought I, the sight of him perhaps drove the Major away. I therefore put on one of my stately smiling looks, and very politely declining his offer, he sulked off to try his luck elsewhere, leaving me to my solitary twilight walk.

In less than twenty minutes I returned to the house, and went straight-forward to the saloon, which I saw through the windows was lighted up for the assembling of company. Finding no one there, I passed through it to a conservatory, in

the vestibule of which, dimly lighted by painted lamps of ground glass, I distinguished two figures — Miss Shelburne! and the Spaniard! whom I verily believe before my entrance had been almost down on his knees before her; at all events, he appeared in a noble fury: he was begging, entreating, beseeching, and grasping her poor hand, until I am certain her fingers were inclined to cry O!

And what was most singular, my unexpected presence seemed to have no effect whatever upon either the lady or the Major: they went on with their conversation, and in English, (which seems Victoire's native tongue, if I may judge from her accent,) without evidently knowing or caring whether a third person were present or not.

She sat down very deliberately on a settee opposite to that on which I had thrown myself, and Hernandez, though he had so repeatedly, without permission, taken his seat near me, now seemed awed into timidity as he stood before this girl. Her features are so commanding, that no air of youth is to be distinguished;

and her frown is tremendous, it almost staggered me as I came in, — no wonder that it knocked the Spaniard down, (men being more susceptible of female frowns than we.) And by what magical influence, I could not understand, this young girl seemed to have the power of awing a man, of whom until now every one stood in awe.

“ Senor,” she replied to his question of “ Then you refuse even *this* offer ? ” — (what offer ! thought I) — “ Senor, my word has been given, and shall not be broken : what can induce you to persecute me thus ? ” — (“ So, then, this is not their first meeting to-day ! ” said my reflections) — “ leave my mother to her fate, leave me to mine, and think no more of either.” — And she rose with the majesty and indeed the look of a Siddons. — “ As Lady L— has proved our real friend, I mean to keep strictly to my engagements with her of a seven years’ residence at Calcutta, during which I hope she will never have cause to be disappointed in me.”

“ But,” said the persevering Spaniard,

(and all this passing before my eyes and in my hearing, as if I had been sitting in a stage-box at a play, and they rehearsing a scene before me) — “but supposing I were to gain Lady L—— over to my interest by relating all the past, you surely then could not refuse.” “All would be in vain,” replied the inflexible Victoire. — Upon my word, that girl has a great deal of spirit and character about her; there is a tone and decision — which however her great Roman nose prepared me to expect, that would astonish you, and all this from a chit of eighteen!

“I repeat, Major, this is the last time I speak to you on this, or indeed any subject: and even were Lady L—— to join in your request, I should reject it, and adhere most sacredly to the solemn promise given to my mother at our last parting.”

All this was to me algebra, but *he* seemed *au fait*, and sat down dejectedly on a sort of wooden bench, where there were a number of flower-pots. Represent to yourself the situation of the three at that time, and then figure to your imagin-

ation that busy spark Jack Turner appearing at the door of the saloon, (which, by the buzzing noise, I conjectured was now filling,) and in his quick pert voice, calling out, “Miss Shelburne! Miss Shelburne! a dance is proposed — will you honour me with your hand?”

What was the reply of the heroine I know not; all I could distinguish was her slow movement, when rising and leaving the vestibule with Turner, by which exit, the Don and I were of course left together: but though *I* was conscious of a duet, he seemed to consider himself entitled to play a solo. — Whilst his arm and head rested on an orange tub, his eyes were fixed in a stupid stare upon the marble flooring.

The sound of the violin and lute, accompanied by castanets and drum, added to the gentle murmur of the feet of the dancers within, and their cheerful voices, seemed to have no power to rouse him; and though I felt how incumbent it was on me to join the company, for the life of me if I could take my eyes off the noble countenance and its desponding ex-

pression, or the mournful graces of the figure before me, faintly lit from above by the dim lamps.

I thought it fair, however, to give notice that he was not alone, lest he should fall into that old-fashioned lover-like custom, of speaking aloud to self; and I therefore determined to have a troublesome little *hemming* cough.—But bless me, my dear, the man seemed no more conscious of my being within six yards of him, than was the sleeping paroquet perched over his head; for with the true sigh of a dying swain he distinctly uttered (never altering his position—and I suppose his mind at the time taking a back leap of twenty years)—“Gabrielle! Gabrielle!—Padre!—Amante! Merido!—Victorina!”

Now such was my intuitive brightness, that having picked up a Spanish phrase now and then from Dudley and Claudy, I comprehended from these words that he was lamenting his old flame, whose name I conjectured was Gabrielle—now deprived of her all, of father, lover, (himself I suppose,) husband, and daughter!—Resolved, however, no longer to be an

eaves-dropper, though full in his sight, I pushed from off the little table at which I was sitting, a most magnificent silver urn filled with roses and posies—and then followed a natural scream of, “Lord, what mischief have I done!”—

This *did* rouse my Senor, when he very coolly replied, whilst replacing the urn, “Not much mischief;—but I think, Lady Alford, you will take cold here—(the windows of the observatory were open)—had you not better join the company within?”—Here was gallantry! here was joy of the opportunity of a *tête-a-tête*! But the old maxim is true, if we wish to be pursued, we must run away.

Euphorbia Teneriffe.

Five days are now gone by, since the India fleet sailed on its destination, and with it Sir William, who returned from Teneriffe delighted with Euphorbia and all its contents; and Lady L——, and Miss Shelburne, and their suite, and—no, no, my dear, there you are mistaken, Don is still with us, that is, he is staying at Ben Lomond. We returned to

our island, as we may now call it, the day after the departure of our friends. I left the Balfours and the Spaniard at Santa Cruz, and came hither, where I was truly happy to find Eliot in high spirits with the visit of Sir William — and happier still to see me come back.

Madeira adventures were talked over, and you may rely upon it my new acquaintance the Spaniard was not forgotten. I was, I must confess, extravagant in my praises of him, and made him so much taller, broader, stouter, browner, and in short so much handsomer than he really is, (if that be possible,) that Dudley exclaimed — “What a giant!” and Claudy, with a pert glance at your boy, observed, “he must be of the colour of burnt umber. — I don’t like brown men.” — (Dudley, you must know, is still very fair.) — Her impudence, indeed! she does not like brown men! And what the deuce business has she to like men at all? can’t she leave that trouble to her younger aunt, a little flirt! —

I am beginning, you observe, to put the *er* to young, and shall soon be *posi-*

tive that I am *comparatively* a middle-aged lady, for during my excursion to Ben Lomond and Madeira, Claudy has had the audacity to grow up to a level with my non-pencilled eyebrows.

“Where is this Major Hernandez of your’s,” enquired Eliot, “at present?—is he staying with the Balfours?—if so, as they are coming here to spend a few days, I suppose, as he saved your precious life, you would wish me to invite him also.”

“Upon my honour, I know nothing about him,” I replied, “either who he is, what he is, or from whence he is.—I found him in the company of the Balfours, and with them I left him.—And as to your inviting him with them, that is to me of the utmost indifference.” And whilst I uttered these words, and quitted the room to seek for my letters left above in my own chamber, I could have kissed Eliot with delight for his hospitable intentions.

Your letters, among threescore which I have received from England, gave me, my dear Louisa, the sincerest pleasure. And can it be possible that this is the

fourth year of my transportation, to this wilderness in the ocean! And really you assert that my two noble suitors are still unmarried, and that that little Triton Cavendish deigns sometimes to enquire for me,—and the latter has the impertinence to boast that he is glad I have chosen this banishment until he becomes a Post Captain, and his amazingly rich uncle's heir, when he means once more to make a formal attack upon my pretty left hand! and his reasons! so droll! just like himself: — “ In any part of Europe the divine Lady Alford might have met with, and accepted her match; but where she is now, I'll be shot if she ever finds any thing in the shape of a gentleman, therefore is she safe *in reserve* for me until I choose to go and fetch her.”—And these are the words of the honourable Lieutenant Frederick Miles Cavendish, R. N. are they?

Then tell him from me, Caroline Alford, that were he to find himself on a sudden placed by the side of Isidore Hernandez, I would not ensure his pate being singed with a pistol-ball from his own

hand ; neither would I bestow on him a single patch of black taffeta.

No, Louisa, if I once begin upon this gentlewoman's — (sister Jenny, you understand)—her never-to-be credited apathy, I shall write till *my* doomsday. Yesterday afternoon, at collation time, you must know, being *en famille*, (by which I don't mean, as Claudy translates it, "in a family way,") I was answering all Eliot's inquisitive demands respecting the East India adventurers; when having brought my narrative into the very vestibule of the widower's house at Madeira, describing the pathetic scene between the Major and Victorina (as *he* called her), Jane stops me on a sudden with—"Caroline, there's a small comb falling from one of your side curls; let Claudy replace it for you." — Now only think of her absurdity!

Oh, how I did clinch my fine pearly teeth, shaking — not my "gory locks," but my auburn ringlets in her face at this her impenetrable supineness.

“ *You* an auditor, *you* a spectator even at second hand of a scene like this !—Only that you *have* been married, I should think it as easy to woo the black statue of Queen Nancy in St. Paul’s church-yard as yourself.”

I said this in hopes of putting her in a passion; but she was attending to Dudley, desiring him to take his hat and riding whip off the table; when, unable to contain myself any longer, I started up, declaring, that she should not touch a single crumb of my bride-cake, as long as I remained a widow.

Ever your’s,

CAROLINE ALFORD.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

PART THE FOURTH.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Rev. Henry Clonmore to Sir Eliot Howard.

Bloomfield Rectory.

MY dear Howard can well conceive the reception his invaluable presents met with : had a ship freighted from India been consigned to us, it could not have been welcomed with more sincere pleasure and gratitude.

The admirable execution of these miniatures, the resemblance they bear to Claudy and Dudley, which, of course, struck Louisa and myself instantly, afforded the highest intellectual gratification. In Claudy, Louisa sees but little alteration (allowing for the growth of four years) ; but in Dudley ! here is indeed the bright and lovely representation

of confirmed health: and though the charming expression of candour in the eyes remains the same, we should be greatly perplexed to trace in this picture of a fine hearty boy, the sickly child of seven years old.

Now are we truly rewarded for parting with our Dudley; and daily do we thank God for inspiring you with the wish of rearing him.

Our family continues increasing. My two elder boys are at Eton, my third at Sandhurst College.—Your name-sake I intend for the church, and Charles for the law. William is destined for the sea, and will soon leave us for Portsmouth Academy; and as yet we have sufficient time before us to think of a profession for little Henry. The plan of private education may suit a wealthy man to adopt, or one who has only two or three children, and can provide hereafter for such: but where boys must cut their way through the world, brush, elbow, and thread the crowd, they must be *tempered* in that species of public life which is alone met with in a public school.

I have, as you well know, read all that has been said on this subject, Locke, Rousseau, Colman, Vincent, &c. and still adhere, in opposition to your opinion, which gives the preference to private tuition, that public education has superior advantages, where, as I state above, youth have to get on in life by the exertion of their industry and talents. However, we have so often debated this point, that I am only trespassing on your time and attention to renew it now. At your suggestion I have, however, adopted the plan of implanting on the minds of every one of my boys, the importance of never changing their profession, once decided upon. How many instances have I observed of the mischievous tendency of such habits! — Having once changed, they seldom stop there, but persist in ranging from one employment to another, until no employment is left them.

Early to impress the necessity of their being destined for such and such professions, my boys, even from childhood, have worn some distinguishing mark about their dress, which denotes their future calling.

Eliot's from his birth has been military; William's naval: and though the rest neither wear lawyers' wigs, nor clergymen's bands, nor dress in black, their appearance is grave and sober. And so much are we creatures of habit, that this apparently puerile adoption has had a good effect.

I have also to remark, that none of my boys leave the paternal roof without being thoroughly grounded in religious principles: this is their mother's department until they are five years of age, when they pass successively under my tuition; and as fast as I complete my labour, I send it off to other workmen to put the finishing stroke. Hitherto I have, thank God, no reason to complain; they are a set of healthy, well-grown, cheerful, and spirited lads; and my three girls are all that their mother and I can desire. —

The latter will of course never quit their home for tuition, we being fully capable of teaching them ourselves all that is necessary for them to learn,

to render them worthy wives and mistresses of families, and they ——

But I am called off to a parishioner, and must defer finishing my letter until to-morrow.

Continued by Mrs. Clonmore.

Henry has requested me to fill a page or two to our dear and best friends at Teneriffe, and express all I feel in return for the treasures sent us. The picture of Dudley is the wonder and astonishment of those who see it. When they recall to recollection the poor invalid, apparently more fit for his grave than a distant voyage, they can hardly be persuaded that this can be a resemblance.

My dear, dear boy, how I long to see him!—The portrait of our beautiful Claudy is, with that of Dudley, placed over the chimney in our drawing-room; at the opposite end of which hangs that of *their* mother, I may almost say, Lady Howard.

I find that Henry has been sufficiently

communicative respecting his boys ; let me add a few words to Mrs. Grantley concerning my girls. — And here I have once more to repeat my heartfelt thanks for her candour in opening her mind to me long since, and without reserve, concerning the conduct she had adopted with respect to her own children. — I must acknowledge, that when first I became a mother, I also had some wish of seeing my children little short of prodigies, and was preparing to act accordingly, when her letter opened my eyes in time ; and I determined that my girls, instead of aiming at proficiency in all things, should learn only one thing well. To this resolution I have adhered, and to this perhaps they owe their present state of sound health, and invariable cheerfulness.

You must, my dear madam, be aware of the difference that should mark the bringing up the heiress of Euphorbia and your adopted Dudley, to the educating six boys and three girls under an obscure clerical roof, within a few miles, it is

true, of a provincial town, but at a considerable distance from London.

My girls are brought up to consider home as the most delightful spot on earth, and to be conscious that as their future fortune will, (and that only with prudence,) lift them above dependence, and no more, it becomes their duty to improve that fortune by learning many useful, perhaps humble, employments, without mentioning the acquiring such as are indispensable.

Whilst still young, I initiated them into the habit of instructing each other; but not until their tempers were formed, and that I could feel assured that in my absence as well as presence, would be shown patience, perseverance, and mildness on the one part, and on the other, docility and gratitude.

This lightened my own labours considerably. I instructed Caroline in the elements of reading, writing, and summing, to which we may add needle-work of all kinds. All these Caroline taught Frances, and Frances Louisa. About once a week, I, acting as inspector-general, marked their progress.

When these four absolutely necessary acquirements were learned with some degree of excellence, a choice of those merely ornamental was the subject of much debate; as in the latter accomplishments, taste, genius, and inclination, were to be consulted, which, in studying the former, were never once named. Their health, thank God, being sound, their persons well formed, and their intellects perfect, they were given to understand, both by their father and myself, that they *must* read, write, sum, and work well; and their attention, at that time, being closely confined to these studies, they fulfilled our expectations.

A few years afterwards, they were informed they might choose between drawing, languages, and music; but that each was to be confined to one style, one tongue, and one instrument.

At the end of a year, Caroline chose landscape drawing; adding, that on our letting her have a master to finish her in that, she would, at some future period, make herself mistress, and without assist-

ance, of the additional arts of oil painting, miniature, and crayon drawing.

Henry smiled, as he shook his head at her ambitious speculations, and then enquired of Frances what had been her choice:—“Music,” she replied; “and as the harp, I am told, is productive of endless expense and trouble, I shall be content with the piano.” Her determination pleased us, as she has a tolerable singing voice. — On Louisa being applied to, she answered, with eyes sparkling with joy, “Oh, dancing, mamma, for me!” — On which our girls, to their great surprise and pleasure, were informed, that dancing we considered one of the indispensables, as conducive to health, amusement, and grace of person; and though they had been hitherto suffered to dance in their own wild fashion, which is not devoid of elegance, that on our going to Bath for a few weeks, they should have one of the first masters to teach and perfect them in that *grand* science.

Dr. H—— was with us at the time, and enquired of the child, who seemed

perplexed as to her choice, what she thought of boxing. (This was alluding to a little battle the day before with one of her brothers.) — “ Well, my girl, as you see that frisking in a country dance comes into the bargain, and that you already excel in fighting, what do you think of heraldry, and chemistry, and zoology, and conchology, and mineralogy, and botany ? ”

Louisa, without attending to him, was debating, like a child who might have three wishes given it by a fairy, what she should choose ; at last it came out, “ German, papa.”

“ German ! ” cried the Doctor, “ why, that language is only fit for soldiers ; — will Louisa be a soldier ? ”

“ Are all the ladies in Germany soldiers ? ” enquired the arch little girl : and then to her father, “ I do wish to learn German.”

“ And why not French, my love, or even Italian, in preference ? ” enquired Henry.

“ Oh, no, no ; not French ! — Italian, if you please — but not French.”

Her aversion to this most charming and useful of all languages, was, on enquiry, explained by one of her sisters. Having been on a visit to a family in the neighbourhood, where the children had a French governess, Louisa making more noise than was agreeable to the nerves of old Mademoiselle Vertot, was commanded repeatedly to be quiet, in really affectionate language ; but which, from the vehemence of her manner, and the loudness of her voice, had a direct contrary effect on my little girl, who, in tears, begged to leave her presence, and be brought down to the drawing-room to me.

A good laugh from the Doctor on hearing this story was followed by a promise, that if she would learn French to please him, he would give her a complete library of children's books in that language ; which bait succeeding, Louisa is at present a most excellent scholar, as far as reading, writing, and translating goes ; but hitherto has not got rid of the English *mauvaise honte* when speaking it. Caroline and Frances, in the mean time,

have made still greater proficiency in drawing and music, for which each has a decided taste.

And now, my dear Mrs. Grantley, I have to explain to you a third and entirely distinct branch of what I understand by the term Education, in which my girls may at this period be termed adepts.

We love to see them dressed alike, both in respect to the shape and colour of their clothes, and at all times well dressed.—That is, not in imitation of Claudy Howard, with frocks and drawers of worked India muslin, and fine laces, “a yard or two of which she may leave, any day she pleases, on a hedge or a nail;” (neither can we suffer our boys, like Dudley, to change their clothes as often as they choose “to ink or spot them.”) Our girls always dress in a becoming style, but with frugal simplicity.

As you may suppose, we cannot command the constant attendance of mantua-makers, milliners, and sempstresses, which we should consider our duty, did

our present fortune or their future expectations entitle us thus to do; we therefore adopt such plans of domestic economy as are suited to our situation in life. For six months at a time, one of each of these three trades has been staying in our house, young women of good behaviour, well recommended, and of serious, yet cheerful habits, (very compatible qualities, I assure you, as Lady Alford would say.) They take their station in the children's sitting-room, in the centre of which is fixed a large round table, or board of green-cloth, as Dr. H—— calls it, when sometimes admitted by special favour.

Here I occasionally preside; if called away, Caroline is my deputy, — on each side of whom her sisters take their places, and the young needle-woman sits opposite. She takes her meals with the younger children, and when the latter come down to us in the evening, we furnish her with books of amusement, or she is at liberty to go and sit with Barton, my woman. Thus are my girls become thorough mistresses of the above employments; and

thus will they hereafter be enabled to increase their little fortunes, by doing that for themselves and their families which otherwise would inevitably cost them half their income.

This, my friends, is not all: as we entitle these acquirements *essential*, so *they* also have their *ornamental* counterpart. In like manner, I have engaged for them a lace-maker, a platter in hair, a straw-platter, an artificial flower-maker, a glove-maker, and what will perhaps give you most surprise, a ribbon-weaver. The tools, the implements, the pillows, the looms, &c. necessary for the carrying on these avocations, have been provided by their father, and in the most liberal and even elegant manner, — his pleasure is equal to that of the girls, when he pays them a morning visit about once or twice a week. Sometimes he comes into their room with a piece of muslin under his arm, saying, “Should this be mantua-making week, here are frocks to make;” and in a few days he has the pleasure of seeing them equipped in his present. At other periods he makes his appear-

ance with some pieces of Irish. — The sempstress is then summoned, by whose joint aid the girls are enabled to supply their brothers with a fresh stock of linen.

As their father and I have our own sempstress and mantua-maker, we never have recourse to the “Board of Green Cloth” for any articles of this nature; but we do not hesitate at times to accept from our young artificers a pair of gloves, or a watch-chain, a hair-ring, or a lace-cap, a wreath of flowers, a new ribbon, or straw for a bonnet,—all of their own manufacture: besides which, their brothers have endless demands on their industry and ingenuity for purses, garters, head-bands, &c.

One rule laid down with us, and by which we have alone been enabled to keep the house in perfect order, is never to suffer any of them to follow their employments out of their own work-room. “Keep to your shop-board, girls,” said their father, “and never bring either looms, pillows, straw, leather, or in short any rubbish, into the library,

drawing, or other rooms. Within your own four walls these things are useful; beyond them, litter. Keep them, and *your minds*, in one place; when you quit that, think no more of your work until you return to it."

"But," said the Doctor, "Frances, bring your singing voice among us of an evening, when I am asleep in my elbow-chair, and your fingers to the piano; now and then Louisa must tune her reading pipe when I ask her; and if Caroline must not run about with brushes and pallets, let her settle her pretty little ears to listen to her sisters."

Thus, my good friends, have Henry and I given you a rapid sketch of the state of our large and still increasing family, than which, being ever employed, there cannot exist one more cheerful, happy, and united.

And now let us dismiss Bloomfield Rectory and its inhabitants, to take another look, before I close the letter, at Euphorbia and its dear inmates, — of whom Lady Alford is not one of the

least beloved. Her prolonged stay at Teneriffe causes all her friends in England no little astonishment. Although, through affection for Sir Eliot, to whom she was aware her society was of the utmost advantage, she refused to return with me to England, we were under the full idea that her absence after my departure would not exceed a month or two at the farthest—and she has now been away upwards of four years.—We grant that the attractions of Euphorbia are great; but still, that a court beauty—a dashing belle—one of the brightest ornaments of fashion, should thus banish herself from a world by which she was idolized, seems to us most wonderful. Some of her suitors, (and I fancy, as she herself once boasted, she has as many as Penelope,) having lost all hopes of her, have consoled themselves elsewhere; but others still persist in waiting her return:—amongst the rest Mr. Cavendish, who is now a Commander, and lately returned from cruising in the Mediterranean.

He declares himself resolved not to

give up his chance of winning the lovely prize; and that, but for his being ordered to the North Seas, on a station, for some considerable time, he would himself fit out a frigate, sail to Teneriffe, make a desperate landing, and like, and *unlike* another Paul Jones, not run away with a bushel of plate, but secure to himself the noble lady.

Farewell, my dear and kind friends! Let us hear from you as often as possible; and, in your next, pray give us some idea of the taste of Claudy and Dudley, when trifling presents are to be chosen, as our boys and girls design to fill a box with toys of their own manufacture for the beloved little inmates of Euphorbia. — Henry joins me in kind remembrance to all. We will answer Dudley's letters * by the next conveyance.

LOUISA CLONMORE.

* They do not appear.

LETTER XXXV.

The Countess of Alford to Mrs. Clonmore.

A PLOT! a plot, by all that's religious! I mean flagitious—the meaning as opposite as light and darkness. If ever I exchange the tenth part of a monosyllable with Alexander Duncan Ross Balfour, Esq. or with Mrs. Mac Flora Cameronia Macdonald, his honoured wife, may my lily knuckles be covered with chalk-stones, and a Swiss *goutre*, like the maw of a pelican, dangle from my snowy throat!

'Pon my life, when I quitted England, that land of Rye-house plots, pop-gun treasons, and gunpowder conspiracies, I thought I had left dame Wickedness behind me; but I find she gave me the slip, and here now turns round to accost me with an impudent nod of "How do you do, old friend?"

I believe I told you in my last letter, that Eliot had invited the Balfours (the

crafty loons !) and their Spanish friend, to Euphorbia. — I wish the husband had staid at home over his insurance books, and the wife to take care of her husband's flannel waistcoats, &c. Well, my dear, they did come.

I was in the library at the time, engaged in a violent dispute with Dudley; who, having had the impertinence to take Claudy's quarrel upon himself, as usual, brought all my vengeance on his own pate. You know, Louisa, how well I figure in a quadrille, a bravura, and a polacca; and you have seen how I *do* shine in a conversation on Geography, History, and the Belles Lettres.

I happened to make a very silly remark, I forget of what nature, and a very apt remark, which I remember perfectly: "Heigh ho! Jane," I said, "I am very tired:" (Jane was winding silk :) "I wish those good folks in England would not keep the sun as long as they do, but send him to us, that we might clap on his night-cap, and put him to bed in our western waves, for the day here does seem marvellously long." (The Balfours, &c.

were not yet arrived, you are to understand.)

Claudy's remark on this was, "If the sun comes to us later, it leaves us later; therefore it is all the same thing."

"Well said, Claudy," cried your boy, who was holding the silk for Jane to wind.

"I'm not tired now, aunt," said our little niece, and relieved Dudley, who was leaving the room, when I called him back with, "I suppose, sir, you will next presume to question my skill in Physics; and say I do not know the east from the west?"

"And what have the east and west to say to Physics, aunt Alford?" as the darling little pedant always calls me. (He goes upon the plan of appropriating all Claudy's relations; it is "aunt Grantley," "aunt Alford," and "papa Eliot." He at first said "father Eliot," until I laughed him out of it, advising him to say "father Luke," or "father Paul," at once: but the urchin never calls Claudy sister; no, no, trust him for that.)

"Well, nephew Dudley," I replied, "I think I'll puzzle you now; pray tell

me, does St. Helena, for example, lie east or west of the Cape of Good Hope?"

"West," he replied immediately.

"East!" I exclaimed; "Ha! have I caught you, my boy?"—for he looked doubtfully; but what I considered hesitation was in reality surprise at my ignorance; for, as I had never sailed to India, it was very immaterial to me whether that little bit of an insignificant rock in which I, in common with the rest of the world, could have no manner of interest, was east or west, north or south of the said Cape, and I considered myself as correct, until I took down and examined an atlas.

"Now, you vile beautiful charmer," I said, "that you have made me blush for my stupidity, now have I it in contemplation to punish you."

"I'd rather you would reward me," said he, throwing open the piano and placing a chair: "Do, aunt, play and sing me Giles Scroggins' Ghost."

"I play a Scroggins, my dear!—a pretty employment for a lady of *ton*!—the very name gives me a creak in the

neck. — No, no : sit you down, sir, take a sheet of blank paper, and with my charming gold pencil (stay, I'll cut it for you) draw for me, (without one peep at the atlas, mind,) the south coast of Africa, and the very island in dispute, — with Madagascar into the bargain."

He complied, and drew it with an accuracy that astonished me. "Why, you prodigy, I exclaimed, "I will certainly obtain for you the post of map-drawer, not *ordinary*, though *extraordinary*, to his most immaculate highness the king of the Hottentots."

"Claudy," said your son, "draws much better than I do."

"She does ! does she ? — Here, madam, come here ; now, do you take a sheet of paper, and sketch the outline of the English coast. Not a glimpse at a map do I allow ; you must do it from memory."

Claudy obeyed, and I looked over in silence, now and then opening the book to take a peep to convince myself she was right.

"Very well ; and now clap on the

head of England, Scotland and its islands, like a bowed and befrilled laced cap."

It was done.

"And now Ireland, as substantial as one of its own potatoes, and not unlike it in shape."

When completed, there was Great Britain very exact, though, of course, the outline was more correct in the general whole, than in the minute parts. In the opposite coast of France, which I required her to trace, she failed; when Dudley, at her request, took the pencil, and thus each giving it to the other alternately, they completed France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Adriatic, when I stopped them with my usual "bravissimo!" We then opened the atlas, compared, examined, and corrected various faults, when, at my request, they gave me the drawing to ornament my boudoir, and I gave Dudley the pencil to line his pocket.

"Well," I said to Jenny, "this is wonderful!—these youngers to draw these countries from memory, when the deuce a bit if I could copy a single line,

even out of the atlas: and by what method have they acquired this proficiency?"

"By a very simple one," she replied, (Jenny gallops at a great rate when on her hobby of education,) "what they have now done is no more than their repeating a psalm or a hymn: they have learned map-drawing in the same manner as hymns and psalms, that is, *by heart*. They were first taught to draw the shape of the room in which they study with my brother; they next successively copied a drawing of the ground floor of the house, — the plan of the estate, — a map of Teneriffe, — each island singly, — and lastly, the whole group of the Canaries: and this first series, as I may call it, was so repeatedly drawn, so perfectly impressed on their minds, that they could do it blindfolded. A map of Great Britain and Ireland followed, to which succeeded Europe and Africa, — and here, I believe they stop."

"Yes," said Dudley, "we know no more. Next year we begin Asia, and six months afterwards, America —

“ And then,” added Claudy, stretching out her arms, “ the whole world.”

“ And in which map did you take most pleasure, Claudy, my angel ?”

“ In that of England,” she replied, “ dear, dear England !”

This child possesses more feeling than she ought, if she wishes to get through the world happily. I honoured her with a smile, saying, “ Be a good girl, and when I return to England, you shall go with me.”

“ Oh no,” she replied, retreating hastily, and tossing back her fine head.

“ What then, must I go alone ?”

“ Yes.”

“ And you would not like to live with godmamma ?” What should you suppose, Louisa, was the answer ?

“ I should like to live with *God* and with *mamma*, but not with godmamma.”

And her sweet pretty eyes filled with tears, which, would you believe it, your libertine of a son presumed to kiss away, as they fell upon her cheek ! Lord, my dear, I could have sermonised on the subject, and cross-questioned

Claudy an hour longer, had not Dudley teased me till I played and sung for him "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," and sister Grantley said, with one of her out-of-the-way never-in-time remarks,— "The room feels warm, — Dudley, open the window," and "Claudy, pick up that ball of silk:" it was rolling away as fast as she wound; and, by the by, my subject seems to be rolling away just as fast from me. Now for a jerk this way, and then to wind up my history of plots and treasons.

To cut the affair short at once, my love, I'll tell you a round-about tale, and I'll tell it roundly, and, though round, it shall come to an end at last, and not a Ring's end as the wise people of Dublin Bay have it. "Well, well, Caroline," I hear you cry, "to the point — to the point."

Yes, now I am something like a child with a dose of physic in one hand, and a bit of sugar in the other, arguing with her nurse, — "Why I will take it, I mean to take it, indeed I do, I am going to take it directly, by and by; but I do

not like it ;” and then I look at the cup, and then at the sugar.

You must know, my dear, that Claudy had just picked up the silk, and Dudley had just opened the window, when (a smiling villain !) in walked Merchant Balfour and his traitress wife. I, in the generous spirit of my nature (when I am pleased), jumped up in a transport of joy, and gave a hand to each, with — “ Come at last ! heartily glad to meet again ; — have you seen my brother ? — how well you *do* look, Mrs. Balfour, (coin to be repaid in kind) ; — sister Jenny ! for Heaven’s sake, widow, never mind looking for the sheath of your scissars now, do give a squeeze of civility, and welcome your guests ; — Dudley, Claudy, boys and girls, go and play.”

And all the time I was speaking, I was looking over the shoulder of the Balfours, at the door at which they had entered, thinking it rather queer (a favorite word of mine, though now out of fashion, on *land* at least ; I learned it, when a child, of Cavendish) rather queer that they had left the stranger (you guess

whom) to introduce himself; and I was really beginning to feel alarmed lest Major Hernandez had not accompanied them *at all*. I wonder if *at all* is good English; or in vogue among élégantés; I hope it is, for it helps out a phrase wonderfully; and I know not what the deuce the Irish would do without their *at all, at all!*

Oh, by all the powers of cold cream and milk of roses, I blush at my rambling pen! Why the wandering Jew, compared to my zig-zag thoughts, was, I mean, *is*, as steady as a mile-stone. Well, once more to return, Widow Jenny, bless her pretty prim mouth! d-e on one lip, and m-u-r-e on the other, comes out with a sort of a question, which for the life of me I could never have forced my degagée rose-buds to utter; “ We hoped to have had the pleasure of seeing your friend — Major Hernandez, I think his name is.”

Now that single phrase was better worth, in solid value, all that Jenny had uttered for a twelvemonth before. I would have told her so, but fearful of

opening the eyes of Scotland and his Canarian mate.

“The Major is with Sir Eliot in the garden,” said Balfour, opening his snuff-box, and turning round to look through the windows that faced that way; whilst Mrs. Balfour taking up the map-drawing of the children’s, which lay on the table, made some observation on it to Jane: my heart, in the mean time, resembled a balloon fastened down to the ground, fluttering in the air this way and that, impatient to be off to the winds.

I was determined not to lose a sight of *this* Spaniard by going up to ask a question or two of my looking-glass, not knowing but that the Major might decline Eliot’s invitation, and be off. I was therefore resolved to keep my ground, though, foolish enough, I remained perfectly silent, (foolish! — therein often is our greatest perfection,) whilst Jane, (never knew her so talkative,) bless her! said, “You have seen my brother then, I suppose he is showing your friend the grounds and plantations; Eliot has made

a great many alterations since you were here last, and now talks of building an observatory near the flag-staff, where lately he has had a gong erected close to the bell ; the latter is, as usual, to be rung daily, to assemble our visitors together at meal time, and the former to announce the arrival of strangers.”

“ Is Senor Hernandez a native of Teneriffe, or of Spain ?” my sister next enquired.

“ Madam, he is — he is” — and Balfour was seized with such a fit of coughing, that I suspected he had rammed a pinch of snuff into his mouth instead of his nose.

At that instant, my eyes being fixed on the windows, to one of which I had approached, I saw coming up the lawn, Eliot, and with him — at the first glance, my dear, my tremor returned, and whether it were the tightness of my shoe, or the sight of a large hole in the thumb of my glove, that occasioned me a violent pain in my chest, on the left side, I cannot be certain ; but I felt very much inclined to leave the room, and equally so to sit still

in the window seat, half wrapped up in a blue curtain ; particularly when I said to my tremors, “ Be quiet, — faint heart never won — brown gentleman.”

On seeing the two figures together, as they walked slowly up the lawn, I was never more convinced of this Spaniard's decided superiority, in feature, grace, and person, over every one of the male kind (you understand me, human males), I had ever met with. Eliot, we all agree, is a handsome man ; in face and form unquestionably handsome ; he was ever reckoned such in England, and has now recovered much of the appearance of his better days ; yet, when compared to this Don soldier, (by the by, a prettier companion, at least for the ladies, than a Don Cossack,) I doubted whether or not he was very ugly, uncommonly awkward, and astonishingly insignificant : such is the power of contrast !

Well, when I fully expected Eliot, on approaching the house, to throw up the long window, and come into the room with his guest, they turned back again, and back, and backwards and forwards, they paraded their beauty and noble carriage, as if with a design to captivate

the senses of a couple of upright honest widows ; and what most astonished me was, to see Eliot, instead of stopping to point out the distant prospects and the nearer views, and the surrounding improvements, as one would expect the owner of a place to do to a stranger : whether they had got on politics, which absorb all other interests, and is the point of union, or disunion, among strangers, I know not, but there they walked to and fro, their eyes fixed on the ground ; Eliot appeared to be talking most earnestly, nay, vehemently, and once or twice he actually stopped, and caught hold of the tassels or frogs of Hernandez's long military coat, and seemed to fix him to the ground ; the Senor upon this shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and, when disengaged, walked slowly on ; whilst Eliot looked as if he could demolish him for non-compliance.

“ Very odd,” I thought, “ such familiarity at first sight !” At last my patience was really exhausted, when, very luckily, a gnat or musquito buzzed before my eyes, and fixed on the sash of the

window ; as I make it a point to try and exterminate these blood-suckers, I took out my pocket handkerchief to murder him, when, with a loud knock, I killed the gnat, and caught the attention of the gentlemen — the very thing I wanted.

Eliot started forward, came to the adjoining sash, and threw it up ; but just as he was stepping over the sill of the window, to come into the room, he stopped, turned his head over his shoulder, and said in a low voice, “ There, there, think no more of it now ; but do make up your mind at once.”

Now Louisa ! now for it. Oh, what I felt at that moment ! When I look back, I could tear out — not my pretty blue eyes, surely — no, but every abominable page, spent at Teneriffe, from the book of existence ! Guess ! could you but guess ! but you, you wicked one — you and your wretch of a respectable spouse, and that arch joker the M. D. ! all, all, by your equivocations on one subject, you all joined in leading me into this fatal error.

Could you guess the answer that was given to Eliot’s advice ; why, my best love, no answer at all — or rather the only one

was, a few notes of the Marseillois hymn, *whistled* in a low sort of a melodious murmuring tone of voice, which, though scarcely audible, drew my attention, and fell upon my heart.

No ! la fille sauvage at the sound of the flute, could not have felt a greater degree of amazement, when *led by the ear* to follow her *piping* lover from her native woods to his ship, than I did now. Conviction came upon me like lightning : I put all circumstances together, and felt assured that my rising suspicions were —

But, to go on in order. — He followed Eliot into the room, and straight forward to Mrs. Grantley, to whom having spoken for an instant, they both, at the same instant, turned to where I was still sitting, in the distant window-seat. Eliot came up and spoke to me, but I did not hear a word he said. I felt deaf, stunned, blind ; a mist was before my eyes ; a sort of buzzing noise in my ears. I attempted to rise : I sat down again. Eliot still kept near me ; the other approached, whom he seemed to introduce. I heard the words, by which, like a

passing-bell in my heart, my suspicions were wholly confirmed, and I found that — Zulvago and Hernandez were one and the same person.

Oh Louisa, my dear, enchanting rectress, Louisa ! could you have seen me at that moment. I'm glad you did not. My spirits were completely overcome. So deeply mortified was I at the conduct of the Balfours, whose collusion to dupe me into the acquaintance of this man was apparent, for, until now, I was under the full idea that they were distinct personages, that I secretly vowed never to forgive them. I, however, contrived to summon my presence of mind, and answer the Spaniard's enquiries respecting my health ; and then hastened to my own room, where, as is the invariable custom of all heroines, since the days of Clarissa, I locked my door, fanned my face, washed my eyes in rose water, and gave three distinct hems.

Louisa, I have one question to ask before I proceed ; but, unfortunately, I

can have no answer until this is gone ; (tell Charley Maxwell, should you see him, I am still his pupil.) Well, then, this one letter I *will* entrust to your generosity ; but should I in future discover that my confidential epistles, in which are registered all my enormities, are shown to your or any other lady's husband, or gentleman's wife, or chits, or young virgins, or old gone-by's, or widows — in short, if they are not sacred between ourselves, and deposited in your pin-money chest, in which your lord and master has no right to peep, upon the word of a Caprichiosa, here ends our correspondence.

Oh how I did, that very same evening, wish for a delicious gossip with an old friend ! How I did recall our maiden days of confab, when sitting at a fire, or without a fire, until break of day, tongues active, spirits fagged, limbs cramped with cold, or scorched with flames, nerves in tremor at the slightest noise, (the rest of the family being all in bed,) a gust of wind through a key-hole, a creaking window-shutter, a piece of

mortar dropped by a spider in his travels on the ceiling, a mouse, or rat, setting out on a foraging journey — then we start ; all conjecture, all doubt, mystery, suggestion and debate ; and then ? Why then comes the wedding-day, and adieu to female confidantes ; for, as I have often heard from our dear old licentiate M. D., “ Girls will be girls : it is the nature of the sex to have their secrets ; and let them : but once married, there must be no confidante but the husband. Rely upon it, there is more mischief caused by female friendship among *married* folks, than you young hoydens are aware of.”

And here am I a single woman chattering to a matron, and asking her to keep my secrets. — My secrets ! Lord, my dear, I’ve no secrets. I only relate the facts that occur in this barbarous outlandish place, just merely to amuse you and myself ; but you may naturally suppose that I was rather surprised to find that the Don Zulvago whom I had so long wished to see, and this Major Hernandez, — this Senor Isidore, — (’pon

my life, if I am not tempted to ask the man at once to give me a list of his names, for they are all, in fact, his own property,) to find, I repeat, that they were the same person. Oh, you set of traitors all! on your side of the water as well as on this! not to describe to me, when I so repeatedly enquired of you, the face and figure of this renowned, this charming Spaniard.

Eliot, and Jane, I acquit of all knowledge of the deception practised on me by the Balfours; for they were equally surprised with myself, and candidly remarked, how singular not to mention to Caroline that this was Don Zulvago. Both my brother and sister are, as you well know, great enemies to mystery and manœuvring, and have spoken their minds accordingly; which, I can see, has had a good effect on my worthy pair of deceivers.

Eliot, after dinner, took a ride to Orontava, with Dudley and Her—no, Zul—no, no, Isi——Oh the deuce take it! if I know what to call the man now! Well, to shorten the business at once: Eliot

took a ride with Don Zulvago, Isidore, Hernandez, Carlos, Conde D'Almeida, now a major in the Spanish service.—Balfour, to do him justice, might well remind me of the story of the Spaniard asking for a night's lodging; and but for my petulance in running away at that time, and not letting him finish it, perhaps he was about entering on an explanation.

The gentlemen had not returned at collation-hour; and I found myself awkwardly situated with the Balfours, who both looked conscious of their crimes. The wife, at length, after a concerto on the piano, (she plays well,) took a turn with Jane in the garden; whilst the guilty husband, with a sort of distant respect, mingled with good-humour, and an imploring look, with design to deprecate my wrath, — I almost expected him to sing “Pray Goody, moderate” * — approached me, with his smooth shining face thrust out from between his broad, high shoulders.

“Lady Alford, I see you are offended, and I fear with cause; but I also suspect,

* In O'Hara's “Midas.”

you think my conduct still more reprehensible than it really is. Permit me to explain."

As, you know, we never come to *démêlés* in English fashionable life, I scarcely knew how to behave on the occasion, so called in an orange to my aid; and this, after a dignified bow of assent, I quartered into as many angles (*Erin go brah!*) as the compass can boast; and then sugared it, and peppered it, and ate it most eagerly, without, I declare, scarcely knowing whether it were an orange or a shaddock. I believe, as I would not, or rather could not, answer to that, or any other purpose, I made a wry face, with a tear in my eye, saying, "This fruit is horribly sour;" though, at the same time, it lay buried in sugar.

"Your ladyship may remember the period when Don Zulvago, (for as such he was distinguished when last in the island,") said Balfour, sitting down by me, and, with both arms on the table, by way of employment carving my orange-peel into a thousand different shapes, — "When Don Zulvago sailed for South America; from thence, after a few days'

stay, he took shipping for Lisbon. He was a considerable time in Spain, where, having formerly been in the army, he raised a regiment on his estates, in which, by his own desire, he held the commission of major only; the superior commissions devolving, at his request, on friends of his own who were residents in the country. After one campaign, he returned to these islands on public business, which however was of a secret nature, and had several interviews with the governor of the Canaries. This affair concluded, he repaired to Ben Lomond, enquired for me, and hearing we had gone on a party of pleasure for the day, strolled out in the evening to meet us."

"Ah, there," thought I, "is another of your tricks, you complaisant Jesuit;" I alluded to our wager on the height of the Peak, but I did not speak. I went on with great ardour devouring my fruit;—and my rising tears, Louisa,—at having been the dupe of a Highlander, one's own countryman in some measure;—such barbarous treatment!

"Well," he continued, cutting out orange-peel, mincing chesnuts, and con-

ducting his defence, as thus, “ when Hernandez overtook us — nay, Lady Alford, why this surprise ! Hernandez is his name, and so is Zulvago, the latter being in reality the first of his *Christian* names. What is the matter, Lady Alford ?” for I stopped in my orange progress, scarcely able to breathe.

“ His *Christian* name !” I repeated ; “ Well, well, go on. Nothing is the matter, only a pippin” (a pip, I suppose, I intended to say) “ has got into my throat.” No, my dear, it was the letter Z that had struck at my heart. It was the fortune-tellers, and their cards, and their cups, and their cats, that now came across my mind, at the words, “ Christian name.”

Now was my folly, in consulting such impious wretches, most deservedly punished. I *would* go,—in the company of two as giddy madcaps of quality as myself, I would leave my home at seven o’clock in an autumn evening, (when mamma and sister Jane were gone on a visit to a friend’s house in the same square.) Attended by my maid, a vile seducing agent (not Savage), we all three got

into a sordid hackney-coach, and after driving through half-a-dozen dirty narrow streets and lanes, we stopped at a wretched place, and crawled up three or four flights of stairs into a back garret. Oh, I shudder even now at the recollection !

There were the two sorceresses, with the implements of their wicked trade, cards, globes, and spirits (evil *spirits* indeed) ! I remember what was said to my friends, but I cannot — dare not repeat the prophecy to each. Learn from me, however, that it brought its own fulfilment. Yes, I will confide it to you, Louisa : — on second thoughts, I will relate what passed at that hour ; though I have only to remind you of the death of Emily Harcourt, and Susan Lascelles, and you will at once comprehend the nature of the predictions told to them on that dreadful night, and which made so lasting and fatal an impression on their minds, and on my own.

To Emily it was said, “ *Your first child will never have either brother or sister ;* ” — by which she understood, she would never have but one child. Her

little son was already three years old, and she was near the time of again becoming a mother, when the prediction coming across her mind in an evil moment, she died, giving birth to a dead female infant. Susan Lascelles was informed, "*that she must guard against water.*" She, of course, lived ever after in dread of the sea, and of rivers. Whether this constant fear brought on a derangement of the system, I am not competent to judge; but this fact is ascertained, she died of water on the brain.*

To me the following words were addressed, after I had first duly answered her demoniac questions, and suffered my fair soft hands to be opened and examined by her mahogany claws.

"*Young lady, yours is a happy lot: but look sharp, have a care; you will only escape the grave by the twentieth part of an inch; a man whose Christian name begins with a Z, and who is now beyond seas, will nearly be the death of you.*"

On quitting this den of vice, and re-

* Both these instances are facts.

turning to the drawing-room, we all laughed over our adventure, and in the true spirit of fifteen, declared we would combine to cheat the fortune-teller:—Emily protesting she would never marry, Susan that she would avoid every thing in the shape of a boat and a ship, and I exclaiming, “Heaven keep me from all the odious names of Zachariah, Zedekiah, Zaccheus, and Zany.”

“But by this Zulvago,” thought I now, my life has been saved, not endangered;”—and thus endeavouring to rally my spirits, I told Balfour to go on with his exculpation.

“Major Hernandez, (under which designation my friend has lately distinguished himself in Spain, as I mentioned before,) joined our company; and when I rose to meet and speak to him apart—these were my words: Lady Alford as you see is, with us, very desirous of making a tour of the Island, which you well know is impracticable for delicate ladies to accomplish; wherefore we have contrived a little plot to convince her of the fatigue, that even one day’s

journey would be, and though we are now within half a mile of Ben Lomond, her ladyship thinks we are at a considerable distance, and approaching a *Posada*, where she expects to find accommodations equal to many of the inns on the Bath road, of which I have heard you boast. Do not undeceive her yet, that is all we beg of you."

"The Major was silent, yet seemed by a sort of faint smile to accede to our request; and you, Lady Alford, helped the deception, by supposing we were in a collusion concerning the height of the Peak, of which in reality not a single mention had been made."

I here interrupted Balfour, asking him solemnly—whether or not, at that time, he did not persuade the Spaniard to join in the artifice respecting his own identity. "Upon my honour I did not; nay, to this very moment, *he* himself is unconscious of your mistake, and thinks that from the first, you knew him to be Zulvago, the friend of your family;—nay, I can assure you, had I even tried, which I never should, to persuade him

to give into a deception of that nature, he would not have lent himself to it. I repeat, you will hereafter find him oftener addressed by the name of Hernandez, than Zulvago; no doubt by his relations in Spain, he is indiscriminately called Carlos, and Isidore, and by the court and his vassals, Conde D'Almeida; and upon the same principle that your brother is addressed by the names of Eliot—of Howard—of Sir Eliot—of Sir Eliot Howard—and of the Baronet, according to the respective rank, or degree of kindred, or relation, of the persons who speak to, or of him.”

Perceiving that I still remained silent, he continued: “My real error lies in having, through harmless pleasantry, and I confess a foolish whim, wished that you should speak of Zulvago to himself, or to another in his hearing, (as indeed I long since expressed a desire you should,) in pursuance of which plan, I certainly did conceal from you, that Major Hernandez was Don Zulvago; and for this crime, I have really no excuse to make, and must, therefore, Lady Alford, request

your pardon, by throwing myself unconditionally on your mercy."

This explanation, which reduced their mountain of enormity to a little *English* ant-hill of thoughtless frolic, restored me to good-humour: giving one hand to him, and the other to his conscious wife, as she returned with Jane from their walk, I said, though nearly choked by tears, and yet I endeavoured to shake off the horrors, which were rapidly gathering on my spirits; "Well, good folks, forget and forgive; but how terrible the consequences, should I fall in love with this Spanish Orlando Furioso, and he a Knight of Malta!"

Zulvago was not in the plot, and my heart soon recovered itself, as if relieved of a thousand pound weight. On their return from their ride, I had already become the most captivating mortal breathing — at least in Teneriffe; for I had put on at once the cestus of Venus, the look of a Juno, and — oh no, faith, I've nothing to say either to the wisdom, or the owl of Minerva, or to any of her old *maidenties* of "touch me not." Zul-

vago, for in spite of wizards and prophecies, I prefer that of all his profusion of names, seemed in doubt, whether he would or would not be smitten with me, whilst I felt rather pleased at hearing Eliot very naturally address him, sometimes as Major Hernandez, once or twice as D'Almeida, but most frequently, out of familiarity, by the name of Zulvago.

On recollection, it appeared strange to me, that during our intercourse at Ben Lomond, and at Madeira, he had never once spoken to me of Euphorbia, or its inmates, until I remarked, and it was told me, that, unless where his own heart is deeply interested, he is invariably reserved; he had early it seems enquired for them of Balfour, and was content with looking at my eyes, seemingly very indifferent whether he ever spoke to me, or I to him.

Yes, he was very *reserved* when nearly on his knees to Victorina, he was very *indifferent* when imploring her to comply with his wishes. The truth is, that instead of being naturally reserved, this man has become thus by the very vio-

lence of his own passions ; which leads him to look on all the world, (unconnected with that one object,) with the utmost supineness :—wholly absorbed by some personal disappointment in early life, (caused, I have no doubt, by Victorina's mother) he is utterly regardless of every person around him, except indeed he can render them any essential service, as in Eliot's case, on his first arrival at Teneriffe, which I am told is but a solitary instance of a hundred of the same nature.

His riches being immense, he is consequently in possession of the ring of Gyges, and the purse and cap of Fortunatus ;—and by his never being stationary for any length of time, and by going here and there, without giving notice of his arrival, or departure, he throws around himself a sort of solemnity, and mystery, which has something in it truly interesting and awful.

Eliot observes, he puts him in mind of a poor fellow, who supposing him to have lost a Pigot diamond, spends the remainder of his life in roaming through the

world, with eyes fixed on the ground in search of it. Can the heart of woman be that diamond! what could be that heart to refuse him?—and this Gabrielle still lives!

Farewell, Louisa! I am weary, tired, and fatigued: add to these tautologies a sum up for complete lowness and dejection of spirits, and you will form some idea of my present state of mind. I'll try if a volume of Sir Charles Grandison can revive me. Adieu! it is most probable that you will see me shortly in England.

Ever your affectionate friend,

CAROLINE ALFORD.

LETTER XXXVI.

Sir Eliot Howard to the Rev. Henry Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

WOULD you ever have imagined, my friend, that I should turn author, or rather compiler, and translator? I would not, however, have you suppose, I design either to print, or publish; no truly, my literary pursuits have no other aim, than the improvement of these dear children, whose welfare occupies my thoughts and time, almost without intermission. Dudley and Claudy are now my Librarians, Secretaries, and Amanuenses, and I must add, their places are no sinecures. They refer to such authors as I wish to consult, make abstracts, and take extracts; search for dates, compare one author with another, that we may fix upon the most accurate authority; examine various maps, and turn over the pages of half-a-

dozen dictionaries, to seek synonymes, etymology, and not unfrequently, orthography.

I have, at their request, translated "Robinson Crusoe" into French; some of Mrs. Opie's "Simple Tales" into Italian; and "Las Estaciones del Año"* into German. I have also made an abbreviation of Rollin and Josephus, which Dudley does me the honour to pronounce a most capital performance. Turner has completed two copies of each of my works, in his clear and fair handwriting, to which I have added etchings in Indian ink, and these are not the least admired of all my labours. The MSS. have been bound at Orotava, and now ornament the book-shelves of Dudley and Claudy.

This employment has served to awaken their attention, and teach them the importance of accuracy, with respect to dates; of patience in research; and the benefit of comparing authors, to ascertain truth. They themselves translate, and indeed compose themes tolerably for their age, particularly Dudley; but

* The Seasons of the Year.

such studies with them are still a task, they have not arrived at sufficient proficiency to render either easy and agreeable; therefore, from my taking this said task on myself, and allowing them to assist me in it, you may suppose the greatest advantages have resulted, of which they are fully aware, as they often remark—"how good of papa, to take such pains to instruct us."

Caroline has of late given Claudy a few lessons on the piano and the harp, for which kindness, I believe we may thank Zulvago, who on hearing her play a little Spanish air correctly, asked whether Lady Alford had taught it her: an arch smile followed her exclamation of "Aunt Alford!" which plainly said, "I might as well expect Carlo the dog to teach me," — "oh no, it was Mrs. Balfour; — Mrs. Balfour taught me my notes, and all I know of music."

Caroline understood her look, and heard her words, and as most of her movements are as impetuous as they are transient, she promised in some of her own peculiar language of abusive tender-

ness, to begin the next day to give the child a lesson of four hours duration, on the piano and the harp. I at this of course interfered, and assured both, that for the sake of pupil and teacher, I should limit the lesson to half an hour, and on its exceeding that period even the tenth part of a minute, by my watch, that I would run away by force, with one or the other, into the garden.

I had been absent for some days at Orotava on business, and on my return, happening to come into the library unexpectedly, what was my surprise and concern to see Claudy standing at Lady Alford's knee, seemingly endeavouring at some great effort, which the latter was encouraging her to accomplish. The child looked weary and exhausted, her mouth was open, her neck stretched out, her face white, and her eyes red. Not at first comprehending the cause, I expressed my alarm, when Caroline carelessly replied, "Oh, you Eliot! Claudy is learning to sing; this is her fourth lesson, and she has already reached up

to G. — Come, my precious, try once more — that note again — thus :” and she set the example, which Claudy attempted to imitate.

“ Now begin, my beauty, — whole tone, semi-tone, &c. Begin — no, no, true, I have promised to ride out with the Balfours — that is enough for to day, darling — now go play — I think we have conquered aunt Jane’s sturdiness fairly ; I never interfere with her, and I desire she will not interrupt our lessons in future. In less than six months you will sing like an angel.”

Away went the good-natured, thoughtless Caroline, leaving Claudy so totally overcome with her exertions, that she had not even the power to stir from the spot, much less to obey the dismissal of “ Go and play.”

She looked up to me as I sat near, and making a step or two towards me, threw herself in my arms, and to my great relief burst into tears. Dudley, who had now joined us, brought a caraffe from the table and poured out a glass of water ; with deep sobs she hid her face on my

shoulder, saying, "Papa, papa, I don't wish to appear ungrateful to Aunt Alford, but, indeed, indeed, I don't like singing."

"Well, Claudy," I replied, "your aunt and I will settle that affair; suppose that now we three go and visit the paddock that is making in the centre of the chesnut grove, for the little antelopes Don Zulvago has given you."

She complied, and walked silently between Dudley and myself, but not even the sight of the enclosure, of its new fence, of the pretty animals themselves, or their newly erected accommodations, could banish her dejection,—her spirits were totally depressed, and I found could not be forced—they must rise gradually, and of their own accord to their proper level.

We reached a sloping lane, called the Geranium walk, being enclosed by hedges of that plant, and when about half way down it, rested ourselves on a grass bank.—Dudley had hold of Claudy's hand, which he repeatedly stroked and kissed and fondled, but she remained passive, whilst I mentally ejaculated, "here end your singing lessons;—you

shall not be brought to an early grave, as were my sister Grantley's children, even though your voice should promise to rival St. Cecilia's."

Dudley's anxious tenderness had in part restored her usual frame of mind, and she was beginning to join in his gaiety, when I cried out "hush!" at the same time putting up my finger, enjoining silence. In the thick orange bushes opposite to us, as I well knew, (this being one of my favourite solitary walks,) was the nest of a Capriote; I do not think, Clonmore, that you remarked the song of this bird, when you were here; in variety of tones, in softness, in richness, and melody, we reckon it superior even to the nightingale, you may therefore, conceive that of all songsters, it is the most sweet.

A few notes were given by way of prelude after which followed, for upwards of twenty minutes, the richest strains of music that ever met the human ear: the children had hitherto, from heedlessness and turbulence of spirits, never heard the Capriote for such a length of

time together, and now sat listening to it with evident pleasure, marking by their looks and raised finger, the varying cadence, the sweet piping sound, the swell, the thrill, and the fall of note. At last the starting of the bush, gave sign that the charming songster had fled, and I then broke silence.

“ I would rather hear that bird, or the nightingale, for five minutes, than Aunt Alford for any length of time, or any man or woman singer in the universe; your aunt sings sweetly, and with taste and science, but I would rather hear the song of the Capriote.”

“ Then I need *not* learn to sing,” said Claudy, reviving.

“ No, my love, not *learn* to sing — if you can catch a little tune by ear, and warble it in your own simple fashion, as this bird does, all is well, but very superior scientific singing should be avoided, (unless the design is to obtain a livelihood, when every exertion, mental and corporeal, is most honourable and praiseworthy) — I have no wish to see you in a consumption.”

“ But,” remarked Claudy, “ Aunt Alford is a fine singer, and yet not in a consumption.”

“ Very true,” replied Dudley; “ but Aunt Alford is very — that is, she does not read, or work, or draw, or write as much as you do, Claudy; therefore she has more time for music than you can spare. — And now, Claudy, let us have a run together.”

I perfectly understood the reflections that occupied the minds of both, as to Caroline’s acquirements, and though I admired their discernment, I gave still greater admiration to the delicacy, which led them to feel grateful for her kind offers, and to endeavour at changing the subject.

We have since that evening made several assignations with the Capriote, which have led me to teach them to distinguish the different notes of the birds, to examine the construction of their nests, to find amusement and improvement as much out of doors as within;

and thereby to implant on their minds the conviction, how far pre-eminent are the works of God to those of man ;— that they may not, when grown up, on entering a picture gallery, gaze with lingering admiration on a landscape (of even a Claude), and look hastily and with indifference on the rich and ever-changing landscape of nature, comprehending all the glories of a rising, a meridian, and a setting sun, the varying moon, the stars, the perpetually shifting clouds, the sea, and all its endless variety of tint — mountains, valleys, rivers, cataracts and lakes ; forests, foliage, verdure, plants and flowers, —all these which offer never-ceasing subjects of pleasure and interest.

I would not have them pass with an indiscriminating glance one of the loveliest objects on earth, a strong, healthy, and beautiful infant, and yet start, with wonder and delight, at the sight of a marble Cupid (though the performance of a Michael Angelo.) In short, I wish them not to prefer a rose of cambric and wire, to a rose of the garden ; the tricks of a clock-work puppet, to the sportive

gambols of a lamb, a calf, a fawn, a colt, or a kitten : or, to return to the point from whence we set out, to prefer the acquired voice of even the first professional singer, male or female, to the natural notes of the birds.

Polished society, my friend, is too much the slave of art — the worshipper of science. Arts and sciences, human industry and ingenuity, ought, I allow, to be fostered and encouraged, and Dudley and Claudy are already instructed thus to do ; but it is rather on the broad basis of rewarding merit, and of giving bread to the deserving, than as preferring the works of man to those of nature. — Being rich, this becomes their duty ; as it is that of the poor to simplify their wants, by dispensing, as far as possible, with the productions of art and science, and to place their daily happiness in the possession of such natural pleasures as may be attainable ; of which pure air, and fine prospects, are their luxuries, supposing the necessaries, and perhaps comforts of life, already within their reach.

Let the cottager who may be blessed with health, food, and clothing, and whose little flower-garden commands an uninterrupted view of the sun at its rise and set, never envy the slave of fashion, although he may be in possession of picture galleries, museums, cabinets, private theatres, ball, card, and billiard-rooms. Rather should the latter envy the cottager.

Since the above occurrences took place, Dudley and I have had some little explanation on the subject of music ; a few days back he acquainted me, to my great surprise, that he was in some doubt whether, when he should begin to learn, it should be the violin or the flute, as he and Claudy had arranged between themselves that it was absolutely necessary he should be master of one of these instruments, to accompany her on the piano. Here were a pair of independents ! neither Mrs. Grantley nor I consulted on the subject ! The whole

affair had been determined by themselves in less than ten minutes.

As you, Clonmore, are already aware of my reasons for not suffering music to form any part of the education of a boy, I need not recapitulate them at this time. I have merely therefore to state, that finding I should gain my point by arguing with him in a friendly manner on the subject, much more effectually than by taking it up seriously, we at last understood each other, and he assured me he should think no more of it. — “ And now, Dudley,” I continued, “ that we are on the topic of what are called elegant, though superfluous acquirements, let me mention my opinion of dancing. You at present dance well ; your master” (a native of Orotava) “ has done his duty by you, and it is pleasing to see you and Claudy dance a *pas-de-deux*. But if you would follow my advice, you would fix a limited time (say five-and-twenty), when you should leave off engaging actively in this recreation. It is better to relinquish, *too early*, an amusement, the exercise of which must become ridicu-

lous if persevered in, than carry it on *too long*. Therefore, when you come to be an old gentleman of twenty-five, dance no longer yourself, but promote dancing among your juniors."

Dudley smiled at this, and with a promise to remember my advice, seemed not displeased to find that he had still so many years to dance *pas-de-deux* with Claudy. — "As you, now," I added, "have so cheerfully given up, at my request, your wish of learning music, I have to propose substituting another acquirement, in which, with a little brush up of my talents, I think I could be your master myself."

"Yourself, padre!" he cried.

"Yes. — What do you think of fencing?"

Had your son been brought up from his cradle in the tented field, which happily for himself he was not, a greater degree of sudden ardour could not have displayed itself in his face and person, when, with all the enchanting vehemence of early youth, he seized my arm to drag me back into the house (we were walk-

ing in the forest), and immediately take his first lesson. — “ But,” added he, with some degree of hesitation, “ I should first like to know whether — do you think Claudy would wish me to learn fencing?”

“ No doubt,” I replied, with a smile, for it is ever thus with these children. No matter what the subject proposed; from the colour of a pair of gloves or a ribbon, to the learning a science, a reference is immediately made to the taste and inclination of the other. These observations lead me to hope, my friend, from day to day, that the first, the fondest wish of my heart, may yet be realised.

And now, Clonmore, I have two commissions for you to execute; the one from myself, the other from Zulvago. Mine is, that with the enclosed letter, you will remember me most kindly to my old master, Angelo, leaving to him the choice of a few sets of foils. You will take care to let me have them by the first conveyance.

Zulvago's business is this : — He did intend to execute it himself, but I persuaded him that you, as an Englishman, could do it much more effectually ; and that until we should receive your answer, he ought to give his mind and body a little rest, by staying at Euphorbia. — You have to go to Tunbridge Wells, and enquire in that neighbourhood for a Mrs. Shelburne ; Gabrielle Shelburne (that being the maiden name of one of her aunts, who brought her up) ; — herself the widow of one Sobrino, a Spanish native of St. Domingo, who settled in the mercantile line at Ham-burgh, and afterwards in London, where he some years since put an end to his existence.

By Zulvago's account, and all mystery respecting himself has ceased between us since his arrival here (which, however, I must place to the exposure of certain circumstances connected with his former life, at the arrival of the last India fleet off Madeira) — by his account, this Mrs. Shelburne has for years contrived to keep the place of her abode a secret from him ;

her daughter, her only child (as Caroline may have informed you in her letters), is gone to Calcutta with Sir W— and Lady L—, but being under a solemn promise to her mother, not to reveal whither she had removed, Zulvago still remains unable to trace her. — In this you may succeed, through the means of the house of —, the bankers, who are appointed to pay Mrs. Shelburne, by half yearly instalments, a part of the daughter's salary.

Although I am thoroughly informed of every particular concerning the parties (whom I esteem and pity), I cannot, such is the face of the times, risque being very communicative to you by letter; but of this you may rest assured, nothing of a public nature is connected with these persons;—their affairs are of a private, indeed of a domestic tendency, and, upon my responsibility, you may act without fear. — Should you be fortunate enough to trace the person in question, the power of attorney from Zulvago, which accompanies this letter, will teach you how to act with respect to her; every

other particular necessary for you to know he has himself added in a separate paper; and placing full confidence in you and your judgment, he thinks that you, as an Englishman, and a clergyman, might meet with more success than he as yet could, an alien and a foreigner.

Mrs. Grantley desires me to thank Mrs. Clonmore for the pleasing account she sent of her rising and charming young family, with a promise of writing to her shortly, concerning the progress Claudy has made within the last twelve-month; with respect to Caroline, she has been indeed the sunbeam of Euphorbia, as she calls herself; and though I feel for the disappointment of her English suitors, I am not so disinterested as to wish them happiness at my own expense. I shall be truly sorry when Lady Alford quits us, of which, however, I do not at present see the smallest prospect; for though Mrs. Grantley and I have our time and attention chiefly occupied by Dudley and Claudy, Caroline finds never-failing amusement in the society of the Balfours and Major Hernandez (the name

by which Zulvago has of late distinguished himself in Spain). Neither does the Major talk of leaving us; at least until we receive news from you respecting this Mrs. Shelburne, when, I conjecture, we may prepare ourselves at all events for losing him. Should you be successful, he will proceed to England, and be guided by you his "polar star;" and should you, on the contrary, fail in finding the retreat of this unfortunate lady, he will, I doubt not, proceed to India, for the purpose of conquering the daughter's or Lady L——'s scruples, and learning the abode of the mother.

The letters from Dudley and my little girl, which accompany this, will thank you for the box of treasures, which they received safely, and to their great satisfaction. Ever yours faithfully,

ELIOT HOWARD.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. Grantley to Mrs. Clonmore.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

As my brother informs me that in his letters to Mr. Clonmore he makes little or no mention of Claudy, leaving that to me, I feel confident you will hear, with the utmost pleasure, that my niece is at this time all that either of us can wish.— You tell me, in your last letter, that I cannot be too explicit on the subject, especially as you have now a little girl of three years of age, in whose tuition you would wish to adopt the plan I laid down for the early instruction of Claudy.— You honour me, my dear Mrs. Clonmore, by the approbation and wish you now express, and I will endeavour to be as clear and concise in my explanations as possible.

As you already know, long previously to my niece being able to read, I

was accustomed to read to her, her only duty for upwards of a year being this, thoroughly to learn several little packs of cards, on which I had written every name mentioned throughout the Bible; to each some characteristic epithet being attached—as *good* Joseph, *kind* Ruth, *meek* Moses, *wicked* Absalom, &c. —I began with three of these cards at a time, and daily added three, which making twenty-one in the week, finished the first pack accurately and correctly learned, although she did not know her letters at the time, and could not at first distinguish one card from another.

For example—on the first three cards were written in a fair legible hand, “Adam”—“Eve”—“Paradise.”—You may of course suppose the question put, and the answer required, which if not correct, the card was withheld by me. The questions and answers were also reversed; and thus she was made to understand completely the nature of both. According to the number of cards that either held, the lesson was decided in her favour or in mine (for it was not called a

play or a game); and thus without anger, distress, or even a single tear, Claudy had learned to answer correctly not only who and what was such a person, of whom mention was made in the Holy Scriptures, from Adam to St. Paul; but the names of all the principal *places* spoken of in both Testaments.

Dudley frequently joined us in this lesson, in which both took equal pleasure, even to their ninth year; our cards had, by that time, swelled to upwards of twenty packs; as upon Eliot's improvement of the plan, we constructed some of the same nature on the histories of England, France, &c.

Claudy has now gone with me three times through the Old and New Testament; that is, such parts of the former as are indispensable towards her thoroughly comprehending that its chief purport, in the present day, is to prove the truth of the latter. Of course all the ceremonial laws of the Jews are omitted in our perusal, and many parts of the his-

torical and prophetical books. Eliot has not, however, adopted this plan with Dudley: they read the whole of the sacred text together, repeatedly and entire; as he justly remarks, that the veil, though a fit ornament for female youth, would only entangle the steps of one of the other sex.

Claudy has at present upwards of twenty of the Psalms by heart, with several sentences from the book of Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus. I have also another large Bible devoted to her use; and this I have caused to be interleaved with blank paper, on which I insert, opposite the corresponding letter-press, any particular historical references, with an account of how, and where, the different prophets lived and died; and remarks on the soil, produce, and customs peculiar to Judea and Egypt, extracted from various eastern travels, as Pocock, Harman, Lewis, Sandys, &c.; this method (being that of my brother) at once pleases the inquisitive mind of youth, and serves to establish the truth of each particular mentioned.

Claudy and her father are now engaged in the study of French and Italian; her knowledge of history being aided by port-folios of plates, and cabinets of coins, which to arrange in chronological order, with or without Mr. Turner's assistance, affords both great pleasure. I am often appealed to; but my ignorance in these affairs proves to them that I am not all-perfect, and leads them to place a full reliance on what I *do* profess to teach; and that is indeed trifling, and yet all in all. From my earliest youth the sacred volume has been my sole *study*, and that at a glance, even blindfolded, if I may thus express myself, is ever before me. Neither of the children can prove me in an error when questioned on that head; for the Bible has ever been, and ever will be, my daily, fervent, yet private study. It is the perusal of that comforter that has enabled me to submit, with as little murmuring as possible, to the chastisement, however severe, my folly received in the early loss of my once promising children.

Claudy's Spanish is, I understand, very good, her drawing correct and pleasing, and her music tolerable. Her handwriting is, at present, just legible, and her knowledge of accounts sufficiently advanced. In both the latter Mr. Turner is her master ; and she shows with him rather more patience and docility than Dudley displays ; for he, it appears, prefers the society of his master when at their sports out in the open air, to that of study within doors.

Claudy is no needle-woman ; but what she does attempt is finished with neatness and cleanliness ; her little proficiency in various female works being retarded by my brother's desire, who fears, and very justly, that sedentary employments, persevered in for any length of time, irreparably injure the growing shape.— Neat and orderly as Claudy is in her dress, and in the arrangement of her rooms, in which not a single article is now to be found out of its place, she was for a length of time exceeded in both these excellent qualities by Dudley. He has the care of his own drawers, in which are

spread layers of orange-blossoms. His clothes are arranged in the best manner ; and not only his wardrobe, but his book-case, his writing materials, his drawing and dressing boxes, all invariably display the utmost regularity : in short, your son is, even at this early age, completely master of the three golden rules of “ Do every thing in its proper time,” — “ Put every thing to its proper use,” — “ Lay every thing in its proper place.”

Mr. Turner was on his arrival here, owing to former careless habits, contracted, I suppose, at college, very negligent in many particulars ; from mere thoughtlessness he would litter the table with half-used pens, jerk the ink upon the floor, and scatter the carpet with the cuttings of pencils and torn papers ; besides which, on every window-seat and chair, and sofa, were left books opened on their leaves, or with pages turned down ; gloves, handkerchiefs, &c. Dudley, in silence, and perfect good humour, generally replaced the books, and arranged all things again in order, and so often, that Mr. Turner could not fail,

at last, taking notice of it; at length, to our great relief, he stood corrected, and at present, in his apartments reigns the same neatness that is to be seen in Dudley's bed-room, his study, and his cabinet.

My sister's arrival at Euphorbia threatened some evil changes in Claudy's habitual love of order, our niece being, I observe, more ready to follow a bad example than even Dudley is of setting a good one. You may remember the suite of rooms appropriated to Caroline, and her two female servants (the men sleep in the town), and the admirable convenience with which they are fitted up, with drawers, wardrobes, chiffonieres, and recesses; and yet I do assure you, my dear Mrs. Clonmore, I never yet was inside these apartments, and found a sofa, a table, or a chair disengaged: here were bonnets and gloves on the bed; night-dresses on a nail; caps and turbans pinned to the drapery of the recesses; shoes upon a sofa; shawls on the ground;

letters on the toilet table; a chocolate cup on the wash-hand stand; a veil blowing out of window; heavy hand-screens in a drawer among feathers and artificial flowers; a bunch of dried natural roses, and their thorns, among laces; and an innumerable medley of other strange instances of disorder.

I once remarked the state of the rooms to Savage, her head maid, one of those who have been with her from a child; the reply was — “It is all in vain, ma’am, to attempt to keep my lady’s things *to rights*: — if I should put every thing in its proper place ten times a day, my lady would come and turn them ten times a day *topsey turvey*. — If any thing is wanted, instead of having the patience to ask either of us for it, she flies to her drawers, takes up all the contents in both her hands, shakes them, as if searching for a needle in a bundle of hay; tosses them half in and half out, and runs away, when perhaps she finds that she had left the very thing she had been looking for below on the sofa behind her.”

This was too true a statement to be denied, but I was silent, and Savage continued : — “ Twenty times in less than a month are my lady’s necklaces and bracelets broken, and rings lost, by that trick she has of fidgeting and working them up and down : — then the carpets have to be taken up and shaken, whilst half my time is employed in taking out spots of ink and paint.” — And thus the woman went on with her complaints, and exculpation of herself, though my sister came in in the middle of them. Throwing herself at her length on the sofa, flinging her hat one way, and her riding whip on the bed, and letting fall her gloves on the ground, Caroline remarked, “ What! you are talking of me, are you? — telling Mrs. Grantley what a sad time you have of it ; eh! you Savage! don’t I pay servants to keep my room in order? Then where lies the fault? — If you are tired of my service, why the deuce don’t you leave me? — Who wishes you to stay? — No, no! You know better : you are conscious that the gift of half my clothes every year is worth putting up with my

negligent pranks! No other peeress in England would suffer you to snip, snap, and crib, and change and exchange their wardrobe as I permit you to do with mine. Here, my good honest women, both of you; Savage and Patience; you pair of grumblers; pull off my boots — do you hear?”

Both the servants, with smiles at her oddity, for they are really fond of her, obeyed, whilst turning to me, she said, — “Jenny, my dear, only that whilst standing there upright you do look so like an old maiden aunt, I would ask you to run after Zulpago, and tell him I shall not ride out this evening.”

On turning round to leave the room, I felt at first sorry, on perceiving Claudy close behind me, she having followed her aunt in, and attentively observed all that passed: but I soon found, that instead of this scene making a bad impression on her mind, it had a totally contrary effect. Having sent Caroline's message to Don Zulpago, I sat down in our private drawing-room, to write to you, when I observed Claudy, after looking carefully round her, pick up every

scrap of paper, and every stray leaf or flower off the carpet ; then, on examining her own hands, and perceiving a spot of ink on her fingers, she left the room; but soon after returned, her hands washed, and her hair brushed. As I saw she wished for an opportunity to speak to me, I shut my portfolio, and took up my knitting. “ You see, my dear,” I remarked, “ how very beautiful and charming your aunt Alford is. You observe how excellently she dresses, and are aware that instead of two servants to attend upon her, she might have twenty if she chose ; and yet, you see her fault, Claudy.”

“ But perhaps aunt Alford had not, when she was a little girl, a good mamma, or aunt, to teach her to fold up her clothes, and keep her drawers in order.”

“ Yes, my dear, she had, and until she was ten years of age was as neat and as careful as yourself ; therefore you see it is not only sufficient to acquire good habits ; we must persevere in keeping them.”

“And what caused this change in aunt Alford?”

“An unlucky friend of her own age, spending the holidays with her, who destroyed all the good that my sister had gained from the instructions of her mother and myself, by ridiculing her neatness, and saying, as you heard your aunt just now observe, ‘If you are so particular, Caroline, you will certainly die an old maid.’ From that time she gradually left off her youthful habits, and is now such as you see. Her wardrobe and jewels, and indeed her purse, are entirely in the care and power of her servants; and as she herself boasts, she knows not what she is in possession of.”

“But aunt Alford may correct these faults: — she is not *very* old yet.”

“She may: to amend our errors is never too late. — And, Claudy, I have another observation to make to you: of your aunt’s total negligence with respect to her rooms, and her sad custom of flinging her clothes in every direction, you are aware; and I must now, as a warning to you, remark another of her evil propen-

sities, the habit of ringing for her servants perhaps twenty times a day, when she is really in want of their assistance not more than half-a-dozen. Sometimes it is to give her an article at the other end of the room ; to pick up a book she may have dropped in an adjoining chamber ; to stir the fire ; to open the window ; to let down or draw up a blind ; not to mention her change of mind respecting the articles of her dress, and the hour of her dressing, when I have heard her say to Savage more than once, ‘ Come at four o’clock — what ! so soon ! — go away ; I’ll ring for you in half a minute. — Nearly five, is it ? — well, run down stairs, and by that time I shall have finished this volume — only a few pages more. — What, you come again ! Well, I believe I did ring ; but I am not ready yet — go away, and send Patience to me. — I’ll ring once more in a second and a half.”

“ Strive, my dear child,” I continued, addressing Claudy, “ whatever may be your condition in life, as much as possible to assist yourself ; therein consists true

independence. Your papa is a rich man; *you* will be rich; you may, when grown up, be able to keep a dozen women to wait upon you; but if you would study the real comfort and happiness of your existence, learn to do without superfluous aid, and, in short, as far as your strength will permit, to *wait upon yourself*."

This lesson was not lost on Claudy; from that day she greatly improved in those lesser virtues, in which, until now, from giddiness, she was rather deficient. I wish I could say the same of Caroline, but she is, as she owns herself, incorrigible, though in all other respects greatly amended.

She now takes pleasure in reading, not exactly of that nature that I could wish, and have in vain recommended, but still moral and good. The society of the Balfours and Don Zulvago (whose character for universal philanthropy has been detailed to us by many friends, and is most exemplary) — to their society, I repeat, Caroline is particularly partial; and Eliot and I must confess that to them is chiefly owing her lengthened stay in

Teneriffe ; for occupied as we are, with our dear children, who are now become our daily comforts and blessings, my sister would have found it very dull. At present Caroline and the Balfours are inseparable, and she often goes and spends a fortnight with them at Santa Cruz and Ben Lomond, when she returns to us with renovated health and spirits.

With every best wish to you and yours, believe me, dear madam, ever your faithful and attached friend,

JANE GRANTLEY.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Countess of Alford to Mrs. Clonmore.

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

OH Teneriffe! Teneriffe! thou most delicious of all spots on this our orange-shaped globe! I could fill twenty pages, in the Ossian style, upon thy beauties; but doubtful whether they would not be converted into allumettes, I confine myself to plain sober English, and hasten onward, to inform you, Louisa, of the past.

Did you ever meet with the picture of an old man creeping down a hill, with his head turned over his shoulder (*the past*), and a young man running up it peeping through a telescope straight before him (*the future*). *Eh bien*, my dear, suppose me upon the said hill, neither the greybeard, nor the beardless youth; neither tottering down nor striding up;

but standing on the tip-top of the hill of life, in the gay, jolly, and independent meridian of thirty.

Well, just suppose me — you know what I am — indeed you do not; for even sister Grantley, who does not shine in compliments, declared the other day, upon her honour and life — No, no, no, she merely said, thus, “ Caroline, you are become more blooming, more radiant, more captivating than even Osman’s Zara.” By the way, I don’t think Widow Jenny could twist her prim mouth to pronounce either of those pagan names, which flow so readily from my pen.

Isidore, you must know I choose to call him Isidore, though, I fancy, he has made Eliot request me not; but I love mischief. Well, then, Zulvago has been reading to me this play of Voltaire’s; and it is an invariable rule with me to fancy myself the heroine of every book that comes in my way, — provided the hero suits my fancy.

This man reads French and Italian incomparably, as Eliot says, for I am no

good judge ; but, with a bashfulness for which I could beat him, he will never read English, though he speaks the language fluently, and writes it, I'm told, as well as a Briton. *Yes, I'm told ;* for upon my life he never honoured me with even an anagram or a charade ! I have endeavoured, but in vain, to make him read English with me ; and, with any other man, my lady-like airs of " You shall," " You must," " I insist upon it," " I will not be denied," would have their effect ; but this warlike Hidalgo, when I thus launch forth, very calmly puts his hands in his pockets, throws his eyes on the ground, gently whistles a tune, and walks off with himself.

I am happy to say, though, we *have* been engaged in one grand dispute, which may in time lead to more. He *has* thought it worth his while to contend with me in one particular, and I love — no, I *like* him the better for it. There is a wide difference between these two little words, by-the-by : though beginning with the same initial, and consisting of the same number of letters, agree with me that

they stand at 10 and 80 in the thermometer of human affections.

But to return. I am become an adept at chess, and Zulvago having taught it me, I find it a most delightful game, particularly as it sets off to singular advantage a lovely hand (mine you understand), sparkling under a constellation of superb rings. The other day we had, in the morning, walked out, and about the green lanes and terraces, gathering orange and lime blossoms, with which we filled our little baskets. He attended on me, it is true; but was equally civil to Mrs. Balfour; — I think he might have let Eliot come in for his share of gathering blossoms for *her*. We then rode up the mountains, and got out of our carriages, and off our mules, and sauntered, and laughed, and chatted, talking sense, and nonsense — (plural *they*, singular *I*), and rested on the grass; when he, having taken his position close to sister Jane, and opposite to me, I was on the point of calling out, as he lay at nearly his length on the turf, “Major Hernandez, there’s a snake at your ear,”

in hopes he would change his posture, and situation ; but I checked myself in time, for it is easy to get into a scrape, but deuced hard to get out of it again.

Soon after, whilst we were walking, I, swinging in my hand a dead white rose, remarked, “ How beautiful could I tinge this flower with red : ” — he took it from me, and held it close to my cheek. I felt myself colour deeply. “ The white rose is now tinged with red,” said he, “ and from the reflection of a blush rose.”

This was prettily said of him, was it not, my dear ? I looked about in vain for my flower, after this : it had vanished : I wonder, did he eat it !

We returned to dinner, — separated, — met again at the collation-hour, when a shining party (comparatively speaking, Teneriffe you know,) being assembled, I, unmasked, played, *con amore*, a grand, rapid, and brilliant voluntary, to which Zulvago did me the honour to listen. And he asked me to sing, and I complied, with the most bewitching grace ; — and he led me in silence to the harp, and he

looked his request, and I was kind enough to understand that the use of a harp was to be played upon, and I *did* play as if inspired.

Upon my honour, I surpassed myself; and to wind up the ball of admiration, for the company professed themselves in ecstasies, I accompanied the instrument with my voice in the celebrated bravura of “Strike the harp in praise of”—Isidore (an allowable misnomer of my own).

Oh, how often have I heard that most enchanting of all private singers, Mrs. O. in this noble and all-perfect air, and never without tears! I suppose her charming image was full in my mind at the time, for I felt most seductively soft, and irresistibly delightful—even Zulvago, as he led me back to my seat, trod upon—not my shawl—but the border of a compliment, in saying—“Why not ever thus?”—Eliot heard these words of his, and on my looking up, with an incomprehensible stare, as if wishing his meaning to be explained, had the gallantry to remark to Jane, in my hearing,

“ I wish Caroline would be always content in being the *fine woman*, and never aim at the *fine lady*.”

For the remainder of the evening, whichever way I looked, or to whatever place I moved, I met the eyes of the Spaniard ; — and yet, my dear, it is impossible to construe his looks into any meaning positively decisive; for were I at this moment at the stake of confession (defend me ! what a burning idea !) I could not assert that this man feels the twentieth part of a grain (is not that a *scruple* ?) of preference for me : nay, I am positive he prefers the dispositions of Mrs. Grantley and Mrs. Balfour to mine, which is too volatile and capricious to please him ; and yet that there is some fascination in *my* society, not to be found in *theirs*, I am confident. Had he any free choice on the subject he would dislike me, but it seems my fate to please him, even against his own wish.

The next evening, being *en famille*, we were assembled in the drawing-room at various employments, which ended in a whist table being formed, from which

the Spaniard and I seemed excluded, as the Balfours and Eliot and Jane had got deep into four by honours, and the odd trick, before either of us were thought of. Elated at the applause I had won the day before from Zulvago, and electrified by the sound of his compliment, the first I had ever received from him, I made so sure of my conquest, that, resolving not to be too civil at first, in order to rivet my captive the closer in my chains, I now called to him in the style of damsels to their devoted knights, desiring him to fetch the chess-board, and arrange the ivory combatants.

I suppose he reflected that some return of civility was due from him to me for my civility the evening before, in the music way, and therefore readily complied. We began to play : — steadily and well went on the game for about five minutes, when, in the most interesting moment, I suddenly drew from the table, checked an enormous yawn, protested I was very tired, and took out my netting, at the same time humming a march in "*La Belle Laitière*."

His bright eyes were instantly removed from the chess-table, and fixed intently on me, waiting, as I imagined, for me to take a new whim, and return to the board : — there he sat ; and there sat I. — At last, unable to contain my merri- ment at his profound gravity on so trifling an occasion, I laughed, yet he never changed his countenance. Eliot looked round — I looked at him : the whist party by turns cast their eyes our way, and then exchanged glances with each other ; whilst the Balfours, I could see, had a smile on their visage, which encouraged me in my impudence. During this optical proceeding there sat Don, waiting, as it should seem, until I should finish my scarcely begun purse. No statue, no picture, could appear more immoveable. — My dear, I would have given the tenth part of my jointure to know what was then passing in the inside of his excellently fashioned head.

The rubber was over before either my patience or that of the Spaniard was at an end (never worked so indefatigably, or for so long a time, in my life), when

Eliot came to our table with "Well, Caroline, which is conqueror?"—"I am," I replied, "if having one's own way is to conquer."

"But I heard you request the Major to play with you at chess, yet you do not seem to have made above two moves."

"No, certainly, I changed my mind—I did not choose to continue the game—so here we are at a stand."

"Caroline!" and Eliot looked very odd—I believe he thought he was lecturing Claudy, instead of speaking to a grave sedate widow, ten years on the white side of forty. He drew the table towards me, affecting to rally me into compliance, saying to Zulvago, "Come, Major, you are not accustomed to be vanquished either in the field or at chess, and must rally your forces:" then seeing that I pushed my chair away as fast as he drew it near me, he added, "Caroline, don't be silly; these school-girl airs (think of this!) were very well ten or fifteen years back, but do not so well suit these present times. You have engaged our friend to play with you, and I entreat you to com-

ply with a good grace." — "My head aches." — He looked doubtfully. — "Lord, Baronet, are you arrived at this time of life, and are yet to learn that a woman's excuse for every thing she is not inclined to do, is that her head aches?"

"Then lay by your work, and do nothing; for moving these chess-men cannot injure your head half as much as stooping over that purse." — Then, after a pause, seeing that I was busy filling my needle, he enquired, "Have you a headache?" — "No; but I don't choose to play. Call me capricious, or whimsical, or what you please, I — will — not — play."

Here was a pretty warfare about a trifle! — and Claudy and Dudley, with their great open ears, and beautiful staring eyes, observing and listening to all that passed; whilst Don took out his watch, looked at it, and with great deliberation placed it on the little table between us.

Eliot continued to request me to play, attaching as much importance to the sub-

ject, as if it was the awful one of — “Wilt thou Caroline, &c.” and I in persevering to fill my netting-pin row after row: when suddenly the superb grandee removed his eyes from my work to his own watch, caught it up, fobbed it, started from his chair, and left the room.

How deucedly unfortunate! for I was at that very moment on the point of putting away my work, and saying to him, “Well, since you seem so sorrowful upon the business, I *will* play with you:” and now that I was in the complying mood, I had no longer the power to accept or reject his offer! Lord, my dear, had it been a matrimonial offer, I wonder would he have acted in this summary way,—taken out his watch, limited me to a minute, and then — “hey off for ever, catch me again if you can.”

I was resolved, however, the next morning to catch him again—if I could; and after breakfast (the rain preventing our going out of doors) I put on the sweetest smile that ever basked in the dimple of beauty; and instead of desiring the

Spaniard to bring the chess-board, I arranged it myself, and then sought his great soft black eyes, which I found so generally on the search after mine. But all I met with now, were two large oval lids, covering the brilliant look, that seemed engaged in the perusal of some busy officious pamphlet or other, as he sat half buried in an arm-chair.

I did not like to go over to him, neither could I send any message: lovely chance, however, in the shape of Claudy, befriended me, and I, being all ears and eyes, heard her say as she approached him, "Major Hernandez, Aunt Alford is waiting for you to play chess, why don't you go to her?" He lowered his book, and looking stedfastly at the child, answered in a tone that I could hear, "*It is too late.*" — "Late!" repeated Claudy, "no, Senor, it is very early yet." I understood him!—he referred to his having limited me to time by his watch:—such ridiculous, such unmanly, such ungentlemanly conduct! and all about a game of chess!—a mighty mole-hill truly—a consequential nothing!—and I felt tempted

in a rage, to ram kings, queens, bishops, castles, knights, and pawns into the chess-board, and fly out of the room in the bravura stile; but that would have been so unlike a woman of fashion! I therefore concealed my irritated feelings under an Euphrosyne smile, and going over to him, said, "Major, *I* was in the wrong yesterday, do *you* be in the right to-day, and take your revenge.—Come, a fair challenge."

"And from the 'fairest of the fair,'" he replied, closing his book, and looking up at me in a sort of a piercing manner, full of love and admiration, which made my poor cheek burn most famously.—For the life of me, old as I am now, if I can leave off this tell-tale trick!—"But," he continued, (without changing his posture) "I never revenge myself on beauty:—a challenge of this nature, therefore, I cannot accept, even from the charming Lady Alford, though I will not promise to decline a challenge of a more *tender* nature."

There, my dear! now what do you think of this sort of language; a pretty

saint, and an anchorite, and a monk, and a prior, we have domesticated with us!—I tell you he is little better than a respectable libertine, a sober rake. Oh, had you but, at this repulse, seen my poor scorched cheeks, you might actually have thought he had been using the discipline on them.

Sister Jane understood the whole business, and instead of laughing off the affair, as any woman of sense or knowledge of the world would have done, she (the fidgets take her! which seem never yet to have paid her a visit) made my crime a warning lesson to Claudy, who, with her enchanting incomprehensible looks, was wondering what was the matter with the Spaniard and me.—“Caroline,” said Jane, “why not have played with Don Zulvago yesterday, after having engaged him to play—women ought early to begin to know their own minds, and not expect to subject men, or indeed any person whomsoever, to their caprice and humour.”

I felt horribly mortified, but with a careless air sauntered to a distant window seat, humming “The Soldier tired,”

and tearing a geranium to pieces in admirable time.

Oh, my dear Louisa! such an adventure! all is discovered! But to proceed regularly; this morning, Eliot said to Zulvago, "What do you say to a touch at the foils? — will you try at a hit with Dudley? he improves, I assure you. The ladies need not retire, they may look on and fancy it a tournament, or just."

This noble, odious, handsome, admirable Crichton! Oh! Louisa! could you but have seen the attitudes of this Don! his skill, his rapid movements, his graceful and firm step — then the kindness and softness of his voice and manner, when encouraging and instructing Dudley, who seems, as far as I can judge, to have made great proficiency in this truly manly science. The broad-sword exercise followed, and my senses were rivetted with pleasure, until recalled by a shriek from Claudy, whom, on turning round, we saw standing within Eliot's

folded arm as white as her India frock, loudly exclaiming — “ Oh, Dudley! Dudley! will be killed.”

Zulvago immediately stopped, to explain to Claudy the impossibility of danger occurring, and to show her the blunted foils and edgeless swords. “ With these,” he added, “ that is with any degree of care, no accident can happen.” And then addressing Eliot, he continued, “ though we may sooth alarm, we must remove panic:” they had not continued their play long, when the little girl’s smiles and colour had gradually returned.

On a sudden Claudy exclaimed, “ Oh, Don Zulvago, you have dropped something! — it fell from your waistcoat, — it came out of your neck.” And before he had time to stoop for it, she sprang to his feet, and took up the *something*, at which, naturally enough giving a glance, she added, turning round to us with great and evident surprise and pleasure in her countenance, “ Aunt Alford’s picture!”

Here was a pretty subject for a painter! — Had a magician and his ebony

wand come into the room, and touched us all round, suspending every attitude, we could not have cut a more grotesque figure ! — Even Jane, that living emblem of inanity, held the newspaper suspended in her hand, and looked — surprised. Eliot sat the statue of king Amazement : — Dudley stood still, one foot behind the other, his broad sword motionless in the air ; whilst the Spaniard, resting on *his* sword, looked steadily on the picture as it lay on Claudy's open hand : and I, the sixth person of the group, and as it should seem the most interested, felt at that moment as if — as if I had no body, but was all soul. — I know not, Louisa, whether you ever had that sort of feeling : supposing that you already know it by experience, I will tell you when it was that it visited your bosom ; it was the moment when Clonmore first said to you — and you did *not* say to him, for the throbs of your heart kept your tongue tied —

Well, Louisa, this was a trying moment : — however, though I could not speak, I could look, and I could hear ;

and I saw and heard Zelvago stoop, and say to Claudy, pointing to the picture, from which dangled a long black ragged old ribbon (broken at the tie, as it appeared, in the ardour of exercise) — “Go and ask Mrs. Grantley to bestow her bounty upon me, and give me a new ribbon for my picture.”

Claudy of course brought it over to us, and according to the Spaniard’s evident intention, we took and examined it in turn. Eliot, at the first glance, threw a look and a smile at Zelvago, saying, “Oh! I see — the likeness between that lady and my sister Caroline, as you have frequently told me, is indeed most astonishing! — I am not surprised at Claudy’s mistake.” Mrs. Grantley then took it, and acknowledged the resemblance, at the same time observing the plaited hair and cyphers at the back, with a date, which proved it to have been painted some few years before I had quitted my teens.

The picture was next placed in my hand, when the glow of pleasure that I felt on looking at the angel face, the

heavenly expression, the almost divine sweetness and softness of the eyes, is not to be described. “No,” I cried out in a rage — “no, never, never was I half as beautiful (pretty creature that I am) as this lovely girl!” The fair hair is in natural curls, and disfigured by no head-dress; the drapery, consisting of only a white shawl thrown over one shoulder, and shading the bosom, prevents any disagreeable effect from an old-fashioned stile—the painting is exquisite. Though I could not deny the strong resemblance this miniature bore to myself, neither could I that I was at present nearly double the age of the person it represented, who appeared to be about sixteen. I remarked that the hair was a shade or two darker than mine, the eyes of a deeper blue, the face of a more perfect oval, and that the chin was dimpled, whereas my chin has transferred that beauty to my cheeks.

Mrs. Grantley having promised him a new ribbon, very composedly put the picture into her work-basket, whilst the Major, now thrown completely *off his*

guard, or rather disarmed of his shield of mystery, and flung upon our mercy, had no other resource than unconditional frankness. Besides, we saw through his manœuvre; when, fearful that a wrong impression might dwell on the minds of Claudy and Dudley respecting himself and me, he continued speaking aloud, whilst preparing to renew the combat,

“ We old bachelors have always some good reasons wherefore we are such. Had the lady whose picture that is, and which, out of affection and respect, I have worn upwards of twenty years, become my wife, as I wished, why then — I should not be now an old bachelor. Dudley, guard your flank.”

And thus, Louisa, are explained his tender looks at me; and thus, after all, his affection for me, which I thought *heart-core* deep, is only skin deep. I had often observed a black ribbon peeping from his waistcoat, — but bless me, child, I thought that it was a *solitaire*! — The original of that picture has made

him a *solitaire* indeed, poor fellow ! Now did *she* refuse him, or *he* her ? By his own modest confession, it appears *he* was the rejected. And what woman in her senses could have the heart to reject the affections of such a man ! Even at this day, although upwards of twenty years have since passed over his noble Castilian pate, he looks, and moves, and speaks the hero. — Probably they were of different religions. She is a German, I fancy, and might have been Protestant ; he, as a Spaniard is Catholic. In that case she is to be commended, for connections between those of different persuasions seldom turn out happily, especially if there is any family.

There *are* instances to the contrary certainly, and in England particularly, where such unions have proved most auspicious. Well, all this appears to me a fine romance, truly ! not unlike Clementina and her Grandison. I hope this good lady did not go mad also : and she is still living, — this Mrs. Shelburne, my dear. Eliot tells us, for secrecy is now at an end, that Clonmore is to take a

brace of ferrets, and find her retreat, and force her out of obscurity and poverty, to enjoy the sunshine of wealth and affection, as the wife of this grandee.

Of course she preferred her horrible half black merchant of St. Domingo, Don Manuel de Sobrino, I think they call him, whom I suppose his white-faced *inky-haired* daughter, Victoire, resembles. Well, how good dame Shelburne, as she chooses now to call herself, can be reconciled to keep this dear Conde D'Almeida on the tenter hooks of suspense respecting her abode and situation, seems marvellous to me! Why on earth do they not marry! never too late to repent, you know. Ah, sour grapes, you will tell me. Now that it is proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Zulvago has loved, does love, and will love to the end of his existence this outlandish Gabrielle, for thus he has declared to Eliot, I may be allowed to abuse him to the limits of my ability.

But hold, whither am I wandering? Please, Madam Louisa, to return with me to the company we have just quitted,

and suppose the combatants still at their warlike exercise, we looking on with attentive admiration, and they flourishing, with "right arm protect! left arm protect; guard! &c." when, in an instant, Zulvago's sword dropped on the floor, and he clapped his hand to his temple, as if in sudden pain. By some violent and unskilful movement, or thrust, as they call it, he was wounded by Dudley, an awkward monkey; and for an instant stunned by the blow.

Before Jane could lay the newspaper out of her hand, I had torn up a laced cambric handkerchief, which I snatched from her table, and applied it to the wound, for the blood flowed freely, whilst Eliot was cutting a large patch of sticking plaister, Dudley stamping distractedly, and Claudy pacifying him with, "you know, Dudley, you could not help it."

"Do not be uneasy, my dear boy," said Zulvago, "it is nothing, we will finish our exercise presently; — thank you, Mrs. Grantley, that will do very well, you would make a famous nurse in

a military hospital.”—“Aunt Grantley!” cried Claudy, “it is not Aunt Grantley, it is Aunt Alford who is binding up your forehead.”

“Indeed!” he exclaimed, and looked up at me as well as the flowing blood would suffer him; and then seizing my hand as I was going away, he held it clasped in both of his, saying in tolerable good English:

“Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
“Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
“When pain and sickness wring the brow,
“A ministering angel thou!”

Marmion.

True, my dear, these beautiful lines were strictly applicable, but you cannot conceive the ridiculous figure his donship cut when repeating them, with his bleeding face and black patch: besides, to take hold of my hand in the presence of brothers and sisters, and little boys and girls! such high indecorum—had we been alone indeed——

A quick relief followed in the sound of the bell proclaiming the arrival of

the mail, and this gave a new turn to the ideas of the whole party. Robert comes in with the large leathern padlocked pouch, Eliot takes out his key, of which the duplicate is at Orotava, unlocks it, and the treasures are distributed. — Zulvago pockets the letters to himself, and strides hastily out of the room; Jane places her's on the table, until she has put away her work; Turner receives his with a bow, and takes care to flash before our eyes those which display great large dashing seals and coats of arms (if any); and Eliot throws himself into a chair and opens his dispatches. Dudley in the mean time anxiously enquires if there are any letters from papa or mamma; and Claudy, with a pair of scissors, goes round to collect seals for them both.

And I, with my budget of correspondence, get into a corner of the room, and read and exclaim, and duly wince and laugh and cry, according to the news therein contained.

Thanks, dear Louisa, for yours just

received;—and so one of my suitors, who declared he would live and die in my service, is married! and to a little sprig of nobility, scarcely escaped from her nursery. Well, let him take the consequence, I prophesy that in less than a twelve-month, he will have a nursery of his own, and he has my best wishes that it may be a thriving concern, in annual buds, blossoms and fruit! And tell him, just to tantalize his lordship a little, that had he waited only five years longer, I fully intended to return, and take him with all his faults—in exchange for mine.

And you also inform me, that the little viscount, all sigh away, die away, will take no refusal, unless it comes in the shape of an attestation of solemn rejection, under my own hand. Well, then, this is to certify, that I, Caroline Alford, being at this present minute in sound health of mind, body, and heart, (a word of legal import in the court of Cupid,) do give and bequeath to him this my advice, I being dead, (that is insensible,) to love (*his* love), that he from this time

forth look about him, and select in marriage either spinster or widow, out of any country on the globe, (Teneriffe excepted,) on which occasion, the said Caroline Alford doth hereby promise to bedeck her person from crown to sole with golden knots and silver favours, he having done her the greatest favour in *his* power to perform.

And my third, the Honourable Frederick Miles Cavendish, you say, declared, before he left England for the North seas, and a station of some years, that he was resolved to run away from his ship, fit out a privateer, dash over to Teneriffe, and either smuggle me out of the Island, or, like another Paris, run away with me in the face of the whole world—(much obliged to him, by the by, for comparing me to that odious minx.)—Well, I like spirit, I must own; —but why the deuce did he not keep his resolution? as you told Eliot, when speaking of Dudley, “if I am worth having, I am worth fetching.” And since I now am assured that the Post Captain is ice-bound off Copenhagen, for four years at least,

tell him, should Clonmore write to him as he requests, that had he, instead of sailing north, sailed southward, and fancied himself a Jason, and me a Golden Fleece, upon the word of a peeress I would have met him in St. George's, Hanover Square, and shaken hands with him over a book and a wedding ring;—verily I would, even in the presence of a parson.

Oh! how I do love to tantalize folks, who have, like the dog and the shadow, lost their dinner and snapped at water. And thus ends the courtship of the Marquis, the Viscount, and the noble cabin boy.

And now to a more serious and important part of your letter. Do you know, Louisa, I am angry with you?—Your ideas respecting me are almost too absurd to be noticed, and yet as “prudence doth press me,”* I must endeavour to do away the foolish impression that has been made upon your mind by my silly correspondence. My dear creature, were I

* In General Burgoyne's “Heiress.”

once to begin and correct my letters, you would not receive a single line from me. I never read them over, but dash on, fold, seal, and direct; and had I my carrier pigeon, should tuck them under his wing, and say, "Hey off to Europe with you!" and never give them a second thought.

I indulge the slightest partiality for this tall man, this Zulvago! Nonsense, child! really one would imagine that you or I were girls in our teens, to give way to such romantic absurdities. *I* nourish a growing preference for this Spaniard — a foreigner — a man of a different persuasion — a man diametrically opposite to me in every respect — in temper, humour, taste; — even in person, there never was a greater contrast! — one who, it is now acknowledged, is devoted to another, and who, were he not, has never shown the slightest preference to me; — scarcely paid me the common attentions that every woman expects from every man, that is gentleman.—Besides, you have long known my sentiments on this head. I do not think there is on earth a

more despicable object than a woman in love, where love is not returned : it is an error in nature — a fault in judgment — a depravity of heart—a failure of taste, delicacy, sentiment :—in short, my dear, a *man*, whose love is unrequited, is universally pitied ; a *woman* as universally despised : —at such, let the slow-moving finger of scorn point ; thereby teaching her, that on forfeiting her own esteem she loses all claim on that of the world.

Let me hear no more of these follies, or you and I must cease to write to each other : my *amour propre* is deeply wounded ; but though you have made me shed tears of vexation, I shall never cease to love you. — Return to England ! Lord, my beauty, if I was to give way to your suggestions and advice, of what a world of pleasure I should debar myself ! Yesterday, only yesterday it was, that Eliot prevailed on the Balfours, and their friend with mustachios, to prolong their visit here. I am pleased in the company of the latter, it is true ; but were he to leave the island to-morrow, and for ever, I should not feel one moment's uneasiness ;

no, not even were I assured that I should never see him again. And I have not seen him since I put the black patch upon his temple, I give you my honourable word ; and that he pressed my hand, and spouted verses.

We have such delightful plans in view : we are to sail from island to island ; to visit the crater of the Peak ; and to spend a few days at Madeira. He is grown amazingly sociable with me within these last few weeks : we read together ; he assists my Italian and French wonderfully ; and I have, as I mentioned before, offered to improve him in English. Defend me ! did I ever think I should turn governess, even to a noble Spaniard ! the last of all horrible disfiguring trades, which, had the fortune-teller prophesied I should one day pursue, I should have certainly started from the crazy rush chair on which I was perched, burned her cards, set fire to her spirits, and demolished her cat.

I never was more happy in my life, my dear ! Instead of your evil prognostications of horrors hanging over me, the finger of joy beckons me forward. — I was once a bad walker, but now I am much stronger, and I think the exercise does me good, especially a walk by the sea-side. He has a good stout arm, which seems to bear up one's steps, and to support them ; and he has reconciled me to the sight of the Guanches, to whom he is so partial. — I never can get even my own groom to arrange my saddle, and bridle, and bit, and snaffle as well as this Spaniard does ; and in a boat or yacht he is really clever. I do not think that Admiral Cavendish (that is to be) could better manage sails, and helms, and cordage ; and steer, and tack, and row, and all that. — I have no doubt, with a little more training, this Zulvago Hernandez Carlos Isidore Conde d'Almeida, will in time, from a wild, free-born steed, become a very useful domestic animal. — And Clonmore and my dear Doctor make the kindest enquiries after my health and welfare ? Well, tell them, Louisa, from me, that I am

still all spirit, air, whim, and cheerfulness ; that I intend never to grow old, if good-humour will keep me young ; and never to despond whilst hope smiles in my face. Tell them, also, that at length I am become an early riser ; that the Teneriffe air has braced my nerves, exhilarated my whole system ; that my complexion still wears the York and Lancaster livery ; and that should the next few months be spent as delightfully as the last have been, there will not exist on earth a happier creature than your and their affectionate and faithful, though ever giddy,

CAROLINE ALFORD.

I had sealed this letter — I have torn it open. Oh, Louisa ! Louisa ! this is cruel work ! — I scarcely know what has happened, but a strange revolution seems to have taken place at Euphorbia. My head has certainly been suddenly twisted off ; and clapped again on my shoulders, the face behind, and the poll before, for my mind never seems to know what my

hands are doing, or whither my steps are going. — Did you ever hear of the woman who fancied herself a clock as she stood behind the door wagging her head (the pendulum), and her tongue going click, click, click? — and the man who insisted upon it that his flesh and bones were a glass-house? — Some day or other my head will be certainly found in flames, I fancying myself the Peak of Teneriffe. — Teneriffe! Oh what had I to do with Teneriffe? — I wish I had been in the pound on Englefield Green, or locked up in Bullock's Museum, or sitting in wax-work state by the side of Queen Bess, in Westminster Abbey; — any where, than have come to this most savage, and unkind, this most unfriendly spot.

Oh, heart, heart, be silent — writhe in pain; throb, flutter, break, but be silent. — He is gone! for ever, ever gone! — He has sailed, and for Calcutta, as he said himself to Eliot, perhaps for years. I shall see him no more — and what of that? — My happiness did not depend on him, or any man, or woman, or child; it depends on myself alone.

I never saw him from that hour when — when — you may remember the circumstance — or rather, you can look back at that part of this letter which mentions it: to read over these pages would be a punishment my worst enemy (if I have an enemy) could inflict. — You will see, that on the arrival of our letters we separated; he took his, and, as it appears, had a long conference with Eliot in his study; from whence, leaving his kind regards to the ladies, and his love for the children should he not return, he proceeded to BenLomond, from thence to Santa Cruz, and in a few hours was on his way to the Cape, from whence he designs to proceed to Calcutta!

Neither Eliot or Jane seemed to think his departure at this time more extraordinary than at any former period, when he was absent for upwards of two years; but to me! it strikes me, that having received no satisfactory information from Clonmore of Mrs. Shelburne, he is gone in a sort of despair to spend in India the remainder of the time of Victoire's engagement to Lady L——; that he is

anxious to devote his presence and attention to the daughter, as the mother still escapes his search ; and that when Miss Shelburne returns to Europe, it is his design to accompany her, even into the very presence of that mother — and then —

I have been wandering through the house, and into the rooms lately occupied by him. — I am now returned from the drawing-room, where I saw only one thing that could remind me of his presence and absence — the old broken black ribbon which had belonged to his miniature, and which Mrs. Grantley, on replacing it for new, had thrown out of the window ; it had been caught by a myrtle-bush, on which it still hung.

Adieu, Louisa. — I have taken cold lately — my nerves are unstrung — or rather, I feel as if they had been wound up by an unskilful and hasty hand, and that the main-spring were snapped.

Ever yours,

C. A.

LETTER XXXIX.

Sir Eliot Howard to the Rev. Henry Clonmore.

MY DEAR CLONMORE, Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

YOUR letters have remained unanswered, from the shock we have all received, and the distress we have been thrown into, by the sudden and alarming illness of Lady Alford. Even Balfour's skill, which is not trifling, had no effect in ameliorating her sufferings, and I have sent to Madeira for the best advice that can there be procured.

I fear she has taken cold, from being out late the other evening on the water, when we went on an excursion to the island of Gomera. Jane and I in vain intreated her to put on a warmer shawl, or a boat-cloke ;—she refused ; and with the usual peevishness attending the commencement of any illness, was in tears at our continued remonstrance ; and at last

threatened, if we offered them to her again, to throw them into the sea. — Balfour, it appears, observed symptoms of fever coming on ; the night air finished the business ; and the next morning she was confined to her bed, in high delirium.

In a sick room, Jane, as you may suppose, shines ; it is, in fact, her own department ; and Caroline has been nursed by her with the fondest and most tender assiduity. I take my turn to relieve her cares ; and Martella, and Morton, and her own women, are incessant in their attendance.

Dr. G— is just arrived from Madeira, and is gone up with Jane to visit our invalid, leaving me to look over a packet of letters brought by the same vessel, and which have arrived from England *via* Lisbon. One of them, I see, is from you, my friend. — I break off in my letter to read what news from your part of the world.

Your letter, Clonmore, has filled me with the extremest sorrow and consternation. — It is not possible! What you and Mrs. Clonmore have long surmised, and think it now your duty to inform me, is not to be credited! — Surely neither of you can be so good a judge as myself, not to speak of Jane and the Balfours, who have been on the spot, and almost constantly with them both. — A growing attachment for Zulvago! — and on the part of Caroline! — I repeat it is impossible — wholly impossible.

In the first place, I think her incapable, from the very capriciousness of her nature, to feel that sort of powerful sentiment which might occupy the heart of either you or me: add to this, I have heard her repeatedly declare her opinion of a woman who should suffer herself to fall in love (to use her own phrase) with any man, unless in return for his sincere and offered attachment. — Your communication, however, must not be slighted upon merely my own judgment. Jane must

be consulted, and according as we find necessary, we shall act upon it, and thus be on our guard, at the same time not suffering the slightest suspicion of this nature to come to the ears of the Balfours, who, I am confident, at present do not see affairs in the same light with you.

The illness of Lady Alford is a fever, the consequence of a violent cold caught on the water; and herein are sufficient reasons to shut the gates of Euphorbia against all visitors. Should your conjectures prove just, I can only pity this perversion of judgment in my sister; for to do Zulvago justice, though nature has formed him to be esteemed and loved, and to be susceptible of beauty, he never paid her one-half the attentions he gave to Mrs. Grantley and Mrs. Balfour, with exception to the melancholy pleasure he derived in silently watching her countenance, which, when natural and unaffected in its movements, greatly resembles that of Mrs. Shelburne when young.

Your intelligence of the total failure with respect to finding the latter, drove

him away, and induced his immediate departure for India, under the idea that she might have followed her daughter to Calcutta.

There was in the conduct of Zulvago to Caroline all the frankness, candour, and freedom of manner, which we see between a brother and a sister, without the licensed and becoming familiarity that distinguish the behaviour of relatives so near and so beloved; and not an atom of that reserve, that timidity, that overwhelming and painful consciousness, which existed on my part during courtship with my late wife, or yours with Mrs. Clonmore; and I am confident on Zulvago's with his dear and lamented Gabrielle. To her he is already deeply and eternally attached; and were he not, Caroline would never become his choice. — He greatly admires her person, her vivacity, and her temper; but as a foreigner, is perhaps more clear-sighted than an Englishman would be to the faults that preponderate against these good qualities.

Dr. G— has just been with me. He has seen Caroline. Unless the fever can be subdued, and soon, there is but little hope of her life. God bless you all. Jane will write to Mrs. Clonmore as soon as possible.

ELIOT HOWARD.

LETTER XL.

Mrs. Grantley to Mrs. Clonmore,

Euphorbia, Teneriffe.

A PAINFUL suspense of nearly three weeks is now over, and we have at length the satisfaction to acquaint our dear friends that the life of my sister has been spared. — After sufferings, of which even the detail must be dreadful, (for the fever was attended by nearly a fatal accident,) she has been twice snatched from the very verge of the grave.

But before I proceed, let me, in order to your better understanding the scenes we have witnessed, explain to you, without unnecessary reserve, that your suspicions were true. The illness of Caroline is to be traced to the departure of Don Zulvago; from which period, an entire abandonment of self, of all employment and amusement, took place: — instead of associating as usual with the Balfours, she

shunned *them* in particular, and to the total neglect of health, took long and solitary walks; returned to the house with damp and wet shoes; and sat up half the night reading frivolous and seductive books, at once inflaming her brain, and endangering her sight. A water excursion completed the mischief, when, through obstinacy and folly, she refused to take the necessary precautions against cold, and a malignant sore-throat and fever were the consequence.

Of these she had nearly recovered, through the persevering attention and skill of Dr. G—, when by an unfortunate mistake of Rosalva, whom we had left alone with her in the room for five minutes only, she drank off at once the whole of a powerful medicine, instead of taking it, as was the design, in drops, and at stated intervals.

The consequences were most horrible. You may imagine to yourself a human being rising slowly from the bed of death, and by the hand of violence suddenly thrust back again. The fever returned, and with redoubled and alarming

symptoms, when both Dr. G— and Mr. Balfour prepared my brother and me to expect the worst. I sat up with her that night, and the delirium was such, that the strength of four women was necessary to hold her in bed. Exhausted by her struggles, she at last became more composed, and they left her solely to my care.

Shortly after Morton came to her bedside with a cup of barley-water, when my sister, looking stedfastly at her face, endeavoured to articulate, but could not : — her features appeared convulsed ; and as she half raised herself, she dashed the cup from the hand of Morton, with a strong expression of horror and aversion, to the other side of the bed. Martella, on seeing this, brought another cup, and requested Caroline to drink the contents ; but no sooner had she caught a glimpse of the old Spanish nurse, than she uttered a loud, wild, and piercing shriek, and hid her face in the bed-clothes. The most terrific and at the same time dreadful scene of delirium followed, in which her convulsions became so strong, that Eliot, Dr. G—, and

Mr. Balfour, were all summoned to our aid, and we expected every moment to be her last. The paroxysms, however, were at length subdued, and they once more left us together ; when, seeing her more composed, I sat down at the head of the bed, and took her parched and burning hand in mine.

She knew me, saying, “ How could you, Jane, let those wretches come near me? And you, Savage,” to her women, “ and Patience, to open the door to them ; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves !— I assure you, if you ever play these tricks on me, you may leave my service as soon as you please.— And the odious creatures, to bring their cups and saucers with them !— No, no, they shall never again tell me my fortune ! I have had enough of fortune-telling !— I thought I was in Teneriffe. — How did they find me out here ? ”

I saw which way the mind was now directed, and conceived it better to remain silent, than by explaining that the women were the good old nurses Morton

and Martella, to irritate her into contradiction.

After a long pause, during which she frequently smiled, and seemed speaking to herself, she remarked — “ It is very singular that their predictions were verified respecting Susan Lascelles and Emily Harcourt, but they failed with me! — I am still full of life and frolic; and yet they told me — what was it they did tell me?” — and she frowned, and put her hand upon her forehead — “ Oh! I remember now, that I should be within an inch of the grave, hurried thither by a man whose Christian name began with a—” She stopped, relapsed into a fit, and in a loud frenzy, of which I can give no adequate description, started upright, and with alternate sighs, lengthened screams, and sudden shrieks, called out — “ Oh, see! see! see! the bed is full of the letter Z! — they hang upon the curtains! — they blaze on the canopy! — they cover the counterpane!” — And she rapidly traced with her finger on the sheet this fatal letter. — Another horrible scene ensued, as appalling to the specta-

tors as it was afflicting to the sufferer, in which she fancied that the room was a place of eternal punishment, filled with conjurors and fortune-tellers, who had permission to torment her. She then held a conversation with her two young friends, her companions in her visit to the place of iniquity, and who, it seems, had both died prematurely. They appeared to complain that they were shut out from heaven; on which she endeavoured to rally their spirits, and, telling each to take hold of her arm, offered to conduct them thither herself. — A dismal shriek followed, as if rejected at the very entrance to bliss: and in language whose import could not be misunderstood, for the terms were those of intense passion, she called by name on Zulvago, on Hernandez, on Isidore — saying, “I see you! You are *there!* within the gates of heaven! You are! — and a guard of angels shall not prevent my coming to you! — No power shall separate us!” — Every epithet of tenderness and affection followed, when suddenly stopping, as if repulsed by Zulvago him-

self, a sort of horrid calm settled on her features ; her eyes became fixed and glazed ; her mouth was half open ; and she fell back on the bed speechless, and to all appearance dead.

The medical gentlemen, with Eliot, were in the adjoining dressing-room, and on hearing my voice came in. Dr. G—, to my question, replied, she was not yet dead, but that he had only faint hopes of her ultimate recovery. An anodyne was soon after administered, a twelve hours' calm succeeded, a gentle sleep followed, and she awoke the following evening, free from delirium.

Thanks to the Almighty ! the inflictor of punishment, and the restorer of health ! Caroline, at the moment I now write, is declared out of danger ! If any proof were wanting, my dear friends, to confirm your suspicions of the original cause of her malady, the knowledge of it is in my possession. — In helping to undress her, when she was first taken ill, I found, pinned to the bosom of her handkerchief,

so as to be wholly concealed from sight, the old black ribbon which had belonged to the miniature of Mrs. Shelburne, worn by Don Zulvago. I pitied my sister's weakness, and threw it into the fire.

I have hopes, however, that great as have been her corporeal sufferings, she will ultimately derive from them some advantages: — that her mind and disposition will reap from this event the most important and lasting benefits, to assist which, I have resolved to break through my natural reserve, and point out to her wherein have lain her errors, and in what manner she may endeavour to correct them.

On her being removed to her dressing-room for change of air, I became her inseparable companion; neither was I sorry to remark that, conscious of the state of her heart, she was reserved, and shy of admitting the Balfours, who, though they might be silent on the subject of Zulvago, could not fail, by their presence, of recalling his image to her mind. I considered it my duty at once, like a skilful surgeon, now that she was pro-

nounced out of danger, to probe the wound of her heart, and therefore, taking advantage of our being alone, on the first day of her removal, I laid by my work, and looking at her with firmness, reminded her that I was at once her elder by many years, her only sister, and one of her best friends; and what motive, but of kindness, could be mine in telling her, without disguise, that her illness had been the consequence of determined neglect of health, which neglect had resulted from a want of a due regulation of the passions.

She saw I was mistress of her secret, and with uncontrollable emotion hid her face in her hand, and reclined her head upon my shoulder. — “Be comforted,” I said, fondly pressing her other hand in mine, “the proof of weakness you have shown is confined to Eliot and me in this place, and to the Clonmores in England; judge how sacredly it will be concealed.”

“And the Balfours?” she whispered, without raising her head.

“They know nothing as yet; it will

hereafter depend on yourself, whether they are ever to become acquainted with the real cause of your illness. Neither does Dr. G——; he remarked, of course, that some uneasiness preyed upon your mind, but your brother satisfied him on that head.”

“ And in the delirium of the fever, I did not repeat *the* name ?”

“ The name of whom ? Of Don Zulvago ?—As the first step, Caroline, towards a return to good sense, delicacy, and upright principles, we must put away these mysterious and childish monosyllables of *the* and *he*, and speak to the point at once. — You *did* frequently mention the names of Don Zulvago, of Hernandez, and of Isidore ; and you called on me, on Eliot, on the Balfours, and on the Clonmores, also on Dudley, on Claudy, and even on Mr. Turner !”

For the first time since her illness, I perceived a faint smile, on which I continued in the same strain. — “ You were extremely sociable in your recollections of all absent friends during your illness, for you also spoke of the Viscount, of the

Marquis, of Charles Maxwell, of Miles Cavendish, of Victoire, and Gabrielle, of India, Madeira, and the Peak of Teneriffe. You see, therefore, there was nothing very particular in your having spoken of our Spanish friend Don Zulvago."

Here she again concealed her face, with an observation that she and I appeared to have exchanged characters. "Pardon me, Caroline," I replied; "if until now you knew but little of me, you have only yourself to blame, for even from childhood you have shunned *my* society: you married early in life, it is true, but had you at your mother's death accepted the offer of *my* protection and home, instead of rejecting it¹⁹ for that of a boarding-school, we should not have been the strangers to each other's mind which has evidently been long the case.

"In the prime of life, highly gifted with beauty, fortune, connections, and every blessing that can make life desirable, you have wantonly brought yourself to the last extremity; which crime, traced to its source, will be found to flow from the error of a moment, committed upwards of

fifteen years back. To finish a few pages of a light and silly novel, you refused to accompany your mother and me to see a worthy family, who were, in your opinion, of a grave cast, and unfit for your society : whilst the same hour, which was spent by us in the company of religious and excellent persons whom you despised, was passed by you and your accidental visitors, in the garret of two wretched and unprincipled fortune-tellers : — thus your fault has brought with it its own punishment.

“ And now, my dearest Caroline, that you have obtained a new life — nay, do not thus distress yourself, the evil, I hope, is past,” (for she wept convulsively, and her sobs now shook her whole frame,) “ the evil is past; and now that you enter, as it were, on a new existence, let me persuade you to endeavour to begin to live in *this* world, as if there were another. You have, it seems, read a great deal, but what has been till now the tendency of your reading? — Suffer me to answer this question. — Books of amusement have hitherto been your study, and the Bible,

and works of a serious nature, I fear, *only* the objects of *occasional curiosity* ; — reverse this plan, by adopting mine, and in future, be works of imagination, the toys of leisure, and the Bible your *study* : rely upon it the advantages you will reap from this course will be incalculable, and that then, and then only, can be brought into proper subjection, the irregularities of the heart.”

I pursued my argument, and in a manner, and with a diffusiveness wholly unnecessary to detail to either of you, my excellent friends, and saw with pleasure I made some impression on my sister. — This became evident every succeeding day, from the eagerness and pleasure with which she always saw me come into her room, and the patience with which she listened to me, when speaking, and when reading, as I did aloud, a few pages of “Gisborne on the Evidences of Christianity.”

It had been arranged between Eliot and me that we should each keep to our own peculiar treatment of Caroline’s disease — that I should speak seriously and impressively on the subject, and that

he on the contrary should make light of it, by which she could scarcely fail of being cured by one, or the other, or the united exertions of both: in pursuance of this agreement, when he considered that she had been long enough under my hands, he contrived, by coming abruptly and cheerfully into her room, to interrupt our conversation, and turn it on a variety of subjects, — not unfrequently on that of Major Hernandez himself.

The other morning he came in suddenly upon us — saying “I have just received letters from Zulvago; he is at St Helena, and talks of coming hither, instead of proceeding to India. — How is this! going to faint, Caroline! well, what would I submit to, on condition of being thus loved by a fair lady.” — These words had their effect on my sister; she instantly forced herself to appear calm, and even cheerful. “I shall return to England,” she said, “and would wish you, Eliot, to make the necessary arrangements for my departure, and without delay.”

“Well, but Caroline,” he replied,

“would not that be rather singular; for Zulvago speaks in this letter of going to England, his stay here being only for a few days.”

“Then, during his visit here, I shall confine myself to my own rooms; you *must* allow me to plead a head-ache now and then,” and both Eliot and I felt pleased to see a returning smile upon her faded cheek.

“That will be awkward,” remarked Eliot — “however, I see nothing better to be done, except indeed I was to have recourse to my conjuring talents; you know, Caroline, you are fond of conjuring tricks; suppose I mount the Peak, and throw out my hook and line, and fish for one of your old suitors — which do you think would be the first to bite, the Viscount or the Captain?”

These words caused in our sister so great a revulsion of blood, that we feared she would faint — we applied the proper remedies, when he entreated her to pardon his folly, as he chose to call it, and once more we were left together.

Eliot has since told me, and seriously,

that it is become the first wish of his heart, that Caroline would accept one of the offers made to her by either of those gentlemen, who have proved the sincerity of their attachment, by their long and kind remembrance of her: — her preference of Zulvago has been merely a bias of the heart, without any serious evil consequence, which a man of sense and candour would readily overlook, and so unconscious is this object of her secret attachment of the powerful impression he left behind him, that in his last letter he observes, “with my most respectful admiration of the good Lady Alford, inform her, that though I am upon love’s oath never to play at chess again at Euphorbia, the prohibition does not extend to Ben Lomond, or to any other part of the world, and that I hope yet to have with her, many a conquering game.”

During the illness of Caroline, Dudley and Claudy have regularly pursued their studies alone; thus proving the bene-

ficial effects of having been early accustomed to spend a certain portion of every morning in their own rooms: their religious duties have met with no interruption in consequence of the absence of Eliot and myself, and their lessons with Mr. Turner, and Rosalva, have proceeded as usual.

This evening, for the first time, they were admitted to see Lady Alford, and so great is the alteration of person caused by her illness, vivacity having given place to languor, and her talent for frivolous conversation, to almost uninterrupted silence, that the sensibility of both was called forth at the first sight of her; Dudley's particularly, — instead of speaking to Caroline, he turned, with his eyes full of tears, from her to my brother, remarking — “How sorry Don Zulvago will be, to hear of Aunt Alford's illness, he did love her so tenderly!” — This was a home stroke at Caroline — and from the hand of innocence; when Claudy equally unconscious as to the effect of their observations, added, “Yes, I have heard Don Zulvago say to strangers in

company, that Aunt Alford was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met with : when he comes back, how changed he will find you, dear aunt, I hope you will soon quite recover." My sister made no answer, but folding an arm round each, as they stood at her side, kissed them affectionately.

When they had left the room with my brother, I remarked to Caroline that she must summon all her fortitude and firmness, and even delicacy of mind, to meet daily remarks of this nature ; that we could not, of course, forbid either of the children talking of their Spanish friend ; and that though she were not compelled to speak of him herself, she must learn to hear him mentioned at all times, and in all places, with composure at least, until intense feeling could settle into perfect indifference."

" Indifference!" repeated Caroline, with a look and an accent, which I readily understood. " Well," I replied, " since that term displeases you, we will exchange it for friendship ; you are not as yet perfectly restored to health of

body, the mind therefore participates in the disease ; but the time is not distant, that you will regard this man with the same kindness which I myself entertain for him, without a hope or a fear further than for the continuance or otherwise, of his most valuable esteem."

After some pause, she enquired whether I was acquainted with the circumstances of his early life, and the nature of his connection with the Mrs. Shelburne, so frequently mentioned by us all. I replied, that my brother had informed me of what he himself already knew on the subject, which Don Zulvago had frankly communicated to him, on the very first day of his arrival here from Madeira after the sailing of the India fleet: but that the latter had promised Eliot a written, and minute account of every particular, which, though not yet received, would no doubt be sent, when he should find leisure to transcribe it. "And would there be any impropriety," enquired Caroline, eagerly, "in my seeing this account?"

"None whatever; on the contrary, I

rather imagine that it is Don Zulvago's wish, to make us acquainted with the untoward circumstances, which in early life separated him from this lady, to whom he has ever since been most faithfully attached. They have never met it appears but once since her marriage, about two years back, when she had been already many years a widow."

"And should they ever meet again?" said Caroline.

"Why then," I replied, "neither Eliot or I have any doubt of the result; which is this, that his tenderness, his constancy, and perseverance, must conquer her long cherished scruples and present feelings: — Where a man is truly attached, as is the case with this Spanish nobleman, he will endeavour to surmount every obstacle, to gain his wishes. It is the nature of man, Caroline, to persevere, as it should be that of woman to remain passive."

Lady Alford sighed with conviction at the truth of my words, and changed the subject.

Another week has passed, and my sister now ventures to take a few minutes exercise in the garden, — she joins us below for about half an hour at a time, when we are only a private party, and gradually improves in strength and spirits. Eliot is all kindness and attention to her, giving as one motive, that he is her debtor, for her having by her visit to him, greatly contributed to his present excellent health. The children daily wait upon her, performing all the engaging little services in their power, and endeavour to amuse her in a variety of ways; whilst Mr. Turner assists Eliot to draw her in the forest walk, when she takes exercise in the garden chair; she is grateful to us all, and in my mind has instead of having suffered by this illness, much improved; although her person is reduced, and her complexion faded, there is now a quiet and sedate manner, which better suits her meridian of life, than that high-spirited liveliness, only truly becoming in very early youth, and which, had she been blessed with children, she would probably have long since laid aside.

It seems astonishing to Eliot, that considering her unsteady and inconstant disposition, she could be susceptible to an impression of so profound a nature as this appears to have been, (and she has confessed to me that her partiality for him began early — from their first interview). When married to Lord Alford, Caroline was not more than seventeen, and being both immediately engaged in every scene of high life, they were as fond of each other as they could find leisure to be, and showed it in much the same manner, as would an overgrown boy, and a school girl.

Had my sister been blessed with a family, she would have found an additional interest in her home, and enjoyed it accordingly, for she is naturally very fond of children, as is proved by her affection for Claudy and Dudley, which nothing can exceed.

She has many good qualities, the chief of which, I find to be an excellent temper; for, with all her whims, I have never observed her out of humour; the instance of her inexcusable behaviour to

Don Zulvago over a game of chess, standing on record at Euphorbia as one of the most heinous. His conduct on the occasion was of no little service to her, as we remarked, that from that hour she seemed to curb her propensity to changing her mind. In real anger, or being in a passion as she expresses it, I have never seen her indulge, although to judge of her by the character she gives of herself, a stranger might fancy she only lived in a storm.

When we reflect on the conduct of Mrs. Shelburne to Don Zulvago, and that of Lady Alford to Viscount —, and Captain Cavendish, we may well exclaim, on the waywardness of the human heart; it will burst away from under an iron shackle, yet submit to be bound in silken bonds, firmly and everlastingly, when imposed by the hand of love.

A new arrival at Euphorbia is just announced by the gong. I dread the effect even this sound will have on the shattered nerves of Caroline; and should

it be Don Zulvago, as I suspect, I can only hope that she will summon all her fortitude, to go through the hardest trial, perhaps, she ever yet encountered.

The visitor has been announced — it is not the Spaniard ; but I must conclude, and leave Eliot to finish my letter. He will inform you of all that passes here, as Caroline now requires my daily and constant attendance.

Ever, my dear friends,

Your attached,

JANE GRANTLEY.

Continued by Sir Eliot Howard.

WELL, Clonmore! this indeed is a bold and daring stroke! all I can at present add, is a wish to Heaven that it may prove successful. The usual bustle over, which never fails to attend the arrival of strangers (by which we understand strangers to the Island) at our mountain solitude, I sent a message requesting instantly to speak to Jane, (the children being with her at the time); and on her coming to my study, imparted my suspicion, that this might be Zulvago, accompanied by some fellow-passengers, and advised her to go and prepare our sister for his return, adding, "you had better not leave Caroline, until I shall send to you."

In a state of most anxious suspense, I took my spy-glass, and going to the terrace pointed it at that part of the road visible

from hence, lying between the house and the flag-staff; and saw distinctly the figures of three men, riding towards Euphorbia, neither of which, however, at that distance, appeared to have the air of Zulvago. I returned to the library and rung for Robert, desiring him to meet those people, and, whoever they might be, to conduct them straight forward to me. "Do you think," I added, "that one of them is Major Hernandez?"

"Certainly not, sir," replied Robert, who, it seems, had seen them on their landing at the port; "one is a *shortish* gentleman, and the other his servant, and the third is Inarco the guide, hired to conduct them hither."

"A *shortish* gentleman, you say, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, about my height, with a fine round smiling rosy face; he's very fair and handsome, about one or two and thirty, I should suppose, and dressed in mourning; besides, sir, the servant has a cockade in his hat."

At this instant the distant gate bell rang, that at the hall followed, the large

folding doors of which were thrown open, and Robert left me to usher in the gentleman.

“Cavendish!” I exclaimed, springing forward and grasping his extended hand, with an emotion of which you may well judge the full import, but which must have appeared to him a more hearty welcome than he could even expect. “Welcome, dear Cavendish, a thousand welcomes to Euphorbia.”

“Oh, in that case,” he replied, turning his head towards the hall, “you, Dunstan, (to the man) you may sheer off, and take him (the guide) back in tow, or he you, and forward my luggage here this evening, and follow it yourself as quick as you can, do you mind?” The door was closed, and he took the seat I offered him.

On my remarking that he was but little altered, he said, in his usual rattling manner, “Not altered! I should be sorry for that faith, for you left me a Lieutenant, and you find me *Posted*.—And what may be still better, you see me my uncle’s heir:—the dear old soul

not being able to hold out longer than ninety-eight."

"*Ninety-eight!* pretty well that!" I remarked; "but we heard from Clonmore, that you were gone on a three or four years' station to the North seas."

"True, but countermanded by superior orders, you find me here:—the expedition ended in smoke;—my ship is in dock, under repair, and I have leave of absence for three months."

"And you took the advantage of making a trip to see your old friends—kind enough of you, captain; but how were you assured of a welcome?"

He understood my meaning, though Lady Alford's name had not been mentioned, and taking out a pocket-book, selected a letter from among others, which he threw me, saying, "I love always to act above board: there are my instructions, signed by the Lady Commissioner herself—and had I not on that signal given chase to the loveliest prize that the Atlantic can boast, I were no British sailor."

I read it—the whole truth flashed

upon my mind at once ; it was Caroline's last letter to Mrs. Clonmore, wherein she speaks of Cavendish ; and supposing him absent from England and for a considerable time, throws out in her giddy way under what inducement she might be led to accept him. She was fairly caught in her own snare, and I rejoiced at the circumstance, particularly when Cavendish entered into detail, by which I found, that on the expedition being countermanded, he had set off instantly for Bloomfield Rectory, at which he arrived at the very moment you were reading this identical letter of my sister, in the presence of Dr. H—— !

To the Doctor, then it seems, we are indebted for this visit of Cavendish, who, regardless of all your and Mrs. Clonmore's objections on the subject, asked the latter at once, the full blunt question of, " Do you love that saucy queen of caprice, Lady Alford, sirrah ?"

" I do."

" You do, do you, and in what manner would you prove your love ?"

“ By going through fire, air, and water to make her mine,” replied the sailor.

“ Well,” said the Doctor, “ impelled by the *fire* in your heart, and blown over by a fair *wind*, you may soon cross the *water*; and there,” flinging him the letter, “ is the chart by which you are to steer, you puppy.”

This is Cavendish’s own account, and now let me satisfy the natural scruples of yourself and Mrs. Clonmore, by assuring you, that had I had my choice of a brother-in-law, it would have been fixed on this gallant and disinterested fellow, who I have long been convinced is sincerely attached to Caroline; and that now my only wish is, that he may not return to England a bachelor and alone.

It was fortunate that the very letter of Caroline, which speaks of Cavendish, should be that wherein she lets the secret of her heart escape respecting Zulvago: it was a desperate remedy of Dr. H—— to show him this, a sort of *dernier resort*; but even had it checked his partiality, so great a reliance I have on his honour,

that I am assured the affair would have remained as profound a secret with him as with ourselves. Happily, however, it has had a total contrary effect, for he enquired of me, "What sort of chap is this Don, that Lady Alford has taken a fancy to? — is he worth pistolling? — where is he now? — if he loves her in return, he is a dead man."

This led us to some serious conversation on the subject, during which I related as much as was necessary of Zulvago's affairs, and the whole progress of his acquaintance with my sister, to one-half of which he did not appear to attend, repeatedly enquiring, as he watched the door, "But when can I see Lady Alford?"

"You will find my sister altered," I replied, "and I am sorry to see you consider this impression that has been made upon her mind, in a much lighter nature than it really deserves." — Cavendish became instantly grave, as I wished he should; and, indeed, appeared considerably hurt, on which I continued, "You must act with your eyes open, instead of suffering

yourself to be blinded by your passions, at the very moment when you require most discernment and penetration. All I have to say is this : — whether or not you and Caroline feel inclined that you should become my brother-in-law, you are most heartily welcome here, and the longer your stay the more agreeable to me. Lady Alford shall be informed to-morrow of your arrival ; and then, good folks, I shall leave you to settle your affairs as you please.”

Mrs. Grantley soon after joined us, to whom I introduced Captain Cavendish ; and the children being admitted, every subject was spoken of, except that which, we could discern, was nearest his heart.

The same hour I thought it better to take upon myself the management of Caroline in this truly delicate business, which, to carry through with success, required more spirit than Mrs. Grantley possesses. As you may suppose, I was resolved to befriend the cause of Cavendish to the utmost of my abilities ; for all the points but one, her inclination, (and that, you may observe, was the

most important,) were in his favour. I did not doubt, however, to work upon her sense of propriety, and that she might be led to see the affair in the same light in which I, her sister, yourselves, and Dr. H——, have, and do view it.

The difference of their religious persuasions, and the prior attachment of Zulvago to another, render all idea of a union with him as unsuitable as it is hopeless. Here, on the other hand, is a man of birth, fortune, and education, whom Caroline has known from childhood, who is a distant connexion of our own, and who has served his country with honour, and been rewarded with distinction. They are of equal age, of the same rank in life, and greatly resemble each other in temper, and pursuits, and taste; and to sum up all, he loves Caroline, and only her, and has long regarded a marriage with her as the summit of his happiness. I repeat, nothing on my part shall be left unattempted to ensure this union; and as I apprehend this place, and the scenes around it, only serve to keep alive in her

thoughts the image of Zulvago, I shall also, the moment I see the slightest prospect of success, not only hasten a marriage with Cavendish, but forward their return to England.

Leaving the captain, and Mrs. Grantley to supply him with refreshments, and show him the gardens, I dismissed Turner, with Claudy and Dudley, on a ride to Ben Lomond, to invite the Balfours, whom I wish Lady Alford to accustom herself to see on as friendly habits as ever; and having the coast clear, (to use Cavendish's phrase) I went up to Caroline, fully determined to enter boldly on the subject at once. I went into the room, when, struck with pity and consternation at the sight of her condition, I hastened to her assistance, as she stood near the chimney-piece, with a smelling bottle in her hand, and only in time to prevent her fall. She was for a long while wholly insensible, and I was forced to summon her woman to assist me in recovering her.

Once more alone, I found that the decisive measures I had resolved on would only be productive of mischief; and therefore, folding her tenderly in my arms, as she reclined on my shoulder, said, in a low voice, "What is it you fear, my dear Caroline?"

"Is he come?" she whispered.

"If by *he* you mean Don Zulvago, he is not."

"Not! Not come?" and a passion of tears relieved her heart; and she looked up, and smiled, "I am happy; so very happy."

"Well," thought I, "here is more propriety, more tenderness, and far more genuine sensibility than I could expect; and I must act accordingly."

"Then who, — who is it that is arrived?" she enquired.

"Captain Cavendish. My old friend, Miles Cavendish."

At these words she drew back from me, and rose, a sort of stern dignity spreading itself at the same time over her face, which was succeeded by a look of undissembled anger.

“ You are not displeased at his paying us a visit, Caroline ? ”

“ I scarcely know,” she replied ; “ but, during his stay, I shall not be visible ; ” — and, as she spoke, she walked towards an open window. A start backwards, a kind of hysterical low shriek, and a deep flush of countenance, followed. I rose, and on looking down upon the lawn in front, saw Cavendish, his hat in his hand, his eyes thrown up to us, all rosy smiles, bows, and delight. Mrs. Grantley was at his side, and exerting her voice louder than usual on that or any other occasion, she exhorted Lady Alford to wrap herself well up, and join them in a walk.

As I saw that Caroline was really distressed, I made signs to them to retire, and closed the window. Then, assuring her that her privacy should not be broken in upon against her consent, and that I would not press her to meet us below until she felt herself inclined, I was leaving the room, when she observed, reproachfully, “ I never could have expected this of you, Eliot. This

artifice is most unworthy of you. How could you have the barbarity to send for that man?"

This was my time for commencing a determined attack; and seizing the opportunity she herself held out, I turned back, and replied, "No, no, Lady Alford, it is not *I* that have used artifice: it was not *I* that sent for Cavendish; and if you are very desirous of knowing the name of the culprit, you will find it there;" and I put into her hands her own letter to Mrs. Clonmore, adding, with more earnestness, "read over those pages, written by yourself, and of which Cavendish has been the bearer to me. He, with us, and the Clonmores, and our physician, is acquainted with your predilection in favour of one of the most excellent of men. Cavendish feels gratified that you could thus distinguish worth, and owns himself to be greatly his inferior; but as a union of that nature is wholly out of the question, he has placed his cause in my hands, and hopes you will permit him to succeed Zulvago in your preference.

Read over that letter of yours, Caroline; reflect how dearly you are loved and valued by all the friends around you, and should it be possible, that is, not incompatible with your own ideas of future happiness, let me yet hope to call Cavendish my brother."

For a whole week Lady Alford has persisted in keeping her room, and denying herself to the repeated intreaties which her enamorado sends by Mrs. Grantley and me, requesting her to see him:—"Let me," he says, "only exchange one look, one word, and I shall be satisfied." So should I; for once we could bring her to that point, I should have no fear of the result, such is the cheerfulness, good humour, spirit, and activity of this brave young officer. We see in him the strongest possible contrast, in person, disposition and manner to Zulvago; and of this I am not sorry, under the idea that the image of the latter may fade the sooner from her memory.

The first step is over, and we may now look forward to the happiest consequences. About an hour back I went, as usual, to see Caroline, and to my surprise found Dudley and Claudy, one on each side of her, seemingly preferring some petition with great earnestness: this I found to be a request that she would permit the visit of Captain Cavendish, who, on our failure with my sister, had had recourse to their ascendancy, observing, that all methods were fair to entrap the foe.

On Lady Alford pretending to be angry with the children's importunity, and desiring them to leave her, and never to mention the name of that sea monster again in her hearing, I felt greatly relieved, for here was a return, though faint, of her former arch vivacity, and flighty mode of conversing.

Both Dudley and Claudy, from their entire ignorance of how affairs really stood, gave, in the simplicity of their observations, the *coup-de-main* to her obstinacy. "Why will you not see Captain Cavendish?" enquired Dudley; "Was

he not an old friend of yours in England? He says, that when you and he were about the age of Claudy and I, you used to play together, as we do now :”

“ And I am certain,” added my girl, “ that the time will never come when I shall refuse to see Dudley : — besides, aunt, Captain Cavendish is so handsome, and so good natured ; and he smiles, and laughs, and talks, and romps with us.”

“ Well, by your own account, he is very happy without me.”

“ Yes, but he would be happier with you,” added Dudley.

“ But what does he want with me ?” said Caroline ; “ if he has any message, let him send it up by one of you. — And now, my dear children, for you have been here above an hour, do go ; for really my head aches.”

“ Then may Captain Cavendish come and see you, when we are gone ?” added the persevering Claudy ; and they were as earnest in his behalf as if he had feed them both.

“ No, no, no, child ! — nonsense ! — I have nothing to say to Captain Caven-

dish, or to you either ! — Eliot, do, for Heaven's sake, take these brats away ; or turn them out of the room, for their noise distracts me."

"They make no noise that I observe," I replied, running my eye over a pamphlet which I had taken up during the above altercation.

"How can you suffer them to be so absurd?" inquired Caroline, coming over to me, in a half whisper, during which the little traitors were at work, whispering each other. I saw Dudley leave the room, but took no notice of his departure, as Caroline had not observed it, owing to the ceaseless importunity of Claudy, who now conceived herself authorised by me to continue her request.

"You deserve to be flogged as much as any young lady in the land," said Caroline ; — "to tease your poor sick aunt, day after day, in this unmerciful manner."

"Well then, aunt, why not see Captain Cavendish, who frets himself on account of your illness? — He only wants to say 'How d'ye do?' to you."

“No more,” said Caroline, with an arch glance, full of meaning, at me. I reflected that we were *en bon train*; and that, after all the serious endeavours made by Mrs. Grantley and me, the end would certainly be brought about by these young ones, and in their own fashion.

I was right; a gentle tap at the door was heard. As the children are accustomed always to knock before they come into her room, Caroline concluded it to be Dudley, and said quickly, “Come in;” then, with a sudden blush and tremor, added, “No, stay away, Dudley; and, Claudy, do you go away to him; for I am actually tired of you both.”

The door opened, and Dudley, with a sly look, danced into the room: capering and flourishing his arms, he called out, “Countess of Alford, give me leave to introduce the Honourable Captain Frederick Miles Cavendish, of the Royal Navy of England, commander of one of His Majesty’s seventy-four gun ships, and a Knight of the most famous Order of”—

“ Dear Dudley,” interrupted Claudy, “ you are like a show-man in a picture, exhibiting a wild beast.”

Cavendish stood at the door — the expression of his countenance was at first all joy and rapture; but on catching a glimpse of Caroline’s altered figure; so wan, so pale, and so dejected; he started back with surprise and sorrow, and stood immoveable. Caroline seemed to guess his thoughts, and also to feel grateful for the evident distress his warm and tender nature now exhibited; but thinking it necessary to rally her spirits in the presence of the children, she said, as she stood at the table, gathering in her hands a pack of historical cards, with which they had been playing, “ So, Captain, I thought when you and I parted in England, many years ago, I sent you to Coventry.”

At these words I arose, threw down the pamphlet I had been reading, and taking the hand of Dudley, and that of Claudy, drew them under my arm — desired Cavendish, as I passed him, to go in at once, shut the door after me, and thus left them together.

You may suppose that Mrs. Grantley and I formed our own conclusions. About half an hour after we sent Robert to acquaint Cavendish that dinner was ready, when he joined us, and with the most sincere emotion : on watching his countenance as he entered, every hope was confirmed, and I felt truly happy.

“ We must have time,” he said, “ we must tack, and tack again ; we can’t run right into the wind’s eye : it is by a *revolving* not a *steady* light, that I shall make the port ; but, provided I *do* make it, no matter by what means, or the length of time it may take.

From that hour his visits to Caroline have been daily renewed. He has even succeeded in prevailing on her to walk with him into the garden ; and though we always go out in a party together, he usually contrives to decoy her into a lonely walk with himself.

She now joins our society below for a few hours in the course of the day ; and, to my real satisfaction, has met the Balours with great self-command, and even

cheerfulness. Whether or not they have any suspicion of the truth I do not know ; but if they have, they also possess sufficient *tact* to make them hide it ; and neither Mrs. Grantley or I will ever feel inclined to give them the lead to an explanation.

Cavendish is making daily progress in Caroline's favour, and yet, to be sincere with you, I think he owes his success, in a great measure, to her late weakness for another. Her spirit is thereby humbled ; there is now more timidity in her manners, more reflection, more susceptibility, than was ever before observable ; and, in short, she is a far more amiable woman, and rational companion, than before this unfortunate attachment took place. — Once the wife of Cavendish, I shall have no fear of her ; for her principles are sound, and she will study the happiness of her husband ; though, with some degree of excusable levity, she now persists in trifling with him as a suitor. However, she must soon come to the point of decision, for his

leave of absence expires in a few weeks, when he must show himself, as he says, at the iron gates of the Admiralty.

Wish us joy, my dear Clonmore ! And now receive the warmest thanks of all on this side the water, for the share you and Mrs. Clonmore, not forgetting our excellent doctor, have had in this truly important business ; which is, after a month's assiduous courtship on his side, and much silence and deliberation on hers, (though no coquetry) come to a conclusion.

Lady Alford's health is restored nearly to its former sound state. Her spirits are not as high as they were ; but her beauty is very little impaired ; and I doubt not, in a short time, will bloom as lovely as ever.

Several little sparring matches have taken place during the last month, in which I have been frequently reminded of Catharine and Petruchio. The first was occasioned by her insisting, that he should quit his profession, and live at

home for the remainder of his life, in "love and idleness." These terms he positively and firmly rejected, saying he had been bred a sailor, and would die a sailor; at least never quit his station whilst the war lasted; adding, that a man without a profession was like a man deprived of his intellect; that he was a burden on society, a non-entity, a lubber; that if he had a ninety-gun ship lined with prize dollars, he would still retain his profession; and thus he continued, launching out in strong invective against all persons who had no calling in the world, for upwards of half an hour, to the great fatigue of us all; but to the high gratification of Dudley, who seemed to listen to him with the deepest interest. Each time that Cavendish would have dropped the subject, your boy forced him to renew it.

"Every man," continued the captain, clapping Dudley on the shoulder, seemingly pleased by his attention, — "Every man should look forward to rise to the head of his profession, and I swear —"

"No, don't swear," said Caroline,

“ you may vow and protest, but you must not swear.”

“ Well, I protest and vow, though I see no great difference in the essentials, that I intend soon to be an admiral.”

“ An admiral !” cried Caroline ; “ Not if I can help it ; for I suppose, in full, or court-dress, you must wear a wig, such as we see in my old great-grandfather’s picture, who fought with De Ruyter.”

“ Well,” said Cavendish, “ and what is there so frightful in a wig ?”

“ Oh, it is my abhorrence, my aversion, I would prefer uniting my destiny to that of a baboon six feet high, or Peter the wild boy, than any man who wears a wig.”

“ I am neither of those gentlemen you mention, Lady Alford,” said the Captain, “ and yet —” he stopped, put his hands to his head, and gently lifted up, to our real surprise, a false head of hair — discovering beneath it, a black silk skull-cap ! — if we were astonished, you may imagine what Caroline felt at this unexpected sight : the ghost of her great

grandfather itself could not have thrown her into more apparent terror and consternation. "A wig!" she almost shrieked, "defend me, a wig!"

"Yes, a wig," he replied calmly, taking a glass of jelly and a spoon, from the stand near him — you would not wish to see a bald-pate, countess, would you? and if a man gets the salute of a musket ball in battle upon the crown of his head, and a fever follows with a scythe in his hand, and mows down his brown locks, is he a shot the worse for that — (worse by a shot I allow) — but no matter his loss of hair, provided his strength and courage did not lie in that."

"I'm off, positively off the bargain," said Caroline, "I engaged myself to a man with a round head — ("Not a *round head*, but a *Cavalier*," interrupted Caven-dish:) Well, Sir, to a head of beautiful natural hair: you have lost your identity, and are no longer the person I took you for. — I never promised to marry a wig, and I'm off; — at all events you will have the goodness to wait until your hair shall be grown."

This was their first dispute. The second was something similar. I asked them whether they had come to any decision, as to the day when I was to stand father, and with readiness and pleasure, give my sister to her sincere admirer.

“He’s no admirer of mine,” said Caroline, balancing one foot over the other, “such libertine conduct does not suit my nerves; and he may hoist his broad pendant, and be off to England as soon as he chooses, and he may take *her* with him, if he pleases.”

“*Her!* I repeated, rather alarmed,” what new fancies, Caroline, have you taken now in your head.”

“I defy him to deny it” replied Lady Alford, “there has he been standing forty minutes, by my repeater, in one position, his ill-made eyes fixed on Rosalva; whom you see is employed at the other end of the room with the youngers weaving a basket. I spoke to him, he never heard me; I tapped him on the arm, no notice; I crossed his path, he never altered his posture, or his look;

and after this unchaste behaviour, do you imagine I can ever forgive him! there, look at him now! you see his conduct, he cannot keep his eyes off her."

At this moment Cavendish starting from his contemplative position, joined us seemingly highly pleased. "Caroline," said he, "at the first masquerade you and I give at Richmond, in the house of my deceased uncle, (the dear old gentleman) you shall see me top the character of a Spanish girl — you shall positively: yonder is my prototype; dress, manner, all; and I'll be also seen splicing a basket. Avast! I think I must take another cruise, and get a nearer view of the pretty Rose — I will have my lesson perfectly."

"Indeed you will not," cried Caroline, "catching his arm," I don't approve of such unmanly studies." He immediately sat down near her, and they seemed engaged in earnest conversation, of which I, with my book, could only observe, that some fresh subject of altercation had sprung up between them, and that

they seemed desirous of referring to me on the business. I gave them to understand I was ready to afford them all the assistance in my power, when Caroline said to Cavendish, "Will you consent to what I propose?"

"No, I will not," he replied, "and if you persist in your wishes, on this head, I'll not be married at all." This was so truly absurd coming from the gentleman's side, that I could not forbear a smile; neither could Caroline. "You will not be married at all! and who wishes you to be married at all, what made you come here *at all, at all?* I did not send for you," — then checking herself — "and suppose I did; it is my fixed determination that the abominable ceremony shall not be performed at Euphorbia; in one of the dark caves of the natives, or on the fiery top of the peak, it may, but under this roof it shall not.

"But what is your objection, Caroline?" I asked.

"Simply this, we ought to be married.

by a reverend, and what reverend is at Euphorbia?"

"My dear love," I said in a low voice, for he was, though at a distance, in the same room, "do you forget Mr. Turner, Caroline?"

"What, Jack Turner! Lord! I could never fancy myself married by a Jack! He a reverend! look at him now! look at him at this instant, singing "Dicky Gossip," or some other comical song, to Dudley, at which both the children are laughing, until the tears run down their cheeks. Heighho! I fear next *Wednesday* he will cause the tears to run down *my* cheeks."

"*Wednesday!*" I repeated "is it *Wednesday?* then God bless you, my dear sister, and make you as happy as you deserve to be."

"No happier?" she replied, with archness; and I was leaving them together, when she called after me, "No, not *Wednesday*; we have no moon now, and what the deuce is a marriage without a honeymoon?"

Their marriage settlements have been drawn up, and the Balfours have offered Ben Lomond for a week or so, to which place they will retire after the ceremony. Euphorbia is now once more thrown open to those visitors and friends who have been kept away so long on account of Caroline's confinement.

On some of our English acquaintance enquiring into the particulars of her illness, Cavendish, with a good deal of judgment and sound sense, mixing truth and fiction in his account, took upon himself to answer them ; and in the presence of Caroline and ourselves, said, " The fact is, Lady Alford had long cherished a secret partiality for my unworthy and highly honoured self ; and I was at the same time most desperately in love with her ladyship, but we neither knew the mind of the other. At length the Countess cut her cable, and slipped away from England to avoid me, on which I became indifferent to her. — Hearing, however, through a mutual friend, that she was dying on my account, (a very mortifying

and humiliating circumstance for a lady to be subject to,) I took pity on her, though being a bachelor, like Benedict I never thought at that time I should die a married man. Thus have we proved the truth of the old adage, when speaking of fond lovers like ourselves, "The farther we fly, the closer we tie."

The light in which Cavendish had placed her own partiality for Zulvago, had a moral effect on the mind of Caroline; and though his whimsical explanation caused visible confusion in her, it seemed naturally the effects of his statement, without any latent meaning; but one observation which I made at this moment, gave peace and happiness to my mind. The image of Zulvago, thus recalled to her memory, instead of, as formerly, producing silence and a sudden death-like paleness, now caused lively rattle in return, and the most brilliant blushes.

Wednesday Evening.

One line more. — Caroline, though still Countess of Alford, is no longer a widow. She is now a lovely, happy bride, and with her affectionate husband has just left us for Ben Lomond. — You may expect them in England, a few days after the receipt of this, which I conclude with uniting all our best and kindest wishes to the dear inhabitants of Bloomfield.

Ever yours,

ELIOT HOWARD.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





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